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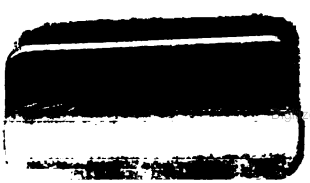

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ART. I.—1. *Archdeacon Hare's Last Charge.* 1855.
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HOW difficult it is for foreigners to understand the institutions of England! What a mass of contradictions is involved in our constitution, in our church, in our universities! How hard it is to discover the springs which influence the nation! How entangled are the ramifications of law, of literature, of science! We have all been made acquainted with this peculiarity in one vast branch through the terrible revelations of war. But it is, in fact, a part not only of 'the system,' as it is called, but of our character, of our situation. It is at once our curse and our blessing. Its dangers can be guarded against, its advantages may be made the most of; but its root is deep in our very inmost being—we cannot lose it or change it without ceasing to be what we are or have been.

To no point does this apply more truly than to our literature and theology. Go to France or Germany, and no man will be at a loss to tell you where the most learned, the most enlightened men of the country are to be found. They are members of the Institute; they are lecturers in the College of Henri IV.; they are Professors in the Universities. Here and there they may have risen to be Ministers of State. But such a rise has been through their literary eminence; and that eminence is illustrated, not superseded, by their new position. Every one knows where is the oracle at whose mouth he is to inquire. In England it is far otherwise. Now and then it may be that a great light in theology or history will burst forth at Oxford or Cambridge and draw all eyes to itself. But these are exceptions. Look over the roll of our literary heroes in ancient times or in present. Engaged in the distracting labours of the school-room, serving the tables of a bank, in the back room of a public office, in the seclusion of a rustic parish, are too often planted the men who in

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France

France or Germany would have been enthroned on professorial chairs addressing themselves to the rising historians, philologers, or theologians of the age. The evil has been pointed out in the Report of the late Oxford Commission, and may, we hope, be remedied to some extent by the new one; for an evil undoubtedly it is, that Archimedes should be without the standing-place from whence he might move the world. But there is a brighter side to this state of things which is not to be overlooked. It is a good that light should be diffused as well as concentrated; that speculation and practice should be combined and not always isolated; that genius should be at times forced into uncongenial channels and compelled to animate forms of life which else would be condemned to hopeless mediocrity.

We have made these remarks because we are about to enter on a remarkable instance of their applicability. If any foreigner landing in England last year had asked where he should find the man best acquainted with all modern forms of thought here or on the Continent—where he should find the most complete collection of the philosophical, theological, or historical literature of Germany—where he should find profound and exact scholarship combined with the most varied and extensive learning—what would have been the answer? Not in Oxford—not in Cambridge—not in London. He must have turned far away from academic towns or public libraries to a secluded parish in Sussex, and in the minister of that parish, in an archdeacon of one of the least important of English dioceses, he would have found what he sought. He would have found such an one there: he would now find such an one no more. For such was Julius Hare, late Rector of Herstmonceux and Archdeacon of Lewes. There are many in humble places and in high to whom, both on public and private grounds, a brief attempt to endeavour to sketch the life and character of such a man, to fix the position which he held in his generation towards his church and country, may not be unacceptable.

Julius Charles Hare was born on the 13th of September, 1795. He was the third of four brothers, all more or less remarkable, and all united together by an unusually strong bond of fraternal affection—Francis, Augustus, Julius, and Marcus. Of these the eldest and the youngest have left no memorial behind; but the two nearest in years and nearest in character cannot be mentioned together without noticing the one as well as the other. Augustus Hare will long be remembered by all who can recall the lofty and chivalrous soul, the firm yet gentle heart, which was so well represented in his bearing and countenance. He will be long remembered by those who never knew him through the two volumes of

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'Sermons to a Country Congregation,' which will probably be handed down to future generations as the first example of the great improvement of rural preaching in the nineteenth century—as a striking proof of the effect which a refined and cultivated mind may have in directing the devotions and lives of the most simple and ignorant populations. But he will be remembered also by the undying affection of his younger and more celebrated brother, expressed many a time and oft with a fervour and simplicity unusual in our countrymen—nowhere more strikingly than in the revised edition of the 'Guesses at Truth by Two Brothers,' in which they first appeared before the world.

'In truth, through the whole of this work I have been holding converse with him who was once the partner in it, as he was in all my thoughts and feelings, from the earliest dawn of both. He too is gone. But is he lost to me? Oh no! He whose heart was ever pouring forth a stream of love, the purity and inexhaustibleness of which betokened its heavenly origin, as he was ever striving to lift me above myself, is still at my side, pointing my gaze upward. Only the love which was then hidden within him has now overflowed and transfigured his whole being, and his earthly form is turned into that of an angel of light.'

In his early training he owed much to his mother, a woman of great strength and beauty of character, daughter of Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, and his aunt, Lady Jones, widow of the famous Orientalist. A large portion of his boyhood and youth were spent abroad; and to this must be in some measure ascribed the foreign tinge which appeared, as well in the simplicity and impulsiveness of his character, as in his literary predilections. 'In 1811,' he playfully said, 'I saw the mark of Luther's ink on the walls of the castle of Wartburg; and there I first learned to throw inkstands at the Devil.' This, as we shall afterwards see, expressed, in a fuller sense than that in which he had intended it, the origin of much of his future labours—the influence exercised over his mind by Germany and its great Reformer. His regular education was begun at the Charterhouse, and he there fell in with one of those golden times which at successive intervals crown the harvests of schools and colleges as well as of the natural world. The same generation of schoolboys numbered on its roll, besides his own, the names of Waddington, the accomplished Dean of Durham, and of Grote and Thirlwall, the future historians of Greece, not to mention others less known to fame, but whose strong practical abilities, or whose fresh and genial natures, long retained a hold on the respect or the affection of their fellow Carthusians.

From the Charterhouse he went to Cambridge in 1812. His

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academical

academical career was terminated by his election as Fellow of Trinity College in October, 1818; whither, after a short study of the legal profession, he returned in 1822, and entered on the office of Assistant Tutor of the College. In the honoured succession of those who have occupied the princely chambers which open on the long green avenue of limes—the glory of the Trinity Gardens—Julius Hare will always fill a distinguished place. To the twenty years which he passed at Trinity College he owed, as he says himself, 'the building up of his mind.'* Not only as a teacher, but as a student, he entered with all the ardour of his mind into the philological learning in which the University of Cambridge has always been pre-eminent. There, too, he laid the foundation of that German library which has now returned once more to the walls within which it was first begun. With his friend and colleague, now Bishop of St. David's, he there made accessible in an English garb the great work of Niebuhr, than which perhaps no historical work has ever had such an awakening and inspiring effect on the minds of the generation to which it was offered. With the same eminent man he set on foot the 'Philological Museum,' which shared the usual transitory fate of such learned periodicals, but which during the period of its existence furnished more solid additions to English literature and scholarship than any other of the kind that has appeared.

But it was not from the intellectual atmosphere of Cambridge that his mind received its most lasting influences. There was the circle of his numerous and most distinguished friends. It has sometimes struck us that there was a strength and permanence in the youthful friendships of that generation which we hardly find in our own. How far more strikingly does Arnold stand out from the background of his generation by reason of the group of faithful and loving equals—equals not in character or genius, but in age and sympathy—with whom he is surrounded from first to last. So too it was with Julius Hare. Removed by distance, by occupation, perhaps by opinions, from almost all of them, he never forgot or was forgotten by them. Of Thirlwall we have already spoken, in his exquisitely polished Essays on philology and history giving the promise of that calm, comprehensive, imperturbable judgment which has made his Episcopal Charges the chief oracles of the English Church for the last ten years. Sedgwick was there, awakening, as his friend well expresses it, 'an almost affectionate thankfulness'† for the delight

* Dedication of Sermons on the Victory of Faith.
† Guesses at Truth, 1st series, 4th ed., p. 888.

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which his genial wit and eloquent conversation afforded; yet more for the free and generous sympathy which, unchilled by time, he is still as ready as ever to pour forth. Less known, but not to be forgotten, was the author of the 'Broad Stone of Honour' and of 'The Ages of Faith,' to that generation the chief representative of the admiration for mediæval times which has since spread so wide, and so far overshot the legitimate reaction which was then unquestionably needed in their behalf. Perhaps the one to whom he looked back with the chiefest portion of gratitude was his powerful and vigorous colleague, Dr. Whewell—now the head of that illustrious College—through whose urgency he was mainly induced to exchange a legal for an academical course, a lay for a clerical profession.

There was yet another and a more intimate circle which grew up round the Tutor of Trinity—the exceeding great reward of every one sincerely engaged in the work of education, and, in the sense in which we here speak of it, the peculiar blessing of a college tutor—the circle of his pupils. Many there must be who look back with interest to the stores of knowledge which streamed forth in only too abundant profusion in that well-known lecture-room; many who cherish a grateful and affectionate reverence for the memory of him who delighted to be not only the instructor, but the friend, of those young and aspiring minds with whom he was thus brought into contact;—in whose very aspect they read a rebuke to all suggestions of evil, an enkindlement to purity and goodness. Three, however, require especial notice—three who to their connexion with him would probably have gladly confessed that they owed a great portion of that cultivation which has given them a place in the literature of their country, and on whom he in return looked with a love, and in one instance at least with a reverence, which almost made one forget that the superiority of years and station, to speak of nothing more, was on his side, and not on theirs. There was the bold and generous, it may perhaps be added, the rash and eccentric, spirit of one whose story, with hardly any incidents worth recording, has had the singular fate of being told by two of the most gifted men * of his time, and

* We allude, of course, to the two biographies of John Sterling, by Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Carlyle. Each is to be reckoned amongst the most interesting of its author's writings. It would be presumptuous to adjudicate between two such men; but we cannot forbear to express our conviction that the view given of Sterling by the Archdeacon is more correct than that given by the historian of the French Revolution. It is very probable that the former has understated the amount of Sterling's doubts in his later years. But as to the main point at issue between the two eminent biographers—the reasons of Sterling's abandonment of the clerical profession—we have no doubt that the Archdeacon was right in ascribing it to the simple cause of ill health, which Mr. Carlyle maintains to have been

and who certainly left an impression on all who ever heard his converse, such as can hardly be conceived by those who only know him through the far inferior medium of his written words. There was the accomplished author of the 'Notes on the Parables,' who has the merit of having first recalled the course of English theology from patristic to exegetical studies, after the decline and fall of the Oxford School, and who, more than any other of Hare's pupils, imbibed from him the accurate discrimination which has produced the series of delightful little volumes on 'Words,' 'Proverbs,' and 'the English Language.' There was finally the noble-hearted man, who, whatever may be thought of the obscurity of his style, the insufficiency of his arguments, or the erroneousness of some of his conclusions, is perhaps the best example that this age can show of that deep prophetic fervour, of that power of apostolic sympathy which awakens not the less because it often fails to satisfy—which edifies not the less because it often fails to convince. We may not be able to go along with the vehement expressions of admiration for Mr. Maurice's works which fill the Archdeacon's pages, but we can well understand and honour the genuine enthusiasm with which he laboured to bring all the world to agree with him in his estimate of his friend and pupil, and, as was afterwards the case, his near and dear kinsman.

In 1832 the family living of Herstmonceux in Sussex became vacant by the death of his uncle, and, his elder brother Augustus declining to leave the scene of his happy labours at Alton, the Rectory of Herstmonceux was offered to Julius. He at once accepted the charge, though we can easily imagine the pain with which the Fellow of Trinity exchanged the studies and the society of Cambridge for the active ministration and the retired life of a country parish.

It was in the interval between the acceptance of the living and his entrance on its duties that he enjoyed a year's absence on the Continent, mostly with his friend and ardent admirer, Walter Savage Landor, whose now celebrated 'Imaginary Conversations,' which contain some of the most beautiful writing in the language, he had himself been mainly instrumental in introducing to the English public. In the course of this journey he first visited Rome, always an epoch in the life of any man who can think and feel, more especially to one whose Cambridge studies had necessarily drawn him into the careful study of the beginnings of Roman history, and

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been a mere pretext. It so happens that we had ourselves ample opportunities of observing the working of Sterling's mind at the time in question, and we are persuaded that, as his interest in his parochial work was intense, so his reluctance to abandon it was deep and unfeigned.

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whose

whose love for art amounted almost to a passion. One there was, too, then living in the Capitol whose presence stirred the thoughts and warmed the heart of many an English traveller, and lent an additional charm even to the glory of the Seven Hills and the treasures of the Vatican. It was the beginning of his life-long intimacy with Bunsen; an intimacy confirmed and cemented when in after years the Prussian Minister took up his residence in the parish of the friend, whose name stands prominent on the roll of those with which the elaborate work on Hippolytus and his Age is connected by its illustrious author.

One curious incident is worth recording, which marked his stay at Rome. Whilst there he preached a sermon in the English chapel—treating of some of the feelings with which travellers ought to be animated—on the characteristic text, 'What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet.' We will give the anecdote in his own words:—

'From the subject * it came home to the hearts of a part of the congregation, and in compliance with their wishes I endeavoured to obtain the consent of the Papal censor to its publication at Rome, having received a hint that that consent would not be withheld. For I had been misunderstood—as was natural enough—in the passage where I termed Rome this *fateful* city, and had been supposed to have called it this *faithful* city; whereupon, while some of my Protestant hearers were offended by the expression, rumour was busy in reporting that a sermon had been preacht at the English chapel speaking very favourably of Romanism. . . . . The *imprimatur* which I applied for was not refused; but proceedings at Rome are so dilatory, that months passed by, and I came away before it was obtained. Perhaps the delay was a civil substitute for a refusal.'

He returned from Rome in the spring of 1834, bringing with him many costly works of art to adorn his new home. One of these, a Madonna of Raphael, which he bought at Florence, in a characteristic access of enthusiastic tenderness he insisted on carrying in his own hands over the long ascent of S. Gothard.

And now he settled in the sphere of duty from which he never afterwards moved, and in which was afterwards associated with him the beloved and honoured partner of his later years, sister of his friend and pupil Frederick Maurice. Let us pause for a moment on a scene which became so much a part of himself and of his writings, that for all who knew him during the last twenty years of his life the recollections of Herstmonceux and of Julius Hare were almost inseparable.

* Preface to 'Victory of Faith,' p. xii.

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On the edge of the long sweep of high land which encloses the marsh of Pevensey Level stretches the parish of Herstmonceux,* so called from the 'weald,' 'forest,' or '*hurst*' of Anderida, which once covered the hills of Kent and Sussex, and from the Norman family of Monceaux, who first appear as the owners of the property. The church stands at the extremity of the parish, on an eminence immediately overlooking the flat plain on whose shore the Conqueror landed, with the bright line of sea and the bluff promontory of Beachey Head in the distance. Immediately beneath the church are the ruins of Herstmonceux Castle, commonly said to be the oldest brick building in England since the time of the Romans; the ancient seat of the Fienneses, Dacres, and Naylors, from whom, in the reign of Anne, it passed by marriage into the hands of Francis Hare, Bishop of Chichester, well known as chaplain of the great Duke of Marlborough, and ranked by his contemporaries on a level with Bentley for his critical sagacity and learning. The Castle was dismantled by the bishop's descendants; in the last generation the property was sold; and the only connexion which the Hare family retained with the place was the benefice, which still remained in their gift. The Rectory stood far removed from church, and castle, and village; and in its tranquil retreat Hare's remaining years were spent. Of all peculiarities of English life, none perhaps is so unique as an English parsonage. But how peculiar even amongst English parsonages was the Rectory of Herstmonceux! The very first glance at the entrance-hall revealed the character of its master. It was not merely a house with a good library—the whole house was a library. The vast nucleus which he brought with him from Cambridge grew year by year, till not only study, and drawing-room, and dining-room, but passage, and antechamber, and bedrooms were overrun with the ever-advancing and crowded bookshelves. At the time of his death it had reached the number of more than 12,000 volumes; and it must be further remembered that these volumes were of no ordinary kind. Of all libraries which it has been our lot to traverse, we never saw any equal to this in the combined excellence of quantity and quality; none in which there were so few worthless, so many valuable works. Its original basis was classical and philological; but of later years the historical, philosophical, and theological elements outgrew all the rest. The peculiarity which distinguished the collection probably from any other, private or public, in the kingdom, was the preponderance of German

* Every particular respecting the history of Herstmonceux has been carefully collected in a valuable paper in the Sussex Archæological Collection, vol. iv. pp. 125–208, by Mr. Venables, for several years curate of Archdeacon Hare. It embodies many interesting and minute remarks of the Archdeacon himself.

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literature.

literature. No work, no pamphlet of any note in the teeming catalogues of German booksellers escaped his notice; and with his knowledge of the subjects and of the probable elucidation which they would receive from this or that quarter, they formed themselves in natural and harmonious groups round what already existed, so as to give to the library both the appearance and reality, not of a mere accumulation of parts, but of an organic and self-multiplying whole. And what perhaps was yet more remarkable was the manner in which the centre of this whole was himself. Without a catalogue, without assistance, he knew where every book was to be found, for what it was valuable, what relation it bore to the rest. The library was like a magnificent tree which he had himself planted, of which he had nurtured the growth, which spread its branches far and wide over his dwelling, and in the shade of which he delighted, even if he was prevented for the moment from gathering its fruits or pruning its luxuriant foliage.

In the few spaces which this tapestry of literature left unoccupied were hung the noble pictures which he had brought with him from Italy. To him they were more than mere works of art; they were companions and guests; and they were the more remarkable from their contrast with the general plainness and simplicity of the house and household, so unlike to the usual accompaniments of luxury and grandeur, in which we should usually seek and find works of such costly beauty.

In this home,—now hard at work with his myriad volumes around him at his student's desk,—now wandering to and fro, book in hand, between the various rooms, or up and down the long garden walk overlooking the distant Level with its shifting lights and shades,—he went on year by year extending the range and superstructure of that vast knowledge of which the solid basis had been laid in the classical studies of his beloved university, or correcting, with an elaborate minuteness which to the bystanders was at times almost wearisome to behold, the long succession of proofs which, during the later years of his life, were hardly ever out of his hands. Many, too, were the friends of his boyhood, and youth, and manhood, who were gathered under that hospitable roof; many the scholars old and young who knew that they should find in that copious storehouse knowledge which they would vainly seek elsewhere on British ground; many and long were the evening hours in which he would read aloud, after his wont, the choicest treasures of prose on poetry, truth or fiction, from the most ancient or the most modern sources of English literature.

We have dwelt on this aspect of his life, because we believe it to have been the most unlike to any other which could be named amongst

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amongst his contemporaries,—because it has now passed away beyond recall. But it would be to overlook a very curious, as well as most important and instructive, part of his career, if we were to forget to ask how this shrine of learning rose and flourished on what might have seemed the uncongenial soil of the Weald of Sussex—how the Cambridge scholar was united with the country pastor—what benefit the white-frocked peasants or the neighbouring clergy reaped from the appearance of a character or a home amongst them which could hardly have been more unlike all around it had it been transplanted from another hemisphere. Those of our readers who have turned over the pages of the very interesting volume lately published on the reorganisation of the Civil Service, will remember the clever, though not altogether conclusive, objection urged against the proposed reforms by the Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department:*—

'It may be instructive as well as amusing to inquire what would be the effect were my two immortal friends [Grote and Macaulay] to descend from the clouds, and assume for a few days the humble disguise of Home Office clerks. I very much fear the public would not discover the change. The more exact knowledge of the composition of the Spartan "Mora," or the Macedonian phalanx, would not peep out in a letter fixing the permanent staff of a regiment of militia; the eloquence of the great historian of our constitutional liberties would not be recognised in a letter pointing out to a county magistrate that he had strained the provisions of the Vagrant Act. The gods would return to Olympus undetected, leaving no θεόσυτος ὀδμὴ behind.'

May we venture to ask the same question as to another of Mr. Waddington's former schoolfellows? would he, too, have returned undetected to his Cambridge Olympus, had the University thought fit to recall the most learned of her sons to occupy his fitting place amongst her professors? or was there, even in these distant wilds, a sense of worth and power which they would else have never known?

An active parish priest, in the proper sense of the word, he never was; not so much, perhaps, by reason of his literary pursuits as of his desultory habits. Constant, regular, vigilant ministrations to the poor, were not his wont, perhaps they were not his call. Nor can he be said as a general rule to have accommodated his preaching to his parishioners. Compared with the short and homely addresses of his brother Augustus to the poor of Alton, his long and elaborate discourses will hardly hold their place as models of parochial exhortation, even to more

* Papers relating to the Reorganisation of the Civil Service, p. 391.

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enlightened congregations than those of Herstmonceux. But it would be a great mistake to measure his influence on his parish, or his interest in it, by these indications. Coming to Herstmonceux as he did—to the scene of his own early years—remembered as a child by the old inhabitants—honoured as the representative of a family long known amongst them—he was from the first bound to them, and they to him, by a link which years always rivet with a strength of which both parties are often unconscious till it is rent asunder. His own knowledge of their history, of their abodes, of their characters, perhaps in great measure from the same cause, was very remarkable; and although his visits to them might be comparatively few, yet theirs to the rectory were constant, the more so because they were always sure to receive a ready welcome. Whatever might be the work in which he was employed, he at once laid it aside at the call of the humblest parishioner, to advise, console, listen, assist. There was that, too, in his manner, in his words, in his voice and countenance, which could not fail to impress even the dullest with a sense of truth, of determination, of uprightness—yet more, with a sense of deep religious feeling, of abhorrence of sin, of love of goodness, of humble dependence on God. Such a feeling transpired in his ordinary conversation with them; it transpired still more in the deep devotion with which he went through the various services of the church. 'If you have never heard Julius Hare read the Communion service,' was the expression of one who had been much struck, as indeed all were, by his mode of reading this especial portion of the Liturgy, 'you do not know what the words of that service contain.' And in his sermons, needlessly long and provokingly inappropriate as they sometimes were, there were from time to time passages so beautiful in themselves, so congenial to the time and place, that Herstmonceux may well be proud, as it may well be thankful, to have its name, its scenery, its people associated with thoughts and with language so just and so noble. Who is there that ever has seen the old church of Herstmonceux, with its yew-tree and churchyard and view over sea and land, and will not feel that it has received a memorial for ever in the touching allusions to the death of Phillis Hoad,* to the grave of Lina Deimling,† to the ancient church on the hill-top? Who that ever heard or read the striking introduction of the stories of Hooker's death, and of the warning of St. Philip Neri, in the sermons on the 'Chariots of God,'‡ and on the 'Close of the Year,' will not feel the power and life given to

* Parish Sermons, vol. i. p. 459. † Ibid. vol. ii. p. 460.
‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 433; vol. ii. p. 497.

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the pastor of the humblest flock by his command of the varied treasures of things new and old, instead of the commonplaces which fill up so many vacant pages of the sermons of an ordinary preacher. Not seldom, thus, a passage of Scripture or an event of sacred history was explained and brought home to the apprehensions of his most unlettered hearers, when it seemed to those who listened as if the windows of heaven were opened for a flood of light to come down; and when the purest and most practical lessons of morality were educed with surprising force and attractiveness.

It was impossible but that Herstmonceux Rectory should have become the centre of the surrounding clergy. The influence which was gradually fostered by the mere fact of his presence amongst them received its legitimate sphere when, in 1840, he was appointed by Bishop Otter to the Archdeaconry of Lewes. This office he discharged with remarkable zeal and success. He entered upon it at a time when the archidiaconal office was just assuming new importance; and his interest in its functions was evidently enhanced by the circumstance that his colleague at Chichester was no less a person than Archdeacon Manning, for whom, amidst many differences of opinion and principle, he felt, and continued to feel, the warmest admiration, and maintain a close intercourse up to the moment when they were parted by his colleague's secession to the Church of Rome. With a remarkable want of regularity and punctuality in his general habits, he combined an extraordinary precision and method in dealing with letters and papers, and hence the business that naturally might have seemed uncongenial to his tastes was more easily surmounted than might have been expected, and his presence was sensibly felt throughout the portion of the diocese placed under his superintendence. But the most tangible, certainly the most permanent, result of the Archdeaconry was to be seen in his Charges. It is not too much to say that these addresses occupied, with the single exception of the Charges of his distinguished friend the Bishop of St. David's, the first place in this field of ecclesiastical literature. Amongst the Charges of his Archidiaconal brethren there were none to be named with them for the public interest they almost invariably attracted. They laboured indeed under the defects inseparable partly from his own style, partly from the circumstance that, including under their undefined range all subjects, from the pewing of a church up to the war with Russia, they were marked by a certain incongruity of composition amounting almost to grotesqueness. And for his audience, we can quite imagine that their inordinate length may at times have been calculated to produce the effect which we once heard ascribed to them

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them by the good-humoured wit of one of our most eminent prelates,—'If I had been one of his clergy, and been *charged* in that way, I should have been like a gun—I should have *gone off*.' But with all these drawbacks there was in his delivery and his style a kindling fire, a trumpet-call, which few could hear or read without emotion: there was in his arguments an accuracy of research, a calmness of judgment, a clearness of statement, which made them the best resource for any one who wished to know the rights and wrongs, the lights and shades, of the leading practical questions of the day. Take any of the topics which have been the nucleus of the most embittered and entangled controversies,—the marriage of a deceased wife's sister—Maynooth—the management clauses of the Privy Council—and the best answer to any questions you may have to ask concerning them will be found in the Charges of the late Archdeacon of Lewes. They for the most part turn on merely temporary questions, but the principles and the spirit in which he discusses them are eternal. They relate chiefly, as addresses of this nature must relate, to the externals rather than the essentials of religion; but no one was more aware of this than himself, or more carefully guarded against any misconception that might arise from it. In this respect the last words of his last Charge—the more touching from its evidently unfinished state—may well stand as his parting interpretation of this whole phase of his life.

'It may be deemed by some that I have been attaching too much moment to the outward means for extending the Kingdom of God. These are, indeed, the means of which I am especially called upon to speak on the present occasion. But if I were to suppose that the Kingdom of God would come upon us in its power, as a consequence of the revival of Convocation, I should be under as gross a delusion as those who are looking out for its coming, to the last new interpretation of the Book of Daniel, or of the Apocalypse, to what is going on at Constantinople, or on the Nile, or on the Euphrates. To both these modes of idolatry, to the idolatry of outward means, and to the idolatry of outward signs, the complete answer is contained in those divine words—*the Kingdom of God is within you*. Then alone will outward signs and outward means have any power. O let us ever pray that that Kingdom may thus come to each of us individually, and, through the mutual help and labour of each, to the whole Church.'—*Last Charge*, pp. 23, 24.

It may have been inferred from what we have said that we should regard, and that he himself regarded, his proper sphere to have been neither in the labours of a parish nor yet in the management of an Archdeaconry, but in the guidance of the more ardent spirits, of the more cultivated minds, which he had once known,

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known, and which he always delighted again to meet within the walls of his own University. This sphere was not granted to him; but on two occasions he was enabled to show how deeply he valued the opportunity of recurring to it—how powerful the effect occasioned by even the temporary appearance of such a man in the Academic world. Those who were present at Cambridge in the winter of 1839, and the spring of 1840, will remember the strange apparition—as one might almost call it—of the Select Preacher of those two periods in St. Mary's pulpit. It was many years since he had stood in that place. A tradition floated in the undergraduate world, that on the last time when he had appeared there the sermon had rolled on its seemingly interminable length far beyond the usual limit of Academic afternoon discourses, and, what was more important, far beyond the time allotted to the early dinner-hour of the great College, celebrated for its rivalry with that to which the preacher belonged. Whether from ancient feud, or shear weariness of spirit, or the natural pangs of hunger, the numerous members of this community are said to have manifested their impatience by the most unseemly and unequivocal signs, and the sermon on 'the Children of Light' (it was afterwards published at the request of the members of Trinity College) was closed amidst the audible scrapings and shufflings of a multitude of invisible feet on all sides of the eloquent preacher. Very different was the scene during the delivery of the two noble courses of sermons on 'the Victory of Faith' and on 'the Mission of the Comforter.' No doubt in the interval Academic prejudice had been abated—Academic roughness softened. But there had been a change in the preacher also: the long sonorous sentences were the same, and the vast range over the concentric spheres of philosophy and religion, but there was an earnestness of purpose—a breadth and depth of feeling—which seemed to fill the stream of his discourse with a new and irresistible impulse; and as he stood before the vast congregation—listening in breathless silence to his impassioned appeal—his eyes glistening, his voice deepening with the increasing vehemence of his emotion, it seemed indeed as it had been a prophet amongst them.

These sermons perhaps formed the culminating point of his fame. He never again appeared in so public a position before the world. But he took an energetic part in all the ecclesiastical questions of the day, until disabled by the repeated attacks of an internal disorder, which, amidst much pain and suffering patiently and cheerfully borne, brought with it the greatest of all trials to an active mind, the incapacity of sustained application and work. Alleviated as it was by the constant care and skill of Sir Benjamin Brodie, who took a more than professional interest in his patient's recovery,

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recovery, yet year by year the effort of writing and exertion became greater; and for months he was altogether prevented from taking any active share in parochial duty. In the autumn of 1854 he delivered with difficulty his last Charge to the clergy of his Archdeaconry, and on the 20th of January, 1855, he expired at Herstmonceux Rectory, in the arms of her who for the last ten years had cast a steady sunshine over his life. One sign, eminently characteristic, broke the all but entire unconsciousness of his last hours. When asked to change his position, he answered nothing, but, pointing with his finger as he spoke, said, 'Upwards, upwards.' *

On the 30th of January his remains were conveyed to their resting-place in Herstmonceux churchyard. From the Rectory to the church the body was borne at the head of a mournful procession, increased as it wound along through its three miles' course, by the successive troops of parishioners and clergy who joined it at the several stages of its progress. It was a clear bright day, in the midst of the unusually cheerless and dreary winter of that period, so dark with public disaster and distress; and the features of the wide landscape of plain, and sea, and distant promontory, stood out in the sunshine as the mournful band were gathered around the aged yew-tree, on the verge of the rising ground beside the ancient church. Beneath that yew-tree was the humble cross which marked the grave of his brother Marcus. The two elder of that fourfold band slept far away beyond the sea—Francis at Palermo, Augustus in the Roman cemetery beside the Pyramid of Cestius, hallowed by so many dear and illustrious recollections of the English dead. And now the last of the four brothers was laid in the dust; and as the mourners stood round, many a heart must have been struck with the melancholy thought that the last link of a long familiar story was in him broken and buried.

But it was not only the revered pastor of a country parish, or the last member of a remarkable family, that was there interred. Round the grave might be seen clergy of many different shades of religious belief from far and near, who were there to pay their tribute of affection and respect to one whose very differences brought out his union of heart and feeling with them. And not those only who were present, but many in various classes and stages of life, when they heard that Archdeacon Hare was no more, felt that they had lost a friend, an instructor, a guide.

Let us ask what this loss has been? What place was filled in

* For a detailed account of his last moments, and for many just remarks on his character, we refer to the interesting sermons by two who knew him well, the title of which we have prefixed to this article.

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his generation by him whose voice we shall now hear no more amongst us? What he has done which may remain? What he has left for us to do?

To use the somewhat antiquated language of the last century, Archdeacon Hare's career might be described as that of an eminent scholar and divine. It is true that the words as applied to him convey an erroneous impression. The two spheres in him were so closely fused together, and both were so truly the expression of the entire man within, that it is difficult to consider them apart. Still for convenience sake we may do so, moving gradually from the outward to the inward as our story leads us on. The scholarship of Julius Hare was of the kind which penetrated the whole frame of his mind. Like all English scholarship, it was built up on a classical basis, and the effect of this, enlarged as it was by the widest view of the ancient writers, never left him. Greece and Rome were always present to his mind; and when he endeavoured to arouse the clergy of Sussex to their duties by the strains of Alcæus, it was only one instance out of many in which his deep delight in classical antiquity found its vent in the common occasions of life. To the older school of English elegant scholarship he hardly belonged, but in a profound and philosophical knowledge of the learned languages he was probably second to none even in the brilliant age of his Cambridge contemporaries; and he was one of the first examples that England has seen not merely of a scholar but of a 'philologer,' of one who studied language not by isolated rules but by general laws.

This precision of scholarship showed itself in a form which is perhaps, to many, one of the chief associations connected with his name. Almost any one who has ever heard of Archdeacon Hare's writings has heard of his strange spelling. Every one knows that his sermons were not 'preached,' like those of ordinary mortals, but 'preacht;' that his books were not 'published' but 'publisht.' It is but due to his memory to remind our readers that it was not, as most people imagine, an arbitrary fancy, but a deliberate conviction founded on undoubted facts in the English language, which dictated his deviation from ordinary practice. His own statement of his principle is contained in a valuable and interesting essay on the subject in the Philological Museum; and it was maintained, in the first instance, not only by himself but by his two illustrious colleagues at Cambridge. But Bishop Thirlwall openly abandoned it in his History of Greece, and has never recurred to it; and Dr. Whewell has confined it to his occasional efforts in verse. It was characteristic of the man that Hare alone persevered to the end; and whether it were a hymn-book

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book for his parish church or a monumental tablet, a German novel or a grave discourse on the highest matters of church and state, he would never abandon what he considered the true standard of correct scholarship, or countenance the anomalies of the popular practice. We may justly smile at the excess to which this pertinacity was carried; but it was an index of that unwearied diligence, of that conscientious stickling for truth, which honourably distinguished him amongst his contemporaries; it was an index also, we may fairly allow, of that curious disregard for congruity which, more than any other single cause, marred his usefulness in life.

The scholarship of Archdeacon Hare was remarkable for its combination with his general learning. Learning as an acquisition is not perhaps uncommon; but as an available possession it is a very rare gift. It is easy to accumulate knowledge; but it is not easy to digest, to master, to reproduce it. This, however, was certainly accomplished in the case of Archdeacon Hare; and when we think with regret of the giants of learning in former days, or of the superficial literature of our own, we may console ourselves by the reflection that we have had one at least amongst us who was sure to have consulted all the oracles, dead or living, within his reach, on any subject on which he ventured to speak. And this was the more remarkable from the width of his range. At the time when he first appeared as a scholar, he and his companion Thirlwall were probably the only Englishmen thoroughly well versed in the literature of Germany; and this pre-eminence, even in spite of the ever-increasing knowledge of that country in England, he retained to the last. His acquaintance with German literature extended to its minutest details; indeed, his earliest publications were translations of some of the German romances of La Motte Fouqué and Tieck; and many who have never read any of his graver works have reason to be grateful to him for the delightful garb in which he first introduced to them 'Sintram' and the 'Little Master.' But it was especially in theology that this branch of his learning made itself felt. One other name for a time was more prominently known as the English student and champion of German divinity: 'Pusey's Answer' to Mr. Rose's attack on German Rationalism, though now almost forgotten in the greater celebrity of its author's subsequent writings, must always be regarded as the first note of cordial salutation interchanged between the theologians of England and Germany. The Hebrew Professor has since drifted so far away from the position which he then maintained that he has long since ceased to be identified with the country to which he owes so much; and

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though his lectures still, it is believed, breathe the atmosphere of his original studies at Bonn and Halle, his published writings for the most part point only to the more ordinary sphere of Patristic or Anglican theology. Not so the Archdeacon of Lewes. Whatever he wrote or thought was coloured through and through with German research and German speculation. Schleiermacher and Nitzch, Daub and Lücke, were as familiar in his mouth as Tillotson or Secker, Mant or D'Oyly. He quoted them without apology; he used them without reserve. You could no more be ignorant of their presence in his writings than of their books in his library. Whatever may be the effect of German theology in England, whether it be good or evil, great or small, there is no other single individual who has so largely contributed to this result as Julius Hare. To a great extent the German language, especially the language of German theologians, will always be to us a dead language—a tongue in which the learned will converse with each other, but not a medium of popular communication. This is, in some respects, a great convenience. There are always subjects in which it is impossible for the mind of a whole nation, or of two whole nations, to be simultaneously on the same level; and in such matters a separate language is the best means of intercourse between those who are really able to form a judgment on the questions at issue. For this reason, we confess that we can never look with much hope or favour on mere translations of German works on theology or philosophy. It is next to impossible that they should convey to the uneducated Englishman the impression which they received from the German author. Often indeed, the mere fact of translation renders them utterly unintelligible.* The real interpreters of German thought are those who receiving it themselves, and understanding by experience its strength and its weakness, are able to reproduce it in an English garb, or rather to develop and animate English literature by the contact.

This was eminently the work of Archdeacon Hare; for, though so deeply versed in foreign learning, he yet never lost the feeling or the position of an English gentleman and an English clergyman. No one of his time was less of a copyist. Few minds of his time were more thoroughly native and original. The influences of modern Germany were powerful upon him; and i

* We select nearly at random a sentence, from an English version, of a book obscure indeed even in the original language, but yet containing much valuable thought, and certainly nothing like the thick darkness of the following remark (Nitzch's System of Christian Doctrine, § 103):—'*Christian ponerology is divided into two leading sections—that of sin, or the bad participating in guilt; and that of death, or the bad which has participated in the same. Sin and death are here understood in an extensive sense.*'

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his letter to the editor of the 'English Review,' in reply to a calumnious attack upon him contained in that journal, he has himself described with admirable discrimination the effect they have had, or ought to have, on this generation. But it was a loftier and broader position on which he took his stand. His academical youth had been cast in a time when the finer spirits of both Universities were opening to the thaw which broke up the frost of the last century. It was at Oxford the age of the Oriel school—of that volcanic eruption which left as its two permanent traces on the history of this generation the names of Arnold and of Newman. It was at Cambridge the age when in a higher and wider sphere, though with less direct and tangible effects, there was the same yearning after a better union between Religion and Philosophy—between things human and things sacred. One potent spirit swayed in this direction the mind of Cambridge, which at Oxford was hardly known.—'To the honoured memory of Samuel Taylor Coleridge .... Who, through dark and winding paths of speculation, was led to the light, In order that others, by his guidance, might reach that light Without passing through the darkness'—Julius Hare dedicated in after years his chief work, as 'one of the many pupils Who had by his writings been helped to discern The sacred concord and unity Of human and divine truth.'* 'At the sweet sounds of that musical voice,' as he beautifully expresses it elsewhere, † those who listened seemed to 'feel their souls teem and burst as beneath the breath of spring, while the life-giving words of the poet-philosopher flowed over them.' We do not here profess to unravel the strange contradictions of Coleridge's mind and character. We do not forget the mournful obliquity which in all the homelier relations of life seems to have distorted his moral vision. Yet, in Cambridge at least, these words hardly overrate the importance of his influence. Of this combining, transforming, uniting tendency, Hare was undoubtedly the chief representative; and the more so because it fell in with a peculiarly congenial disposition; and it was the more strikingly and instructively displayed in him, from the fact that his profession and station were ecclesiastical. The clergy in the middle ages, as is well known, represented all the better knowledge of their time. In England, even after the Reformation, literature and theology were not entirely divorced. But they gradually drifted away from each other. Puritan austerity on one side, and indolent narrowmindedness on the other, seem to

* Dedication of the 'Mission of the Comforter.'
† 'Guesses at Truth,' 1st series, 3rd ed. p. 245.

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have forbidden a clergyman, unless perhaps for the sake of editing a Greek play or a Grammarian, to step or even to look beyond the set circle of ecclesiastical learning. It was as breaking through these conventional barriers—as bringing a large, free, and genial nature into this limited range—that Julius Hare, both by precept and example, rendered such good service to the Church of England. The great writers of antiquity, the poets and philosophers of modern times, soldiers and sailors and statesmen, in the world of men, had a charm and an authority for him as genuine and as powerful as in his profession is often felt only for Fathers and Schoolmen among the dead, only for bishops and pastors among the living. Nor should it be forgotten that his delight in these and like auxiliaries to the cause of religion was mainly because they brought him into contact with fact and truth. Perhaps (if we may for the moment make a comparison to render our meaning intelligible), in mere copiousness of illustration, a page of Jeremy Taylor abounds with more allusions than in any theologian of our time to the various writers of the world. Yet, without disparagement of the exuberant powers of that great divine, it is clear that these references in his hands were mere flowers of rhetoric—that he had no care for the anecdotes which he repeated or the persons whom he cited, except so far as they decorated the triumphal procession of his stately argument. And such on a lesser scale have been many displays of theological learning in later times. But Archdeacon Hare—though it may seem almost paradoxical to say so of one whose fancy was so rich, and whose affections were so powerful—rigidly adhered to such fact and detail as he had verified and appreciated for himself. He did not, it is true, follow out to their consequences many of the investigations or arguments on which he entered; but still, so far as he went, it was for positive and exact truth that he sought and contended. In this respect there is a wholesome atmosphere pervading the whole region of his writings, that more than any direct doctrine or theory has had a natural tendency to elevate the mind of his contemporaries. 'When I turn,' so he writes, in speaking of Arnold, 'from the ordinary theological or religious writers of the day to one of his volumes, there is a feeling, as it were, of the fresh mountain air, after having been shut up in the morbid atmosphere of a sick room, or in the fumigated vapours of an Italian church.'* The same in its measure, and in a somewhat different application, may be said of himself. To pass from common clerical society, however able and instructive, to Herst-

* Preface to Arnold's third volume of the 'History of Rome,' p. xii.

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monceux Rectory was passing into a house where every window was fearlessly opened to receive air and light and sound from the outer world, even though for the moment unwelcome, dazzling, startling. 'Children,' he says, in one of his apophthegms, 'always turn to the light: O that grown-up men would do likewise!'

With such influences at work, and with such a mind to be affected, he was no sooner placed in a post of practical authority and activity, than he found himself in a position, peculiar, but most useful. He was able, in a time when the panic of Germany mounted almost to monomania in many excellent persons, to prove in his own person that a man might be deeply versed in German theology without being an infidel. He was able also, in an age of vehement party warfare, to take an active and beneficial share in all ecclesiastical movements without being a partisan. No party or sect of the church could claim him as exclusively their own. His separation from some, his agreement with others, of the leading members of each would really disqualify him from representing any of them. Yet he did not therefore hold aloof from joint action. He did not feel, as at some periods of his life Arnold felt, that he had no man like-minded with him; that his hand was against every one and every one's hand against him. On the contrary, few men of his time worked more harmoniously with his brethren, and received more sympathy from them. In his advocacy of Convocation he fought side by side with the almost proverbial impersonation of the ancient High Church school, the late Dr. Spry. His strenuous opposition to the modern High Church never deterred him from lending the whole weight of his support to Mr. Woodard's college and school at Shoreham and Hurstpierpoint. With equal energy he strove against the intolerance of the partisans of Dr. Pusey and of the partisans of Mr. Gorham; and yet he won the almost affectionate respect of men of all these various shades of opinion. One journal, indeed, long continued to assail him with the bitter personal rancour which gives it an unhappy notoriety even amongst the party organs of this country, and delighted to denounce him as 'puffed up with crude and undigested knowledge,' as 'only to be acquitted of the crimes of treason and perjury at the expense of his judgment and of his sense,' as one 'whose spiritual state is painfully hazardous.'* But this was almost the only exception; and theologians may think themselves happy if they can carry with

* See Remarks on the 'Record' Newspaper, 1849, p. 9, 10. The only other exception is that already alluded to in a periodical, usually of a moderate and respectable tone, which has since become extinct.

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them to the grave as much respectful and grateful sympathy as fell to the lot of Archdeacon Hare.

What then were the special qualities and views which won this admiration? And, first, let us observe that it was not in his case an abstinence from attack on his opponents. It was, indeed, a remarkable circumstance that, with a heart so kindly and a sympathy so comprehensive, he combined an eagerness for polemics more like the old controversialists of the age of Salmasius or of Jerome than of divines in modern times. The attack on Sir William Hamilton, in the notes to the 'Mission of the Comforter,' and on Dr. Newman, in his 'Contest with Rome,' are amongst the most vehement both in thought and expression that the literature of this generation can furnish. Neither was it any peculiar attractiveness of style. To the popular reader it was too abstract and elaborate; to the critical reader it was disfigured by violations of taste almost unaccountable in one who had so just an appreciation both of the excellences and defects of the language of others, whether in prose or poetry. There are, indeed, passages, such as the catalogue of the Christian heroes of faith,* where the sustained and elaborate energy with which he supports the greatness of the subject rises into a solemn and dignified eloquence: there are others to which his personal feeling lends an exquisite pathos. But on the other hand, there is hardly a page in which we do not meet some quaint comparison, some novel turn of expression, which not only offends the eye and ear, but actually diverts the attention from the main argument in which the blemish occurs. Neither was it the establishment of any one great truth, or the victory of any one great cause, such as extort admiration even from the unwilling, and homage even from the dissentient. Hooker has won for himself his high place by the 'Ecclesiastical Polity;' Butler by the 'Analogy;' Wilberforce by his share in the abolition of the Slave Trade; Arnold by his work in public education. No such task fell to the lot of Julius Hare. His writings are all more or less fragmentary. His most complete work is in the form of 'Guesses;' his most elaborate treatises are 'Notes' to other works. To some of these very works 'Notes' were promised which never appeared. No special object which he pursued has been carried; no public cause in which he took especial interest will be identified with his name.

But in spite of these drawbacks to the completeness of his career, there were charms which have secured for him, we firmly

* 'Victory of Faith,' p. 192–199.

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believe, not only a place in the affections of his contemporaries, but in the interest of posterity. What he was will always be greater than what he did. Even in the comparative failure of his labours there is something so much more edifying than most men's successes, that we shall be doing a good work by dwelling on the image of the whole man whilst it is still fresh in the memory of those who knew him—whilst it still lends to his writings a unity which apart from him they would be in danger of losing.

First, there was a simplicity of purpose and of style which gave to all his writings the charm of a personal presence—of a living communication. He wrote as he talked: he wrote, if one may thus apply Archbishop Whately's celebrated test of good preaching, 'not because he had to say something, but because he had something to say.' It was no style put on and off for the occasion, but the man himself who was addressing you. There needs no portrait, no biography of the writer, to tell you what he was like. As long as the works of Julius Hare survive, he will live with them. The book is the author. 'The curtain' (as the Greek painter said), 'the curtain *is* the picture.'

Secondly, whatever might be the eccentricity of his mind in detail, he was one of the few writers, certainly one of the few theologians, of this age who, in his practical judgment of men and things, could lay claim to the name of 'wisdom.' 'The wisdom which is from above is first pure, then peaceable; gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.' These are the words which are inscribed by pious gratitude on his gravestone. In some points they jar against the roughnesses of his natural temperament, as must always be the case in applications of abstract truth to individual characters. But in some points they are strikingly appropriate, and the general effect well harmonises with the purity and peace and genuineness of his teaching. Take his less elaborate judgments on books, on men, on things, as they are given in the delightful 'Guesses at Truth,' which, though nominally by the two brothers, were almost entirely the work of the younger; and certainly, for the justness of their criticisms, for the breadth and fearlessness of their views, often for the pregnant wit and good sense of their aphorisms, may almost take their place beside the 'Remains of Coleridge.' * Or pass to his more deliberate treatment of general truths.

* We cannot but suggest how great an advantage would be conferred on the readers of future editions of these volumes, if something in the way of an index or table of contents could be constructed to serve as a clue through what is else an all but inextricable labyrinth.

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We have already spoken of the Charges. But what we have said of the more immediately practical questions there discussed is true also of the more permanent and universal topics which fill his other writings. Where, for example, shall we find so just and full an award dealt out to the Fathers, or again to the German theologians, or again to Mr. Carlyle, as in the Notes to the 'Mission of the Comforter'? There has probably been a stage in the life of every thoughtful student of the present generation in which his mind has been warped by an excessive leaning, or, what is equally dangerous, an excessive antipathy, to one or other of the tendencies there represented. Let such an one read these 'Notes,' and he will find words of counsel the most appropriate, the most cheering, the most salutary, because they are words which in great measure are the response, yet not the mere echo, to his own feelings. Or again, where, in ancient times or in modern, has the true contrast between unity and uniformity—the value of the one, the worthlessness of the other—been so beautifully set forth as in the dedication of his sermon on Unity to Archdeacon Manning? Or (to pass to a far less pleasing subject), where amongst modern controversies has 'the Contest with Rome' been more ably sustained than in the polemical notes which, under that title, attack some of the main positions of Dr. Newman, not the less powerfully, or the less unanswerably, because they are often disfigured by a harshness of tone and a roughness of expression, which perhaps strike us the more from their contrast with the exquisite grace and polish of the style of his antagonist.

There is yet one class of Archdeacon Hare's works which we have not noticed, but which are perhaps the most peculiar and characteristic of all. It is not the first time that the chief celebrity of a scholar or divine has rested on his vindication of some illustrious person, dead or living. But probably no one ever published so many or so various. He used to say playfully that he should one day collect them all in one volume, under the title of 'Vindiciæ Harianæ,' or the 'Hare with many Friends.' They were, in fact, the natural outbursts of two of the most powerful springs of his nature—his warm and generous sympathy and his strong sense of justice. Most of these chivalrous encounters were, no doubt, to be largely ascribed to the former cause. Any attack on Luther, Niebuhr, Bunsen, Coleridge, would have called forth his sword from its scabbard under much less provocation than was actually given in the respective cases. Indeed, in some of these instances we almost wonder at the amount of energy and learning spent against charges which hardly seemed sufficient, either in quality or

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quantity, to need any refutation at all. And in each of these cases it is impossible not to perceive the glowing tinge given to all his statements by the depth and warmth of his personal affection and reverence. But even when the object of attack was his dearest friend, it was an outraged sense not so much of private partiality as of public justice that fired the train; and in one remarkable instance he came forward on behalf of an entire stranger. The great Hampden controversy, which seven years ago threatened to shake the Church of England to its centre, has, like many similar dangers, been long laid to sleep, and we may be quite sure will never now be revived either by its victim or his assailants. But, if any like tempest should again sweep over the ecclesiastical atmosphere, we cannot imagine a more salutary lesson for the future agitators than to read Archdeacon Hare's Letter to the Dean of Chichester on Dr. Hampden's appointment to the see of Hereford. It was at the time of special importance, as tending, more than any other single cause, to allay the panic occasioned by that act, and was as such gratefully recognised by the Minister who had selected the obnoxious Professor for the vacant bishopric. But it was still more instructive for the sight which it afforded of a noble and disinterested endeavour to defend one whom he had never seen, whom he knew only through his writings, whom he had no cause—either before or after he had thus stood forward in his defence—to regard with any personal predilections. Most instructive of all is it for the example of calm and dispassionate mastery of the subject; the more so for the contrast—now from the distance of years even yet more evident than when near at hand—with the partisanship, in too many instances, of those whom he was called to oppose.

For the reasons we have mentioned the Vindication of Dr. Hampden is perhaps entitled to the first place amongst these labours (not of love but) of justice. But the one on which its author's fame will chiefly rest is the well-known Vindication of Luther, first published in a Note to the 'Mission of the Comforter,' and now reprinted in a separate and enlarged form. It was receiving his final corrections when death cut short his labours, and the annotations which he would have added are now only indicated by the headings and names which serve, as the editor well expresses it, to 'show with what care he arranged his materials, and how many authorities he thought it his duty to consult, before he ventured to make any assertions respecting the character of men or the facts of history.' It may thus be regarded as his latest literary work, and, in truth, there is none which so well represents his whole mind—none perhaps which he would himself have so delighted to leave as his last bequest

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bequest to the world. 'I am bound,' he used to say, 'to defend one to whom I owe so much.' It is true that in this, as in others of his Vindications, we cannot feel satisfied that he has always hit the main point of the objectors; we cannot avoid the conviction that, whilst he is in possession of every single outwork, the citadel of the argument often remains unconquered. For example, after all that he has said, there will still be left an impression that Luther's conception of faith, when expressed in its dogmatical form, was either something very different from that portrayed so beautifully in 'The Victory of Faith,' or else that it was not so distinctively or exclusively his own as to entitle him to the eulogies heaped upon him as its champion. But, on the other hand, we think that no one can read Archdeacon Hare's Vindication without feeling that it is an important step gained in the right understanding and in the favourable understanding of Luther's character. The unparalleled knowledge displayed of the Reformer's writings is not only most valuable as a mine of reference, but is in itself a testimony to the greatness of the man who could inspire, at the distance of three centuries, such a vast, such an enthusiastic research. The numerous explanations of expressions long misunderstood, and of falsehoods long believed, are amongst the most decisive triumphs of literary investigation that we have ever seen. No one can again quote against Luther that he called the Epistle of St. James an epistle of straw, or that he tossed the Book of Esther into the Elbe. No one can now give to the celebrated advice, 'Esto peccator et pecca fortiter,' the terrible meaning ascribed to it by those who a few years ago regarded it as one of their most formidable weapons against the Lutheran doctrine. And above all, the breadth and energy of Luther's genius, the depth and warmth of his heart, and the grandeur of his position and character, amidst whatever inconsistencies or imperfections of expression, are brought out with a force and clearness which must often be as new to his admirers as to his detractors.

We have said that this may be considered his last bequest to the literary world; but we feel sure that amongst the letters and manuscript sketches which he has left behind, enough remains to form a more complete picture of what he was than is contained even in the expressive writings which we have been considering —much more than can be contained in the scanty outline which we have attempted in these pages. His childlike outbursts of affection, devotion, and faith; his burning admiration of good wherever seen; his indignant scorn and hatred of evil, noble even when misplaced or exaggerated; his entire freedom from all the littlenesses of vanity, or ambition, or self-seeking, which so

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so often vex and haunt the path of authors and of ecclesiastics—these are gifts bestowed by Providence with a sparing hand. Let us make the most of what remains of them; let us not suffer the image of them lightly to vanish out of our recollection.

'When we see men like Archdeacon Hare cut off before their time'—so writes an able observer * of our ecclesiastical world—'it is a natural superstition which tempts us to look upon their removal as a sign of coming judgment, and an evil omen for the Church which they adorned.' But let us take a more cheering view. Let the example of such a career rather fill us with thankfulness that there is at least one church in Christendom where such a career could be run as in its natural field—which gives scope for such a union of fervent piety with refined culture and masculine learning. His course has been well compared by one who knew him well to that of a noble ship, with her sails wide spread, filled by every gale which blew. Where, we may ask, would so many influences have been combined to propel the bark onwards as in the church and country where his lot was actually cast? Let us remember also that the divisions of which we are always complaining as fatal to the peace, if not the existence, of the Church, did but serve in his case to bring out more clearly his power of overlooking and overruling them to the common good. Happily in the present lull of ecclesiastical controversy—hushed as it always will be hushed in the presence of the really great events on which human happiness and misery depend—his voice may be heard more readily than at times when it would be more needed. But if the theological factions of a few months or years past should again revive, there would be no 'truer remedy for the evils of the age' than if we could hear more and more appeals to the two contending parties in the spirit of that which in such a time of agitation, in the spring of 1850, was addressed by Archdeacon Hare to his brethren:—

'With both sides I feel that I have many bonds of common faith and love and duty: with both of them I heartily desire to work together in the service of our common Master. With each of the two parties, on sundry points I differ in opinion more or less widely: but why should this cut me off from them? or why should it cut them off from me? May we not hold fast to that whereon we are agreed, and join hand to hand and heart to heart on that sure, unshakable ground, which cannot slip from under us, and wait until God shall reveal to us what we now see dimly and darkly? Shall the oak say to the elm, *Depart from me—thou hast no place in God's forest—thou shalt not breathe His air, or drink in his sunshine?* Or shall the

* Conybeare's Essays on Ecclesiastical and Social Subjects, p. 144.

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ash say to the birch, *Avaunt! thou art not worthy to stand by my side —cast thyself down and crawl away, and hide thyself in some outlandish thicket?* O my brethren! the spring is just about to clothe all the trees of the forest in their bright, fresh leaves, which will shine and sparkle rejoicingly and thankfully in the sun and rain. Shall it not also clothe our hearts anew in bright hopeful garments of faith and love, diverse in form, in hue, in texture, but blending together into a beautiful, harmonious unity beneath the light of the Sun of Righteousness? . . . O, if we would let one gleam of His Divine Love descend upon us, if we would open our hearts to receive it, and would let it glow and kindle there, we should cease from quarrelling with our brethren; we should cease from scowling at them; we should feel that our highest privilege, our most precious blessing, is to be one with them through Him and in Him.' *

ART. II.—*Histoire de la Découverte de la Circulation du Sang.* Par P. Flourens, Membre de l'Académie Française et Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences (Institut de France), Professeur au Musée d'Histoire Naturelle de Paris, &c. Paris. 1854.

IT is within our recollection, that when some one made a remark in his presence as to the value of his discoveries in the decomposition of the alkalis and earths, Sir Humphry Davy observed: 'Perhaps you give me more credit than really belongs to me; others had invented the voltaic battery. The time had arrived when it was to be applied to the purposes of chemistry, and it fell first into my hands.' Something like this may be said as to most of the great discoveries which have been made in the department of physical science. Knowledge is, for the most part, slow in its progress. Among those who are engaged in the pursuit of it, there are few who do not add something, however small the contribution may be, to the general stock. At last some one endowed with a more comprehensive genius, taking advantage of the labours of his predecessors, views the facts which they have collected in their relations to each other, traces analogies which they have overlooked, and from thence is led on to further inquiries, which open up new views of natural phenomena, and afford a deeper insight into the laws by which they are regulated.

These remarks have been suggested to us by the perusal of the work the title of which is prefixed to the present article, in which a distinguished philosopher of a neighbouring country has been

* 'True Remedy for the Evils of the Age,' pp. 95-96.

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at the pains of collecting the various observations which, made by different individuals, and at different periods of time, gradually led the way to that great discovery of the circulation of the blood, which it was reserved for our illustrious countryman Harvey to complete; a discovery not less important in its relation to the sciences which appertain to animal life, than that of the law of gravitation is in its relation to mechanics or astronomy.

To any one who reads the lucid exposition which Harvey has given of the facts which bear upon this subject, it may be a matter of surprise, that from the time when anatomy was cultivated by Galen so many centuries should have elapsed before the truth as to the circulation of the blood should have presented itself to those who were engaged in anatomical researches. The valves of the veins, those between the cavities on each side of the heart, and at the origin of the two large arterial trunks, seem to be of themselves sufficient for determining the course in which the blood flows. To the surgeon who opened a vein in bleeding his patient, or who witnessed the stream of blood flowing from a wounded artery, we might suppose the same thing to have been made sufficiently manifest in the living body. But it is difficult to shake off ancient prejudices. Whatever may be its real value, a theory which has been long received is not at once displaced because it has been proved to be erroneous. The authority of Galen prevailed in the schools. No one was bold enough to dispute what had been taught by this great master, and even after Harvey had published his immortal work, and in spite of the unanswerable arguments which he adduced in support of his conclusions, there were those who, abhorring such innovations, still adhered to their old faith. 'No sooner,' says M. Flourens, 'had Harvey published his book on the circulation of the blood, than twenty anatomists took up their pens in opposition to it;' with a zeal less dangerous indeed to the individual, but not less earnest than that which animated the theologians of the Inquisition in their persecution of Galileo.

To those who study history not merely as a record of wars and revolutions, and of the rise and fall of political parties and dynasties, but with reference to the advancement of knowledge, and the progress of the human mind, the account which M. Flourens gives of the physiological doctrines of Galen, and of their gradual subversion, after the lapse of more than fourteen hundred years, by the more accurate researches of the seventeenth century, is not less curious than it is instructive, and we shall venture to offer an abstract of it, to our readers, with some few additions to it derived from other sources.

The necessity for the admission of air into the lungs by the act of

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of respiration was a fact too obvious to be at any time overlooked. The arteries which (as we now know) are, in the living body, always distended with blood, in the dead body are in a great degree empty of blood, but in a patulous state from their elasticity, and containing air. Erasistratus (as we learn from Galen), connecting these two facts with each other, supposed that the air which entered the lungs by the windpipe was conveyed first by the large veins of the lungs (the pulmonary) to the left cavities of the heart, and from thence by the large arterial trunk (the aorta) and its innumerable ramifications to every other part of the body. The arteries were held to be, like the windpipe, simply air-passages, and it was from the function thus hypothetically attributed to them that they derived the name by which they are still designated.

Galen corrected this error of his predecessors. He instituted experiments which proved that, in the living body, the arteries contain not air but blood. He showed that the air drawn in by inspiration does not really penetrate beyond the air-cells of the lungs; he believed that the purpose which it answered was simply that of cooling and refreshing the blood; and this opinion prevailed among physiologists even as late as the time of Haller. It was reserved for modern chemistry to prove that the air and the blood act mutually on each other, and that in this way a change is produced in the latter without which it would be unfit for the maintenance of life.

Galen had not the means of determining the real nature of the respiratory function; but he ascertained that the blood in the arteries is different from that in the veins, which was a considerable step towards it. Altogether, considering the point at which he set out, he accomplished a great deal, and may justly be considered as having laid the foundation of the more correct physiology of the present day.

Deriving little help from those who had preceded him, and with such limited means of obtaining a knowledge of anatomy as the state of society then afforded, it need be no matter of surprise that many of his views have proved to be erroneous. He believed that it was the office of the veins as well as of the arteries to furnish a supply of blood to the various organs of which the animal system is composed; that the latter, having their origin in the left ventricle of the heart, convey a purer blood to the more refined and delicate organs, in which he includes the lungs; while the former convey from the corresponding cavity on the right side of the heart blood of an inferior quality to the more gross and solid organs, in which he includes the liver. At the same time he held that the venous blood could not be equal to the duties assigned to it

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it unless some portion of the essence or *spirit* contained in the arterial blood was infused into it. The question presented itself in what manner this infusion was effected, and he at once solved the difficulty by assuming that there are openings expressly for this purpose in the wall or *septum* by which the cavities on the two sides of the heart are separated from each other. No such apertures exist; yet so paramount was the authority of Galen, that no one presumed to contradict what he had asserted on the subject; and it was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that Vesalius, 'the father of modern anatomy,' relying on his own observations, corrected and exposed the error.

But Vesalius advanced no further; and it is remarkable that, after so great an anatomist had failed, it should have fallen to the lot of an individual who had devoted his energies not to anatomy, but to controversial theology, to make a greater stride than any one had made before him towards the discovery of the true theory of the circulation.

For those of our readers who are not conversant with these subjects it may be well to premise that in all the higher classes of animals, there is a double circulation, the one for the transmission of the blood through the lungs for the purpose of its being exposed to the influence of the air in respiration; the other for the purpose of distributing it, after it has received that influence, to the body generally, these two circulations being wholly distinct from each other.

Calvin rejected the authority of Rome. Servetus was opposed to Calvin. With the Romish Church Calvin was a heretic. Servetus was a heretic with Calvin. When he published his treatise on the 'Restoration of Christianity' ('*Christianismi Restitutio*') Calvin persuaded the magistrates of Geneva that he ought to be treated by them as himself would have been treated by the Inquisition if it had had him in its power; and he was condemned to death, and was burnt. In the aforesaid treatise he gave an account of the pulmonary circulation, applying it in some way to his peculiar opinions in theology.

A copy of Servetus's work, for which he thus, through the instrumentality of Calvin, acquired the glory of martyrdom, is preserved in the Imperial library of France.* M. Flourens supposes it to be the only copy now in existence—an opinion which may well be correct, as we learn from Sir Henry Ellis that there is no copy of it either in the British Museum or in any other of the principal public libraries of this country. The

* It is stated that this copy of Servetus's work had belonged to Colladon, one of his accusers, and that it had at one time formed a part of the library of our countryman, Dr. Mead.

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Parisian copy itself is in a mutilated state, having been partly burnt, as if it had been somehow snatched from the flames which were intended to consume at once the heresies and the heretic. Fortunately that part of the volume which treats of the circulation remains entire, and thus M. Flourens has had the opportunity afforded him of giving an exact account of the opinions of this singular physiologist.

The views of Servetus, when separated from certain wild metaphysical speculations with which they are mixed up, may be thus briefly explained.

1. The hypothesis of Galen that there is some kind of union of the venous and arterial blood, or that something is transmitted from one to the other, through the partition or septum which separates the cavities of the left and right side of the heart is altogether a mistake.

2. The scarlet (or arterial) blood which is found in the cavities of the left side of the heart is essentially different from the dark coloured (or venous) blood which is found in the cavities of the right side; the former containing a *spirit* which is wanting in the latter, and having in consequence peculiar properties by which it is fitted for certain purposes in the animal economy (especially as regards the brain and nerves) for which the dark-coloured blood is insufficient.

3. The *spirit* on which these peculiar properties depend is derived from the air drawn into the lungs in the following manner:—The pulmonary artery (or *vena arteriosa*, so called, because, although it has the structure of an artery, it contains dark-coloured blood) conveys the blood from the right side of the heart to the lungs, where it divides into a multitude of smaller vessels, which terminate in other equally small vessels, which unite to form the pulmonary vein, by which last the blood is transmitted to the cavities on the left side of the heart. It is during its passage from the one system of vessels to the other that the blood comes in contact with the air, assumes a scarlet colour, and is purged of its impurities, which are expelled by exspiration (*et exspiratione in fuligine expurgantur*).

A modern physiologist would have added to this statement a description of the chemical changes which the air undergoes from its contact with the blood in the air-cells of the lungs; but otherwise there can be no clearer exposition of the pulmonary circulation than that which we have just quoted from Servetus. In other respects his physiological knowledge did not extend beyond that of his predecessors and contemporaries. He believed with Galen that the process of sanguification (or production of the blood) took place in the liver, to which organ the nutritive

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fluid or chyle was conveyed by the veins of the intestines; and that while the scarlet blood was distributed throughout the body by the arteries, the dark-coloured blood was distributed in like manner by the veins—the former being intended for the supply of one class of organs, and the latter for that of another.

At this time Padua was the most celebrated school of anatomy in Europe—Vesalius, Fallopius, Fabricius d'Acquapendente being, or having been, numbered among its professors. Six years after the announcement of it by Servetus, the pulmonary circulation was taught by Columbus, another professor of that university. Did he borrow it from Servetus? M. Flourens is probably correct in answering the question in the negative. If Servetus, as being an Unitarian, was held to be a heretic in Protestant Switzerland, he must have been held to be a much worse heretic in Catholic Italy, and it may well be supposed that Columbus might never have seen a copy of the theological treatise which was condemned to the flames with its author.

After Columbus had explained the pulmonary circulation in the University of Padua, it was taught by Cesalpinus to his pupils at Pisa. This remarkable individual was not less distinguished for his anatomical acquirements than he was for his profound knowledge of the philosophy of the ancients and his singular speculations in theology. He believed that we are surrounded by innumerable spirits, or demons, holding an intermediate state between mortal and immortal beings—that a special demon was not peculiar to Socrates, but that one is attached to every individual among us; and in one of his treatises he describes the influence which these imaginary beings exercise in heaven and on earth, and how the greater part of the phenomena of the natural world are under their guidance and control. Something of the same imaginative turn of mind which led him to these mystical speculations may be traced even in his anatomical researches. While at one time he seems to approach very nearly to the discovery of the circulation, at another time he diverges as far as possible from it. He describes the *vena cava* as pouring the blood into the heart; but at another time he states that through the same vessel there is a reflux of the blood from the heart to the liver. 'Nature,' he says, 'has destined the orifices of the heart for the following purposes: the *vena cava* pours the blood into the right ventricle, from whence it passes into the lungs, and thence into the left ventricle;' but then he adds, that '*during sleep* the blood is brought to the right ventricle by the veins, and *not by the arteries*, for which reason the veins swell while we are asleep, and are empty while we are awake.' Elsewhere he describes the office of the *vena portæ* to be to convey the blood not to the liver, from the

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spleen, stomach, and intestines, but from the liver to these several organs, attributing to that vessel the functions of an artery.

Among the followers of Vesalius, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, there is no one who, in the way of science, has contributed more to the glory of the Italian States than Fabricius d'Acquapendente. When he died, in the year 1619, he had held the office of Professor of Anatomy at Padua during fifty years. A large concourse of students from all parts of Europe listened to his discourses, and the Republic of Venice acknowledged the value of his services by loading him with honours and by the grant of an annuity of 10,000 crowns of gold. In the discovery of the valves of the veins he made an important step towards a knowledge of the circulation. But he did more than this; for Harvey was his pupil, and it was under his instructions that the mind of the young Englishman became stored with that knowledge, and was trained in those habits of reflection, which enabled him some years afterwards to arrive at results so important, not only to science, but to the welfare of mankind.

'When Harvey made his appearance,' says M. Flourens, 'everything relating to the circulation of the blood had been indicated, or at least suspected, but nothing was established. This is so true that Fabricius d'Acquapendente, who followed Cesalpinus, and who discovered the existence of the valves of the veins, was unacquainted with it. Cesalpinus himself, who saw that there was a double circulation, mixes up with the pulmonary circulation the mistake of there being an opening in the *septum*, which divides the ventricles of the heart: *sanguis partim per medium septum, partim per medios pulmones ex dextro in sinistrum ventriculum cordis transmittitur.* Servetus says nothing of the general circulation. Columbus repeats, with Galen, that the veins have their origin in the liver, and that they serve to distribute the blood to the various organs.'

. . . . 'Harvey's treatise is a *chef d'œuvre.* . . . Modern physiology may be dated from the discovery of the circulation of the blood. It marks the advent of physiologists into the field of science. Previously to this they had merely followed the ancients, and did not venture to take an independent course. Harvey made plain the most beautiful phenomenon of the animal economy, a point at which the ancients had never arrived. The authority of the former masters was displaced. It ceased to be the custom to swear by Aristotle and Galen, who were superseded by Harvey. I shall refer elsewhere to the ridiculous infatuation which led the medical faculty of Paris to reject the doctrine of the circulation—the bad reasoning of Riolan on the subject—the misplaced pleasantries of Guy Patin. This folly, however, was confined to the faculty; it did not belong to the nation. Molière ridiculed Guy Patin, and Boileau ridiculed the faculty, and Descartes, the greatest genius of the age, proclaimed his belief in the circulation.'

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Dionis, who was the most distinguished surgeon of those times, taught the discovery of Harvey in his lectures in the *Jardin du Roi*. In his dedication to Louis the Fourteenth he thus expresses himself:—

'I was appointed to demonstrate in the *Jardin Royal* the circulation of the blood, and other new discoveries, and I have endeavoured to acquit myself of the task which I had undertaken with that zeal and accuracy which are due to the orders of your Majesty.'

In England it appears that the researches of Harvey had a more favourable reception than they had from the close corporation called the 'Medical Faculty of Paris.' We are informed by Dr. Willis, in his excellent Life of Harvey, lately published by the Sydenham Society, that—

'in the year 1615, being then in the thirty-seventh year of his age, he was appointed to give lectures on anatomy and surgery at the College of Physicians, and that it is generally understood that in the first course which he delivered he presented a detailed exposition of those views as to the circulation of the blood which have since rendered his name immortal.'

Dr. Willis further informs us that they continued to form one of the subjects of the lectures which he delivered annually at the College for many years afterwards, though it was not until the year 1628 that his treatise on the circulation was published.

Even in his own country, however, the innovations of Harvey were not, in the first instance, universally accepted. It is stated by Aubrey that by the vulgar he was held to be crack-brained, and that 'the physicians were against him;' though this last observation cannot be literally correct, as the most eminent members of that learned profession, forming the College of Physicians, were his patrons, and year after year were glad to profit by his instructions. On the Continent his opponents were more numerous, especially among the Italian anatomists, who could not, without a struggle, emancipate themselves from their allegiance to Galen, and who might, moreover (without being themselves conscious of it), be influenced in some degree by a jealousy of the young foreigner, whose rising genius threatened to obscure the great and well-merited reputation which they had previously enjoyed.

The researches of Harvey were not limited to the circulation as it exists in the perfect animal; they extended also to that of the child before birth, in whom the lungs are not used as the organ of respiration, and in them therefore the double circulation is not required. Galen had described with sufficient accuracy the communications between the cavities and great vessels of the

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heart

heart which exist in the fœtus, and which become obliterated afterwards. The observations of Galen had been confirmed by Vesalius, Fallopius, and other anatomists; but it remained for Harvey to explain how it is that, by means of these communications, the same apparatus is adapted to a single circulation in the one case and a double one in the other. His dissections of some of the inferior vertebrata enabled him at once to solve this mystery, and thus to complete the history of the most important of the functions of organic life at every period of our existence.

In science it has generally happened that one successful investigation is the forerunner of others. So it was in the present instance, and M. Flourens, having given the history of one great discovery, proceeds to give that of another not much inferior in importance to that which was completed by Harvey. In order that this may be made plain to those who are not physiologists some preliminary observations may be required.

That 'in the blood is the life,' and that the blood is necessary not only to the nutrition of the body but to the maintenance of the vital powers; that the waste of the blood and of the general system is supplied by the food taken into the stomach and converted into chyle in the intestines; are matters of fact too obvious to have been overlooked at any time, even by the most careless and superficial observers. The process by which the chyle is conveyed into the blood and assimilated with it is not equally obvious. Galen believed that the chyle is carried into the liver by the veins of the intestines; that it is in that organ that the conversion of it into blood is effected; and that from thence the whole mass of the blood, thus recruited by a supply of new matter, is distributed, first by the larger veins and then by their ramifications, throughout the rest of the body. These views of Galen were generally adopted by those who followed him, and it seems that more than fourteen centuries had elapsed before any one ventured to pronounce them to be erroneous. Yet Galen himself had furnished an extract from the now lost works of Erasistratus, which might well have led him to entertain some doubts on the subject. Three centuries before the Christian æra that ancient anatomist, in the dissection of young goats, observed in the mesentery, besides the arteries and veins, some other and smaller vessels containing a white fluid. Long after this observation of Erasistratus, in the middle of the sixteenth century, Eustachius discovered on the fore part of the spine of a horse, lying by the side of a large vein (the *Vena Azygos*), another vessel which was evidently neither a vein nor an artery, as it contained not blood but a transparent fluid. Eustachius himself, however, did not follow up his own discovery, and it does not

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appear to have much attracted the notice of those who immediately followed him. Harvey began to teach the circulation of the blood, according to M. Flourens, in the year 1618, but, according to Dr. Willis, three years sooner, and published his treatise on the subject in 1628. In 1622 the white vessels described by Erasistratus were again noticed by Asellius (who at that time occupied the chair of Professor of Anatomy at Pavia) in the dissection of a dog. Asellius pursued the inquiry, ascertained that these vessels were sometimes empty and transparent, at other times opaque and containing a fluid resembling cream, and he published an account of them in the year 1628, giving them the name of the lacteals. He regarded them as the channels by which the nutritive fluid, elaborated by the stomach and intestines, is conveyed into the circulation; but his observations extended no further, and, without tracing them to their real termination, he came at once to the conclusion that they entered the veins of the liver, attributing to that organ the office which had been previously attributed to it by Galen.

Some years after the re-discovery of the lacteals by Asellius, a young French physician, Pecquet, while yet a student at Montpellier, took up the inquiry where it had been left by his predecessor, and traced the lacteals into one large vessel, which, lying on the forepart of the spine, extended upwards and terminated in the junction of two large veins (the subclavian and jugular) in the lower part of the neck. This vessel, afterwards known under the name of the thoracic duct, is identical with that which had been described by Eustachius. As to the lacteal vessels later researches have added nothing to the discovery of Pecquet; and to him belongs the honour of having been the first to demonstrate in what manner the nutritive fluid prepared by the organs of digestion is conveyed into the torrent of the circulation.

Yet the researches of Pecquet were incomplete, and it remained for another anatomist, his own contemporary, to show that vessels similar to those whose office it is to absorb the chyle from the intestines exist in other parts of the body. This anatomist was Thomas Bartholin, Professor of Anatomy at Copenhagen. Unconnected with the intestinal canal, and where there was no chyle to be absorbed, he discovered innumerable vessels having a structure similar to that of the lacteals, but containing not a white but a transparent fluid or lymph, taking the same course as the lacteals, and like them terminating in the thoracic duct; and to these he gave the name of lymphatics. The discovery of Bartholin was at once confirmed by other anatomists, and our own countrymen, William Hunter and Cruikshank, have worked it

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it out in its details, so that nothing seems to be now wanting to render our knowledge of this part of anatomy as complete as possible.

These two orders of vessels, the lacteals and lymphatics, being similar in their structure, and having a common termination, have been generally described as forming together the absorbent system. The function of the lacteals was always sufficiently obvious; that of the lymphatics was a problem which mere anatomy was unable to solve. Even as late as the early part of the present century it was believed that they were the sole agents in that process of absorption which is going on in every part of the body. The labours of modern physiologists, especially of M. Magendie, have proved this to be a mistake. The fluid contained in the lymphatics has been found to be of the same, or nearly the same quality under all circumstances, and chemical analysis has ascertained that it bears no small resemblance to that in the lacteals. These facts, taken in combination with others which might be mentioned, justify the opinion which is held by the majority of physiologists at the present time, that the lymphatics are, like the lacteals, organs of nutrition: that, while the minute arteries are employed in depositing new materials to supply the waste of the body, the lymphatics are simultaneously taking up that part of the old materials which admits of being again assimilated with the blood, and carrying it back into the circulation.

Having described the origin and progress of the two great anatomical discoveries of the circulation of the blood, and of the lacteal and lymphatic vessels, M. Flourens proceeds to discuss the doctrine of vital and animal spirits as held by Galen and his followers, and to show its relation to the modern theories of the nervous and vital forces. Our space will not allow us to follow him through these last-mentioned inquiries, and we pass on at once to the concluding chapters, in which we find the history of the Medical Faculty of Paris, such as it was in the days of Harvey and Pecquet, derived chiefly from the letters of one of its most influential members, Guy Patin, celebrated not less as the author of the clever and amusing letters in question, than as being the Diafoirus of Molière and the object of Boileau's satire.* The details, of which we shall lay a part before our readers, are chiefly interesting as they afford some curious illustrations of what may be called the transition-state of science, when the spirit of independent research founded on experience and observation, was beginning to supersede a too implicit reliance on the authority of the ancients.

* L'un meurt vide de sang, l'autre plein de séné.—*Art Poëtique*, Chant iv.

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This medical Faculty was a singular institution, and is thus described by our author:—

'It governed itself, it maintained itself, it had made itself. It had for its founders neither the kings of France nor the city of Paris. . . . The Medical School of Paris was founded and maintained at the sole expense of the individual physicians, who themselves contributed what was wanting for its buildings and endowments. . . . It was a real republic, which had for its citizens the Doctors, and the Faculty for its senate, under the direction of a Dean. This officer was elected for two years; and while his reign lasted had complete authority. He is described by Guy-Patin as a Master of the Bachelors; as regulating the discipline of the schools; and as having the charge of the registers, which extended backwards over a period of 500 years. . . . Our little republic had the good and the bad qualities of greater ones. It was zealous for its own glory; but it had also its parties, its divisions, its cabals. Often one party condemned, and, if the occasion offered, expelled the other. . . . When we thus see the Faculty establish, maintain, and endow itself, owing everything to its own members and nothing to the State, we recognise the origin of that independence of which it was so jealous, and which the State always respected. Our Kings had to treat and negociate with the Faculty. Louis XI. wished to copy a manuscript of Rhasis which was in their possession; but they refused to lend it until he had given security for it. Richelieu wished them to admit as a Doctor the son of a Gazetteer, one Renaudet, for whom the Faculty had an especial hatred. The Faculty refused, and Richelieu gave way. "Individuals," says Guy-Patin, "die, but corporations do not die." Cardinal Richelieu, he adds, was the most powerful man of the age not actually wearing a crown. He caused the world to tremble: he frightened Rome: he shook the King of Spain on his throne: yet he was unable to compel the Faculty to receive into their body the two sons of a Gazetteer who were already licentiates, and who will not for a long time be doctors."

Such a spirit of independence is deserving of our respect; but, unfortunately, whatever it might have been formerly, in the time of Guy-Patin it had little else to recommend it. As a body it was as earnest in its opposition to the innovations of science as in resisting the authority of the minister. So Riolan, one of the Faculty, whom Bartholin compliments as the greatest anatomist of the age, rejects the discovery of the circulation, and also that of the lacteals and lymphatics,—

'Every one,' he says, 'must now be making discoveries. Pecquet has done worse than this. By his new and unheard-of doctrine (namely, of the lacteals and thoracic duct) he would upset both the ancient and modern system of medicine.'

Guy-Patin, the Dean of the Faculty, follows Riolan in the same strain:—

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'If M. Duroyer knew nothing more than how to lie, and the circulation of the blood, his knowledge was limited to two things, of which I hate one and do not care for the other. Let him come to me, and I will teach him a better way to a good practice of medicine than this pretended circulation.'

This good practice of medicine had, at any rate, the advantage of simplicity, being limited to bleeding and the administering of senna. 'Senna performs more miracles than all the drugs of India.' Bleeding was proper at all ages. Guy-Patin bled a patient thirty-two times in one attack of illness. He bled himself seven times for a cold. He bled his mother-in-law, as she was eighty years of age, only four times; and his wife eight times in the arm and then in the foot. Senna was administered on the same scale as blood-letting.—'We save more patients with a good lancet and senna than were ever saved by the Arabian physicians with all their syrups and opiates.' The proposers and employers of new remedies were an abomination. Opium was rejected as a poison; the Peruvian bark because it came from the Jesuits; and as for antimony, it was sufficient to say that it was proscribed by the Faculty. Even tea was held in abhorrence as an impertinent innovation. The greatest offenders, however, for whom there is no forgiveness, were those who prescribed antimony. Those physicians who ventured to think that antimony might be useful were tried and condemned by the Faculty:—

'This brought them back to their duty. If *they* should be again wanting in THEIR duty, *we* shall not be wanting in OURS; but shall proceed summarily against them, so that they will be for ever expelled from among us.'

This tirade from the pen of Guy-Patin will remind the reader of Le Sage of the conversation which Gil Blas held with Dr. Sangrado, when he visited him after his retirement.

'At last,' says M. Flourens, 'the Faculty perished, as other corporations and other republics perish, by an exaggeration of its own principle. Its great object had been to restore the Greek and Latin system of medicine. This having been accomplished, it stood still with an obstinacy which was fatal to itself. It ceased to move onwards while all around were making progress. Discoveries were made in chemistry, anatomy, and physiology, but these were all under the ban of the Faculty.'

Happily the great monarch who then governed France, infected as he was with the passion for political aggrandisement, had also the more rare but more honourable ambition of being known to posterity as the promoter and patron of literature and science. The Faculty being intractable, he did not hesitate to employ other means for the attainment of his object:—

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'The Royal Garden (*Jardin Royal*) was erected or restored. The Faculty, as they said, for good and substantial reasons, proscribed chemistry. A professorship of chemistry was established in the Royal Garden. Riolan, the professor of the Faculty, rejected the improvements in anatomy and physiology. Dionis (celebrated alike for his profound knowledge of anatomy and of surgery) lectured on them in the Royal Garden.'

This was the beginning of a new era. The good work begun by Louis XIV. was completed in the reign of his successor. He founded the Royal Academy of Surgery, to whose labours we are indebted for the most valuable collection of memoirs connected with the healing art ever given to the world. The Royal Society of Medicine followed; and thus the Faculty of Medicine came to an end after an existence of eight centuries. It had in former times done good service by getting rid of the farrago of remedies inherited from the Arabian schools, and by liberating the art from the charlatanerie of *occult causes* and the delusions of astrology; but having done so, by its over-estimation of itself, and its opposition to the advancement of science, it had become ridiculous and worse than useless, and the result was inevitable.

In the sketch which we have given of M. Flourens' volume we have necessarily omitted to notice several points which are calculated to interest the general reader as well as the physiologist. The author has shown by his other works that his mind is well adapted for the process of original investigation. In the present instance he pretends to little more than to trace the steps by which two of the most important discoveries in the sciences relating to organic life were gradually accomplished. But this history affords some useful lessons and much matter for reflection, especially as it serves to illustrate the progress of knowledge in other sciences as well as in physiology.

Art. III.—*Allocuzione della Santità di nostro Signore Pio Papa IX. del* 22 *Gennaio*, 1855; *seguìta da una Esposizione, corredata di Documenti.* (Reprint.) Torino, 1855.

THE relations of England with Italy differ from those of the other Great Powers of the Mediterranean in this fundamental characteristic, that they are happily disengaged from all questions of selfish or even of separate interest. Hence probably, in great part, the genial, free, and unsuspecting temper of Italians towards Englishmen, in spite of all national reserve, and of that vulgar pride of purse, and religious narrowness, which have not yet

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yet ceased to distinguish a portion at least of our numerous travelling fellow-countrymen.

With Piedmont in particular we have often found ourselves on a footing of great political intimacy; and it would appear that the remembrance of these bygone periods of special relations with England is cherished in the sub-Alpine kingdom, as they have very recently been made the subject of an historical treatise by Count Sclopis, a distinguished and accomplished Piedmontese. Such recollections, we may fairly presume, have served to prepare the ground for the recent treaty between France, England, and Sardinia, and for the military convention between the two latter of these three powers. This convention is of a character somewhat novel in its own class, inasmuch as, under its provisions, England neither gives nor guarantees, but simply lends money to Sardinia which she has herself borrowed. It is charged at the unremunerative rate of 3 per cent., and she receives from the indebted power, together with the interest, a further payment of 1 per cent. *per annum*, by way of sinking fund. She has also undertaken the conveyance of the Piedmontese contingent to the East, and is in this manner, as well as by the pecuniary bargain, charged with a large share of the cost of the armament. Yet, considering the position of Sardinia in Europe—her own burdens and her unquestioned good faith—the arrangement is one on her part eminently public spirited and liberal.

But it is to other matters, for the moment less stirring, yet of deeper permanent import, that we would now invite attention. The greatest events of history have grown up from minute and obscure beginnings, as Jupiter himself, according to the Greek mythology, once lay an infant in the wilds of Crete; and it is the part of true wisdom to search them out in their inception and before they have by their magnitude forced themselves on the general gaze. In the times when the Wars of the Roses were mowing down the old English aristocracy, and when we vexed France with our ill neighbourhood until she found her Deborah in Joan of Arc, how few dreamed that there were fermenting in the bosom of European society the seeds of the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, which not only affected the dogma and discipline of the Church, but which even now meets us in politics at every turn, and which for two centuries was more prolific of sheer blows and bloodshed between and within the nations of Christendom, than the lust of personal, dynastic, or national aggrandisement in any of its forms?

In the arena we are about to contemplate, Piedmont and Rome are the two combatants, and each of them holds a position amongst the most singular in the world. Owing her free constitution

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stitution to the turbid and disastrous period of 1848, Piedmont has clasped closely to her bosom the child that was born to her amidst such dark omens; for while the storms of war raged around her, the very soil was mined beneath her feet by civil dissension. The tempered liberty which exists in Piedmont owes nothing to the mercy or forbearance of the parties in either extreme. It seems, indeed, to be characteristic in a peculiar degree of Italian politics, that both those parties, hating one another not less bitterly than elsewhere, hate more bitterly the mean that occupies the ground between them, that reproaches by its own calmer attitude the violence of each, and that alone commands any considerable share of English sympathy or respect. Even while the country was engaged in war, a war which it did not become *them* at least to decry or paralyse, the democratic party were weakening the hands of the king and government of Piedmont by their murmurs and their plots. What sort of treatment the Sardinian state has received from the other side, the voice of Rome herself shall tell us. But whatever the obstacles in her path, Piedmont has met, and we trust that we may add, has overcome them. A distant view is an insecure one, and we would therefore be understood to speak with caution; but the general features of the case are such as can hardly be mistaken. It is by no mere happy accident that Piedmont has gained, and still enjoys her institutions, while so many other states have lost the substance or the hope of freedom which they had previously possessed. Surrounded by alien influences, pressed, above all, by that Power which, through the medium of religious sympathies and caste, has its base of hostile operations in the very heart of every state with which it quarrels, still, instead of being driven to desperation by her difficulties, she has never for a moment lost her self-command, or ceased to exhibit to the world the dignified deportment that peculiarly befits a free, settled, and temperate constitution. Remarkable, indeed, as have been the results of her domestic policy, still more remarkable is the manner in which she has attained them. Through every variety of fortune, amidst the wild and Bacchanalian enthusiasm of 1848, amidst the depression of the reaction which too naturally followed in its train, we have seen a king and a people walking hand in hand, without rashness and without fear, intuitively detecting the snares which anarchy or absolutism set thick about their path, with an eye set steadily on the mark of civil improvement, and a foot never wavering in the march towards it. Their history, during these last eventful seven years, has borne in abundance the marks of a national character at once bold and masculine, circumspect and solid; and the inward shocks of

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of those years, the first of the freedom of Sardinia, have scarcely been greater than might have attended the ordinary working of the oldest and best-adjusted constitutional government. Under these circumstances her vocation has assumed not merely a domestic but an Italian, and not merely an Italian but an European, importance; and nothing seems requisite to enable her to fulfil a destiny of no common elevation, but that the same spirit which has been moulding so successfully her internal laws and institutions should in all future emergencies be strong enough to assert its claim to preside alike over her domestic and her foreign policy.

On the other hand, what shall we say of Rome—her assailant? It might be supposed that the advisers of the Pope would find enough for themselves and for him to do at home, since they present to us the extraordinary and perhaps unexampled spectacle of a sovereign and a government not only sustained by foreign arms, but without a party or a friend (except those immediately interested in the existing order) among their own subjects. The vain dreams that followed the accession of the kindly but ill-judging and unstable Pius IX. have been miserably dispelled. The impossibility of associating civil freedom with the temporal rule of the Popedom has been exhibited in the way of experiment. The doom of the Pope's temporal power is to all appearance sealed, and its date can be no later than the day when the galling yoke of foreign domination is removed. Even the financial disorders of the Roman State are such* as, in the ordinary course of things, would insure its overthrow; but other and more deeply seated causes are, we fear, from day to day swelling a long account of unheeded wrongs, the settlement of which will only be the more sure and sweeping, in proportion as it is longer delayed. Yet the volcanic soil on which the court of Rome treads seems to be firm enough to afford it standing-ground from which to hurl against offenders every weapon that the armoury of the past can supply, except that of actual force; with respect to which it can hardly be uncharitable to say, that Rome does not in these times use it, simply because she does not happen to possess it.

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* According to figures which we have every reason to rely on, the Roman Pontiff shares with us the unhappy distinction of spending the greater part of his revenue in paying the interest of his debt; and this although his very small army, so far as it is anything at all, is a mere police. His revenue appears to be about ten millions of crowns: the charge of the debt nearly six. But the total annual expenditure seems to exceed the first-named sum by above 30 per cent., and, accordingly, he has contracted loans amounting to nearly fifteen million crowns since his restoration in 1849; that is to say, he has defrayed from a fifth to a fourth of his expenses by means of borrowed money.

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There is something characteristic, too, in the rather peculiar manner in which the case comes before us. The Papal court tell its own story, in an Allocution dated the 22nd January, 1855, with a detailed Explanation, and an ample collection of documents appended to it, on which of course it relies to prove its case. The Allocution, the Exposition, and the Documents, are simply reprinted in Turin, without a word of comment, under the eye, if not by the care, of a Government which has learned to confide in the simple strength of justice, and to permit its adversaries to tell its story as well as their own.

The Allocution begins by employing those sounding phrases descriptive of acute suffering on the part of the Pope, and of the Church beneath his rule, which, to our minds at least, have lost much, if not all, their dignity and force through relentless repetition, and through their indiscriminate application to all causes, good and bad. The person of the King is carefully spared; but the Sardinian Government is declared to have inflicted, with an ever-increasing malignity, amidst the extreme grief and indignation of all reputable men, the most grievous wrongs upon the clergy, the bishops, the religious orders, the immunities of the Church, and the Roman See. By their recent bill respecting the convents, the benefices without cure,* the right of lay patronage, and the collegiate churches, they have not only violated all right divine and natural, but have favoured the extremest doctrines of Communism and Socialism. Such is the indictment, only shorn of most of its sesquipedalian words. Next comes the sentence; and here the Roman Pontiff authoritatively declares all laws whatever of the Sardinian State which are detrimental to religion, the Church, or the Papal See, to be absolutely null and void. He charges all those who in any manner favour or approve any of these laws to remember the canonical punishments to which they are liable; and he expresses the wish that, moved by this paternal admonition, they may make haste to repair the wellnigh irremediable mischiefs they have done, and may thus save him from the painful necessity he will otherwise have to encounter, of acting against them with those arms, which God has commissioned him to wield.

We will now endeavour, following the case through the explanatory statement which the Court of Rome has appended to the Allocution of the Pope, and through the mass of documents which make up the volume, to set forth the nature and amount of the grievances on the strength of which his Holiness has been induced to venture on this exorbitant, though very far from unexampled stretch of power.

* Beneficia simplicia.

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First, then, we find that, even before the epoch of the Sardinian constitution, a law was promulgated, which purported to establish the liberty of the press. Under this law, books imported from abroad might be admitted without the ordeal of a previous ecclesiastical censorship; and only a licence of the civil government was required for the printing of books and journals within the kingdom. In what spirit this authority has been exercised it needs but a passing glance at the Piedmontese papers, with their large freedom of opinion and language, or at the contents of any book-shop in Turin or in Genoa, to show. On the one side, we have ourselves purchased there the works of Mazzini; while the volume now before us affords the best proof that an equal licence is conceded on the other. But an ecclesiastical censorship means, in a Roman Catholic country, simply a censorship directed under the supreme control of the Pope. To the idea of a free press, therefore, it was simply a contradiction in terms; and to pass a law for a free press without abolishing it would have been to palm a gross delusion upon the people. It is, accordingly, neither more nor less than the establishment of a free press which constitutes the first grievance of the Court of Rome. Nor is it the protection of the great verities of religion against blasphemy that the Court of Rome seems to have principally in view. No blasphemy appears in her eyes to exceed the blasphemy of Gallican sentiments: the attacks which most alarm her (for she probably knows that the truths of religion are best defended in times like these by the Christian feeling of the people) are, as we infer from her own language, those upon the Clergy and the Pope.* And here the point most worthy of note is, not that the Court of Rome should disapprove of a free press, but that its views of what constitutes an independent sovereignty, and the legitimate province of the civil power, should at this era of the world's history be so crude and narrow as to embolden it to view this exercise of a right so plain and elementary by the civil government of Piedmont as an excess and an outrage committed against itself. This proceeding, even if it stood alone, plainly demonstrates the hazards attendant upon all dealings between an independent state and the Roman Pontiff; it shows that, although such a power may hold the Court of Rome bound, even as it would a savage, by the motives of interest and fear, it cannot, when dealing with matter either ecclesiastical or pretended to be such, rely upon finding in that Court any clear or broad notions of political equity and mutual rights, but on the contrary it must be prepared to grapple with claims that involve the virtual subjugation of the civil power to the spiritual

* Docum., No. LX., p. 223.

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as

as effectively, if not quite as directly, as the Bull *Unam Sanctam*. But if these transactions present so discouraging an aspect when read with reference to the part borne in them by the Roman See, they are not, as we may venture to remark by anticipation, less cheering when we consider the undeniable proof which they likewise supply, that a state and people of the Roman Catholic communion can, even in these days, vindicate civil rights against their most formidable enemy, in no spirit of irreligion or of faction, yet with the same energy and decision which so often and so beneficially marked the history of our own and of other countries in the centuries that preceded the Reformation.

The law on the press was made in October 1847; the constitution followed early in 1848; and almost immediately after, so runs the Roman complaint, a new injury was inflicted on the Church. On the 25th of April a law appeared, which set forth that, under the enactments of the *Statuto* or Constitution, the provision formerly in use for regulating the grant of the *Exequatur* had become inapplicable, and proceeded to direct as follows:—

'Instruments from Rome, which, under the existing concordats, or by established usage, require before they can take effect to be furnished with the *Exequatur*, will continue to be submitted to the respective advocate-generals of the judges of appeal.'—p. 36.

And it then describes the course in which these instruments are to go forward for the Royal sanction. It will be observed that, according to the words of the law, it affected only such instruments as already, under concordat or established usage, required the *exequatur*. Hear the Roman answer:—

'But the established usages, or, to speak more truly, the abuses of lay authority under this head, have been constantly and repeatedly condemned by the supreme authority of the Church, and are essentially null.'—p. 8.

The first part of this assertion it proceeds very sufficiently to support by citing a declaration equivalent to this law published by the Senate of Turin in 1719, and followed by a Brief of Clement XI. in condemnation of it; in which, with an overpowering copiousness of language, that Pope first declares the enactment to be void *ab initio*, and then *ad majorem cautelam*, or in English phrase, for fear of accidents, proceeds:—

'Illa omnia et singula . . . . damnamus, reprobamus, revocamus, cassamus, irritamus, annullamus, abolemus, viribusque et effectu penitus et omnino vacuamus, ac pro damnatis, reprobatis, revocatis, cassatis, irritis, nullis, invalidis, et abolitis, viribusque et effectu penitus et omnino vacuis, semper habere volumus et mandamus.'

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Since those days the Pope has without doubt materially retrenched his vocabulary; but in other respects his manners are much as they were. For let us consider the features of this case. The *Exequatur* of the State does not require any Protestant principle for its vindication. It seems in reason inseparable from the essential prerogatives of the civil authority; and it is more than warranted by the doctrines of sound canonists and by the practice of the Church at such conspicuous periods as those of Constantine and Charlemagne. But if it be a just claim even where the highest authority of the Church is domestic, and therefore essentially subject, much more does it stand good where ecclesiastical officers are regulated in the last resort by a foreign and (*quoad hoc*) an independent power. This claim, so far removed from the taint of novelty or violence, is, in the particular case before us, asserted by Sardinia only within the limit of concordat and established usage. But established usage is denounced by the Court of Rome as no more than established wrong and robbery; and although the measure in question appears in fact to have touched no question of principle, but simply to have provided a new machinery when the old had been cast away, yet this figures among the grievances to religion which have made the Pope think it wise and becoming for him to exercise his pretended power of annulling the laws of the Sardinian kingdom, and to hold out the distinct menace of a formal excommunication against a people, whose religion can scarcely be open to any other charge than that they render to him too implicit an obedience.

Thus far the Sardinian government had, in our view, done nothing which gave the Court of Rome so much as a *locus standi* in the case. It was, however, quite impossible that matters should rest here. A country which had just solemnly declared, by its Constitution, the equality of all orders and degrees of men in the sight of the law, could not acquiesce in the continuance of that system which invested persons and property attached to the church with an exceptional character in their civil relations, and subjected them, and even such laymen as might be involved in forensic causes with them, to a separate law and jurisdiction. The enthusiastic support which the country has since given to its government in its contest with the popedom, places this altogether beyond doubt, and shows that the authorities of the state exercised a wise discretion in opening the question on their own responsibility, in preference to waiting for an outburst of popular feeling which they might have been unable to control, and which, if the provocation had continued without abatement, might have involved the realities of religion in the displeasure excited by the encroachments of its ministers, and the ill adjust-

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ment of its adjuncts. Accordingly on the 16th of June, in the same year, the Marquis Pareto, who had been sent as a plenipotentiary to Rome for the purpose, and who would appear to have been personally acceptable to that Court, made an application to the Cardinal Secretary of State, declaring the wish of the king his master to negotiate a new Concordat, the basis of which was to be the total abolition of the privileges of the ecclesiastical forum, and the reduction of ecclesiastical persons and property to a legal equality with persons and property of other classes. This application was accompanied with a strong assurance of the loyalty of Sardinia to the Roman See, and with compliments, which after what has happened now read strangely enough, to the reigning Pontiff, on his enlightened appreciation of the demands of the times in which he lives.

The first answer to this application amounted to a rebuke: for the Pope on the 27th of June, by his Secretary of State, reminded the Sardinian government of the difference between temporal and ecclesiastical discipline; the former varying with the vicissitudes of human affairs, the latter, fundamentally immovable, like the Divine promises on which it was founded, although susceptible of some degree of change in some of its externals and details. We doubt, however, whether there is any civil government which could not bear thus to be referred to the standard of its original with less apprehension, than could the supremacy of the pope over the church; but, waiving this polemical theme, what could be more ill-judged or more offensive than to plead the divine constitution of the church in answer to a demand for the surrender of privileges purely temporal in their nature? Suppose the case inverted; suppose the Piedmontese clergy had been deprived of their temporal maintenance; if the Pope had remonstrated against such an act, would he have thought it less than a cruel insult to be reminded of the divine promises on behalf of the church and its lofty independence upon the chances of terrestrial affairs? The general lesson thus read to the Government of Piedmont was followed by a refusal to admit the proposed basis of abolition; with a highly condescending intimation that, in its 'Apostolic benignity,' the See of Rome would enter upon communications for the purpose of ascertaining whether any and what additions could be made to the concessions or limitations of clerical privilege, in regard to civil and criminal jurisdiction, which had been previously granted. The Piedmontese envoy, nothing daunted, sent in on the 18th of September, a project of *concordat*,* which contains a luminous exposition of the whole

* Docum., No. VIII., letter A.

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case. All cases of dogma, sacraments, religious vows, as well as the discipline and ritual of the church, are treated by him as exclusively and incontestably belonging to the ecclesiastical judicature; but it is required that, in all civil and criminal causes, the persons and property of ecclesiastics shall be subject to the temporal judge, as shall also all questions relating to patronage, benefices, and the property of the church. His demand is supported by an admirable argument, of which we give a short sample.

'Moreover, as ecclesiastical persons, by living in civil society, belong to it, constitute one of its integrating parts, and enjoy all its advantages, why should they be exempt from the jurisdiction? why should they decline the subjection common to all? An arrangement, which, if it was originally incongruous, must undoubtedly appear much more so in the present day, when the fundamental and universal law of the realm invites all to the same rights, declares all to be equal in its own eye, without any sort of distinction, and permits none to be withdrawn, in virtue of any privilege, from the sphere of the ordinary tribunals of the land. As nothing can be more strictly secular than property moveable or immoveable together with its proceeds, so its nature is not a whit changed by its being connected with an ecclesiastical office through the medium of canonical erection into a benefice.' *

The demand, however, was met by the Court of Rome with an offer of a more restricted arrangement, such as had then recently been concluded with Tuscany; and it is declared in the publication before us to be not only exaggerated in amount, but to be 'founded on false principles.' †

The men who, at this time, composed the Piedmontese ministry, were of politics eminently moderate, and are now considered to belong to the 'Right' of the Legislative Chambers; but they found themselves compelled to declare to the Court of Rome the incompatibility of the old Concordats and the new constitution. The Pope needed not to have been surprised at this discovery, for about the same time he was taught by experience, in his own dominions, that representative institutions and ecclesiastical prerogatives, such as he understood them, could not co-exist. In his own case, the crisis, after bringing about an expulsion and a republic, was decided against his people by the force of foreign arms; but that mode of support, alike precarious and dishonourable, was happily out of the question in the case of Piedmont. Still, it is a very serious matter indeed for all the Governments of Europe to consider, that a Power, which they by their own act set up in 1815, is to take upon itself thus to dictate to such

* Allocuz., &c., p. 57. † Allocuzione, &c., p. 10.

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among them as it may think less able, from their actual circumstances, to resent insult, the maintenance within their territories of temporal regulations affecting the clergy, which are incompatible with the existing constitution, and which any government, mad enough to make the attempt, could only support, even for a time, at the cost of a civil war certain to terminate in their extinction.

But the scene was diversified by other events. By a law of October, 1848, public instruction was placed under the Secretary of State, assisted by an administrative council; religious interests being provided for by means of spiritual directors, one of whom was to be a member of each local council. The Apostles' Creed only (as it is alleged in the Papal statement) was required from graduates and others in the Universities, and the theses to be sustained were no longer to be submitted to the bishops.

The expulsion of the Jesuits, together with the cognate institution for women of the *Dame del Sacro Cuore*, forms the next item in the list of grievances. Members of the Company not subjects of the state were dismissed from the country, with an allowance in money to carry them home: to subjects a pension of 500 *lire* was assigned, to last until they should be otherwise provided for. The rest of the property of the order was applied to defraying the charge of the national colleges. The papal court protested against this measure as incompatible with the rights of property, guaranteed to all, without exception, by the laws of the kingdom. But it founded its complaints principally on the violation which the measure involved of the 'maxims of the Catholic church and the holy See;' and proceeded to lay down the astounding doctrine, that the properties of religious corporations in any given country are, in fact, parts of one great whole, the property of the Church at large, and are therefore not subject to the civil power, but to the ecclesiastical, that is, to the Pope himself.

'Religious corporations, forming a portion of the ecclesiastical family at large, are by their very nature under the guardianship and authority of the Church; and consequently no measures or laws can be adopted with respect to them except by the spiritual power, or through its agency, especially in what touches their existence or their conduct in the institutions to which they respectively belong.

'Nor can any other rule be recognised even in matters that concern their property. It is, in truth, beyond dispute that the goods possessed by ecclesiastical and religious foundations belong to the general category of property of the Church, and constitute a true and proper portion of its sacred patrimony. In consequence whereof, as the property

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of the Church is of its own nature inviolable, so in like manner are the possessions of such foundations.' *

And the Pope's minister then proceeds to show—with some tinge surely of that Socialism which the Allocution so freely ascribes to the Sardinian Government—that, as the Jesuits are suppressed without the concurrence of the competent, that is to say, the spiritual authority, they are still in reality possessed of their *natural* rights in their property.

We pass lightly over a measure † passed for the abolition of tithes in Sardinia, which occupies a good deal of space in these pages, because illustrations of the principles at issue may be abundantly drawn from the other discussions. Suffice it to say, that these tithes appear to have been chiefly appropriated to the support of bishoprics and prebends, while the parishes were served by vicars in a state of scandalous poverty: and the object of the measure seems to have been at once to mitigate these gross inequalities, and to relieve the cultivators of the soil from a serious grievance, and the island from a great obstacle to improvement. But as the Chambers adopted this change without the Pope's consent, Cardinal Antonelli declared that the law they had passed was null in the face of the Church, and that the obligation of the people to pay their tithes remained entire. Accordingly, in perfect keeping with the doctrine thus laid down at head-quarters, the Archbishop of Cagliari took occasion, or, as the phrase is, 'found himself compelled,' by the measure respecting tithes in Sardinia, to issue an excommunication against such persons as should violate the rights of the Church.

Meantime the Government had repeated their proposals for a new concordat without effect; and two years having elapsed, Count Siccardi at length presented to the Chambers a law for effecting the purpose of the Government with respect to the ecclesiastical forum—in double violation, says the papal manifesto, first, of its promise to treat upon the subject (but an offer repelled is surely no longer a promise); and secondly, of the concordat actually in force, and always observed by the Roman See. Simultaneously with the introduction of the bill, a Note in explanation of it was addressed to Cardinal Antonelli, pro-Secretary of State, by the Sardinian Chargé d'Affaires at Rome. It represented, that the constitution of the country absolutely required the abolition of exceptional jurisdictions; that that of the clergy now alone remained; that the King, ever since 1846, had sought the Pope's assent to its extinc-

* Doc., No. XIII., p. 33. † Allocuzione, &c., pp. 11, 12.

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tion without avail; and that the Government had no longer any alternative, except either itself to assume the initiative, or to see the Chamber of Deputies, without distinction of party, take the question into its own hands. It declared that this decision, as it proceeded from simple necessity, was final, but announced its readiness still to treat with the Court of Rome, but at Turin only, and its full determination to defend religion against all attacks. Indeed the name of Massimo d'Azeglio, who was the head of the Sardinian ministry at the time, was of itself conclusive as to the spirit in which any question of the kind would be taken in hand.

While the celebrated Siccardi bill was passing through its stages, the old grievance,* the freedom of the press, was reproduced. The responsibility of the failure in the communications between the Courts was disowned, and great stress is laid upon the formal character of the existing concordats:—

'Every one knows that such arrangements are contracts, and like these entail obligations; and if the bond of a bargain is to be respected in private life, it is sacred and inviolable in the life of states, and is accordingly so held in the jurisprudence of civilized nations. The faith reciprocally pledged seals, in the most solemn manner, the obligations respectively assumed; nor can one of the contracting parties release itself from the tie without the consent of the other.'—p. 93.

But, when the royal assent had been given to the measure, the tones of papal complaint waxed louder and more shrill than ever, and the Nuncio quitted Turin. The archbishop of that city issued directions to his clergy in contravention of the new law, and, refusing to give bail, was accordingly arrested. Upon this a new reclamation, dated May 14, came from the Court of Rome, and laid down, with marvellous hardihood, the view of civil rights and of the competency of States taken in that high quarter:—

'Whatever may be the reforms which it has been thought proper to adopt in the civil legislation of the realm of Sardinia, the venerable laws of the Church must always be paramount to them, and should surely be respected in a Catholic kingdom.' †

The Pope justifies the disobedience of the Archbishop, and demands his immediate liberation and restitution to his function; not, be it observed, in a matter of religious belief, ritual, or discipline, but in one of privileges as strictly temporal in their character, as they were plainly odious in their aspect, and injurious to the real interests of the clergy themselves. He mingles in his protest a dark threat of resort to ecclesiastical arms: and

* Doc., No. XVI., p. 89.

† Alloc., &c., p. 96.

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publishes his griefs to the world in a paragraph of an Allocution delivered May 20, 1850. Somewhat similar proceedings, of which we need not follow the detail, occurred in the case of the Archbishop of Sassari.

The death of the Cavalier Pietro De Rossi di Santa Rosa, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, carried this controversy to its climax. It is not pretended that he had any special responsibility for the Siccardi law, but he was a member of the administration which framed and carried it. He was required to confess and repent of this act of public duty; and, steadily refusing, he was deprived by his parish priest, a regular of the order of the *Servi di Maria*, of the last sacraments. For this monstrous act the priest and his coadjutors were removed, and the Archbishop was carried to the prison of Fenestrelles. Upon this another missive was launched from Rome. Fresh grief and dismay had invaded the Pontiff's mind; and another principle, not less destructive of order and civil life when carried to its full breadth than the specimens we have already given, was announced, namely, that, as the affair was one touching the administration of the Sacraments, none but the spiritual authorities could have anything to say to it. According to this rule, a clergyman might withhold the Eucharist from the editor of the '*Phonetic Nuz*' for his orthographical fanaticism, or from Mr. W. Brown for recommending a decimal coinage. But did it never occur as matter of mere argument to the astute managers of the Roman diplomacy, that their doctrine is logically open to a reply only less ridiculous than itself? Questions of the Sacraments are spiritual matter, so the Sardinian Government had nothing to say to them; well and good: but on the other hand questions of expulsion and imprisonment are temporal matters, so the Papal Government could have no right to take notice of them. The true solution, however, is this. At the bottom of all these Roman arguments is the good old Bonifacian doctrine, that, without any subtle distinction between spirituals and temporals at all, it is of necessity for salvation to believe that every human creature is by Divine law subject to the Pope of Rome. And the only difference in the form of the claim between old times and new is this, that it is now found more convenient to insert the thin or spiritual end of the wedge first, and to trust to its bringing after it whatever may be needful; as indeed it will and must, if the Church and the world are to be governed on the principles of the Santa Rosa case, since it is plain that there is no human action which may not be held to partake of a moral character, and thus made a plea for excluding men from the Christian pale by refusal of the Sacraments. All things spiritual, says the Pope,

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Pope, are mine: and all things temporal at their points of contact with things spiritual.* But these points of contact are innumerable; and the argument, as an argument, is not one whit better than the reply which a civil government may make: all things temporal are mine, and all things spiritual at their points of contact with things temporal. Either doctrine, obtaining exclusive sway, is destructive alike of religion and of society: and it is Rome which, throughout modern history, has set the worst example of asserting and pushing her own claims in that exclusive form and sense, which has been the main cause of the most violent reactions against them.

We are next introduced, by way of interlude, to a law which subjected the acquisition of property by corporations, whether lay or ecclesiastical, to the condition of the previous assent of the executive; and which is condemned by the Court of Rome as another infraction of a *sacred* right of the Church. This minor incident only deserves notice, because the recital indicates the uniform tendency of the Court of Rome to invest civil matters with spiritual sanctions, and to employ, and by employing exhaust, weapons meant for the defence of religion in fighting battles for secular objects.

We have now reached the middle of 1850; and at this time the Subalpine Government appears to have thought that the ground they had occupied in the contest ought to be defined and fixed by means of a permanent record. This we find in a Dispatch from the President of the Council of Ministers, dated June 3,† which we cannot too highly commend, whether for its sound and comprehensive reasoning, or for its admirable feeling towards religion and its representatives. Those who view the Christian Church as having no higher function than to be a mere organ of the State, and who draw from the excesses of clerical power in other times, other lands, or other communions, arguments for reducing the clergy among ourselves to a species of religious slavery, will be disappointed if they expect to find countenance or support for such views from the language of the Sardinian Government, or from the spirit with which it has conducted its recent controversies. The work which that Government has been performing, alike to the profit of other states and its own, is simply to vindicate the freedom and supremacy of the State within its own province. It is Turin‡ and not Rome which discriminates clearly between the secular and the spiritual province—it is Rome and not Turin which ambitiously confounds them.

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* See, for example, Doc., No. XLIX., p. 184.
† Doc., No. XXIII., p. 103. ‡ pp. 107, 138.

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The main point at issue is happily not much obscured by dispute as to matters of fact. There is, indeed, as we have intimated, a debate in the earlier part of the Correspondence between the two Courts upon the question, which party was responsible for the fruitlessness of those repeated missions that had been undertaken on the part of Sardinia with a view to the revision of the existing concordats. It is, however, avowed by the Government of Piedmont that they had defined the basis by anticipation, and that it was so wide as to include the total abolition of the exceptional privileges of the ecclesiastical forum in civil and criminal matters; while, on the part of Rome, it is plainly recorded that, although prepared to modify, upon cause shown, she was not prepared to abolish the whole of those privileges. Under these circumstances we can have little hesitation in adopting the Sardinian view of this part of the dispute. It was for the interest of Sardinia, which meant to carry its point, to have the sanction of Rome. It was for the interest of Rome, when she had determined that the privileges should not be abolished with her leave, to evade altogether the demand for re-opening the concordats, and thus to throw upon Piedmont the double responsibility, first of abolishing the privileges of the clergy, and, secondly, of setting aside the formal instrument by which they were defined.

In this capital respect Rome was aware of her advantage. The concordat is an agreement between two persons, both of whom are temporal sovereigns, and it therefore presents at first sight the aspect of an international engagement. She has not scrupled to make use of this formidable plea, and to join it with another of equal or even higher pretensions.

'Concordats are inviolable on the side of the civil power, first because they are of the nature of international treaties, and next because they deal with the universal laws of ecclesiastical discipline, which depend upon the Roman Pontiff.'—p. 17.

It is time that European sovereigns having concordats with the Pope should bethink themselves of their position, when they are thus authoritatively told that they are bound by international engagements in matters affecting only their own subjects; and further that the matter of these engagements is in reality under the supreme control of the Roman Pontiff, who, it would seem to follow, might, if he saw fit, settle it alone. But, in fact, these assertions involve the grossest abuse of language. The meaning and upshot of the whole, as the Sardinian Minister observes, is really no more and no less than this:—'Is a State entitled to alter its own political arrangements without the consent of the Court of Rome, or

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or is it not?' (p. 104.) And if no one can venture to maintain openly a doctrine so monstrous, it follows that matters such as the privileges of the forum must depend upon the variations of times and institutions, and must follow those variations as the peace and happiness of nations may seem to them, judging deliberately for themselves, to demand. In this instance the question really was, had Sardinia a right, whether the Pope agreed to it or not, to declare all her subjects equal in the eye of the law? If she had, it was a plain and immediate consequence that her clergy must be content to take their trial in person and property before the ordinary tribunals of the realm, and under the control of the same laws with their fellow-citizens. And when she is told by Cardinal Antonelli * that the question has been mis-stated, and that it really is whether a State may in its political reforms impair the disciplinary rights of the Church without the Pope's consent, we reply, he abuses the name of the discipline of the Church. Its spiritual discipline has not been touched by Piedmontese legislation: but when the Church has for centuries planted itself out into the secular domain, and has thrown the net of its law over everything that belongs to its ministers, its fabrics, and its institutions, in their civil relations with the Government and the community, she cannot justly cover this huge excrescence with the name of ecclesiastical discipline. In so doing she overshoots her mark. The effect is that, as she sets the example of perverting language by widening the sense of the term to suit her interests, others, copying her, will in their turn narrow it for their own purposes. And in like manner, when she insists upon the nature of her concordats as international treaties, the Court of Rome should remember that there is one not very improbable contingency, in which they must, even by their own confession, cease to be international, namely, that which will arise when the Pope, in consequence of the loss of his temporal power, shall cease to represent a nation.

The view of the Sardinian Government is not open to the charge that it tampers with any principle of good faith, or reduces concordats to a nullity. It amounts to this, that the changes proposed in them, belonging to a subject-matter with which the State is not disentitled to deal, should also be such as are justified and required by the circumstances which prompt the proposal; that the Roman Pontiff should be invited to concur in them; that they are to be treated as matters of the utmost gravity, with every guarantee against levity and injustice; but that in the last resort it must depend upon the supreme civil power of each State to determine

* Doc., No. XXIV., p. 109.

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determine the temporal accidents of spiritual things and persons, and not upon a dualism of authorities, having no umpire to decide between them, nor having stood originally upon an equal footing, because one of them is responsible for the peace of the community and for the attainment of the primary ends of civil society, while the other has no responsibility except for spiritual things, which by the very terms of the proposition are not brought into question.

And perhaps after all the most observable and significant part of the controversy is this, the Roman Court declares not that concordats are absolutely inviolable, but that they are so *on the side of the civil authority.* She nowhere intimates that she herself is of right bound by them. On the contrary, she distinctly enough gives us to understand the contrary when she says that they turn upon the laws of ecclesiastical discipline, which *depend upon the discretion of the Roman Pontiff.* Her view, therefore, is plainly this,—that the King of Sardinia is bound by virtue of existing concordats in matters respecting the temporal interests of a portion of his own subjects to a foreign power, but that that foreign power is not bound longer than it thinks fit either to him or to them. The preambles proposed by the Court of Rome for a new concordat are in exact conformity with this theory. They declare that the assent of the Pope is necessary for a change in the existing arrangements, but assert no correlative obligation on his part to seek the assent of the Crown of Sardinia,* and whatever doubt may be raised upon the question, who was chargeable with the original failure of the attempt to arrange by mutual consent the desired alteration of the concordat, at the later period of February 1852, when these preambles were framed, the matter stands clearly enough. For the proposal of the Court of Rome was, firstly, to grant, with exceptions, especially and mainly that of the episcopal order, that abolition of privileges of the forum which Sardinia demanded without exceptions, and secondly, to insert in the preamble a declaration that the concordats could not be altered without its consent, and that the Pope had acceded to the request of the King out of his desire to see an end put to the sufferings of the Church in Piedmont. But Sardinia, with the same firmness which has marked her whole course of proceeding, declined to accept a boon which was less than the right she had already asserted by her law, which was clogged with conditions fatal to national independence, and which, in fact, condemned her own legislative decisions. Nor was this an accident or a mere matter of detail on the side of Rome: it was the great object for which she con-

* Docum., No. XXXIX., p. 145.

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tended; so much so that, when in the summer of 1851 the Government presented a project of concordat with respect to the tithes of Sardinia, the Court of Rome replied that it could not negotiate at all until the principle was admitted that concordats are absolutely binding as against the civil power.*

At the same time it is no more than bare justice to admit that the Roman doctrine respecting the obligation of the civil power to observe a concordat, as if it were an international treaty, is supported, in the cases here brought to our notice, by the form of the instrument itself, which purports to be contracted by plenipotentiaries after the verification of their respective powers, and with recitals of the character which enter into the preambles of treaties. This circumstance does not mend the position of the Court of Rome in the argument, because it is not less fatal to the reserved right of the Pope to depart from a concordat than to that of the other contracting power. But it can hardly be too much to say that the form is inconvenient and naturally leads to misunderstanding, because these negotiations and their forms can appertain to the Pope only in his capacity of a temporal sovereign, whereas his title to be consulted at all with respect to the interests of the churches and clergy of particular countries, must be derived exclusively from his relation to them in respect of the spiritual supremacy, which they think proper to acknowledge as residing in the chair of St. Peter.

In the year 1841 a concordat was concluded between Charles Albert and Gregory XVI., of which the first article ran thus:—

'Having regard to the circumstances of the times, the necessity of the prompt administration of justice, and the want of proper means thereto in the Bishops' Courts, the Holy See will make no objection to the trial of ecclesiastics before the civil tribunals for the higher criminal offences.'

In dealing with potentates of whom it has immediate fear, the Roman Court does not always, we believe, employ language of this description in concordats; but the spirit of the passage we have just quoted plainly tends to indicate that the Pope, and not the civil Sovereign, is supreme in the temporal causes of ecclesiastical persons; that any powers acquired over them by the State are due to his favour; that the instrument containing such favours binds the Power with whom it is settled, but does not bind the Pope himself, and is revocable whenever he may think the interests of the Church require it to be revoked. And such we believe to be the established doctrine of the Roman Court respecting concordats.

* Alloc., p. 21.

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But toil and trouble were now redoubled; new grievances trod upon the heels of old, and each individual case becomes almost indistinguishable in the crowd. The liberty or licence of the press—the enforcement of the *Exequatur*—the withdrawal of general education from the control of the clergy—the order of the Government that University degrees should be made a necessary qualification for benefices in the Church, an order evidently intended, and apparently much needed, in order to correct the exclusive and isolating tendencies of the system of separate education in theological seminaries—the Gallican doctrines of Professor Nuytz—the abolition of the Sardinian tithe—the law to regulate the incidents of marriage,* which we may observe gave the Pope an opportunity to declare that every marriage contracted between Christians otherwise than as a sacrament is pure concubinage †—the limitation of civil penalties for work on festivals to certain days—the provisions of the Siccardi law—these and other causes of quarrel were still in full vivacity; but we cannot omit to let the Roman manifesto speak for itself in one remarkable passage:—

'Moreover there has been offered to the Catholic Church the memorable outrage of seeing erected, within its own bosom and in the two most distinguished cities of the realm, temples of Protestantism, in despite of the unanimous outcry of the bishops, who remonstrated, and of the indignation of the faithful.'

The series of assumptions which we have seen promulgated to the world in the so-called complaints of the Roman See, would have been fitly crowned by this most audacious declaration that it is the business in each country, not of the civil power, but of the foreign authority of the Pope, to deal with the question of simple toleration; and this, too, with respect to a kingdom where the obnoxious rites had been practised, at the least, for six or seven hundred years, and tolerated for some generations. But one further excess yet remained. On the 5th of April 1854, Cardinal Antonelli‡ sums up in a despatch the principal grievances of the Church. Among these he enumerates (1) a tax of four

* It is well worthy of remark, that this law appears to rest on the same basis as our own with respect to prohibitions. It limits them to the ascending and descending degrees, the case of brother and sister, and that of uncle and niece, with the correlative and converse ones; makes no difference between the two sexes, treats affinity as consanguinity, and spurious as legitimate relationship, and forbids dispensations.—Docum., No. XLVI. Both the form of this law, and other parts of these papers, appear to indicate that the people of Sardinia have been seriously scandalized at the use made by the Pope of his power to dispense in the case of marriages within the prohibited degrees.

† Docum., No. LI., p. 193; also No. LX., p. 223.

‡ Doc., No. LX.

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four per cent. laid upon all corporations, lay and clerical, in lieu of the succession duty following upon death in the case of private property; (2) a tax upon moveables * common to ecclesiastics and laymen; (3) a capitation tax, affecting in like manner the whole community. Thus even taxes, that know no distinction between priest and flock, are, in the eye of the Pope, ecclesiastical matter! Nor does he, by the pen of his minister, stop short of the consequence, that they ought not to be paid:—

'When in past times there was a question of subjecting ecclesiastical property to some burden in aid of the public treasury, the august and pious sovereigns of the House of Savoy made it their dutiful care to betake themselves to the Holy See; and it was in consequence of the communications thus established, and of the estimates made of the respective exigencies of the cases, that the Holy See did not hesitate to *permit* the properties of the clergy to come under the same impositions that were charged upon those of the lay community.'

But, inasmuch as the taxes now imposed did not come within the Papal permissions,—

'It is therefore manifest, that the ecclesiastical authorities of the kingdom, if they are to fulfil that duty of protection which they owe to the Church and its sacred rights, cannot with indifference permit the clergy to comply with the imposts which have been enacted.'

And upon this the Cardinal proceeds modestly to make it a subject of further complaint that the clergy, if they protested against these taxes, would run the risk of being represented as turbulent persons, and hostile to the Government! Such is the view that now prevails at Rome upon the respective rights of Cæsar and of God.

We do not find that the Sardinian Government condescended to enter into the unprofitable and degrading debate invited by the Court of Rome upon the questions whether it was competent to tax its own subjects, and to tolerate the erection of Protestant temples. On the contrary, it set its face steadily onwards, and presented from time to time the new demands, which its measures of social improvement required.

During its later communications with Rome, the Government of Sardinia had glanced at the state of the Church in the dominions of the mainland, and had thrown out the idea of a mixed Commission to ascertain their state. Having, however, accomplished this preliminary task by means at its own command, it submitted a statement and proposal to the See of Rome on the 2nd of June, 1854. The basis of the representation was briefly as follows:—

* *Tassa mobiliare.*

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The population of these states amounting to four millions, the ecclesiastical revenues reached fourteen millions of francs, or five hundred and sixty thousand pounds; a proportion three times greater than that of France, and exceeding in a still greater degree that of Belgium. In fact, upon the restoration in 1815, the state of things had been generally revived which prevailed upon the French occupation. While the aggregate of the wealth of the Church was thus so ample, a large portion of the parishes were poor: 2500 of them averaged but eighteen pounds a year, and one hundred more had no income whatever. A large sum, amounting to 928,000 francs, or 37,000*l.*, was consequently voted annually by the Chambers in aid of the impoverished part of the clergy, at a time when the finances of the country could ill bear any unnecessary burden. The proposal was so to deal with the Church property as, while alienating no part of it from sacred uses, to supply the wants of the poor parishes from ecclesiastical means, and to relieve the State from its annual charge. The assurance was conveyed that the adoption of these bases by the Papal Court would greatly facilitate a general and harmonious arrangement of the points debated between the two governments; while, on the other hand, it was not to be expected that, after such a disclosure of the wealth of the Church, the Parliament would agree from year to year to tax the community on its behalf.*

As the finances of Sardinia are an object of interest at the present time, with respect both to the solidity of its general position, and to its power to fulfil the stipulations of its recent convention with England, we may perhaps do well to show in a few words, that, although her taxation is heavy, and her Government therefore is more than justified in all attempts to relieve the treasury from undue charge, yet she exhibits, along with other sound and healthy indications, that of a determination to maintain her credit, and, even under considerable pressure, to bring her receipts up to the level of her expenditure.

The Budget for the current year showed, it is true,

An estimated expenditure of . . .	138,852,000 francs.
And a receipt of only	128,300,000
With an apparent deficit of . . .	10,552,000

But inasmuch as the expenditure includes four millions to be laid out reproductively in railroads, which in Piedmont are constructed by the Government, and about eight millions and a quarter to be applied to the extinction of debt, there is in reality a small surplus of revenue over expenditure.

* Docum., No. LXVI., p. 265.

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So also the Budget for the coming year, presented as usual in advance, shows

An estimated expenditure of . . .	139,000,000 francs.
And a receipt of only	130,500,000
Or an apparent deficit of	8,500,000

But this deficit is within a fraction the amount of the annual sinking fund. We believe, too, that these estimates are so constructed, that in all ordinary circumstances a result is arrived at more favourable to the Treasury than the estimate itself.

Returning to the line of the narrative, we now rapidly approach its crisis. The application of the Sardinian Government was met by Rome with a counter inquiry,* whether that Government was prepared to accede to its views with respect to the privileges of the ecclesiastical forum and the inviolability of concordats? Sardinia† declined to recur to those questions by way of preliminary, but intimated a hope that progress might be made with them, if the Pope should begin by conceding the demand now before him; apparently meaning, that the Government would then endeavour to pass a bill for continuing or reviving the judicial immunities of the bishops, and for making the other desired modifications in the Siccardi law, but we presume with no intention to adopt the Papal view of the obligations of a concordat. At the same time the Pontiff was distinctly apprised that this application to him was one of respect and deference, not of obligation; that the question would not bear delay; and that, if unable to obtain the concurrence which was asked, it must proceed to settle the question by its own means and authority. The rejoinder of the Court of Rome was in the sense of its previous communications; and the Sardinian Government replied by proposing to the Chambers a bill for the suppression, with certain exceptions, of the religious orders, and for the improvement of the stipends of the poorer benefices, which implied the relief of the Treasury from further annual charge on their behalf.

The ministerial report,‡ which was presented to the Chamber on the 28th of November, 1854, acknowledging the services which had been rendered in other times by the monastic establishments to Christendom, also declared that the sense of the present day was radically opposed to the existence of numerous bodies purporting to be purely ascetic and contemplative, and strenuously asserted the right of the State, not to interfere with their consti-

* Docum., No. LXV., p. 259. † Docum., No. LXVI., p. 263.
‡ Docum., No. LXVIII., p. 274.

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tution or their spiritual relations to the Church, but to extinguish, for adequate cause, their civil personality.

This has been well expressed by the minister Ratazzi in his speech of January the 11th on the bill:—

'The bill does not aim at extinguishing religious and monastic orders; it does not affect the religious obligations of the monks and the regulars, either of the one or of the other sex; it offers no impediment to those who desire to associate together and to live in common, subject to the observance of certain rules that they may be pleased to adopt. The project of law simply aims at suppressing the civil personality, or that form of legalised existence which the law of the land grants to certain determinate religious corporations, societies, or establishments.'

The general idea of the measure was to transfer property from the hands of the unemployed to those of the employed members of the spiritualty, and in conformity with this sentiment a schedule was to be published along with the measure, excepting from its operation a portion of the communities devoted to public education, to preaching, and to the care of the sick. We believe that this schedule, as it now stands, will prove to have been liberally framed.

With the suppression of convents was combined a plan for the taxation of episcopal, parochial, and other ecclesiastical benefices, by which some 20,000*l.* a-year were to be raised in aid of the Fund. The tax varied from 3 to 33 per cent.; it was laid, however, not upon the entire incomes of the persons affected by it, but only upon the amount by which they exceeded a certain minimum, which was fixed at 18,000 francs for archbishops and 12,000 for bishops.

The details of this measure have been the subject of great contest; nor are we precisely informed as to the shape they have finally assumed. We may venture, however, to give an opinion that, the more gentle and liberal the treatment of individuals, whether with respect to their feelings or to their interests, the more easily, and the more effectually too, will the important work in hand be accomplished. And if it be true, as we have seen it stated, that this suppression is not to be immediate in the case of those persons who wish to continue devoted to the life of the cloister, we cannot but regard this as a great improvement upon the original frame of the Bill. It has now become part of the law of the kingdom.

Even the activity and resources of our press have not yet reached such a point as to put the English public periodically in possession of the discussions which take place in the Sardinian Chambers. But, having ourselves largely examined the excellent reports published at Turin, we can venture to give our fellow-countrymen

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countrymen the assurance that their debates are carried on in a manner worthy of the free institutions, and the intelligence, at once acute and masculine, of the Subalpine people; and may well bear comparison with those of any other representative or deliberative assemblies. Nor does anything more strike us than the admirable combination they present of intellectual with moral elements, and of power of thought with practical sagacity.

And now a few words upon the general conduct of the Court of Piedmont and the Court of Rome in these prolonged and complicated controversies. The question, whether every detail or even every leading feature of each measure adopted by Sardinia, was wise and just, is not before us, and could not by possibility be competently judged in a country the idiosyncracies of whose laws and institutions are so marked as our own. Some principles which it is our tendency and habit to exaggerate, such as the respect due to private and corporate rights, may, perhaps, on the other hand, be somewhat under-estimated in most of the continental countries, and it frequently happens their proceedings cannot readily be made to square with our peculiar standard. Again, with respect to education, the close contact and sympathy between our clergy and the lay community, has made it practicable and safe for England to leave the superintendence of popular instruction to them in a degree which may be highly unwise and insecure in countries, where they are reared from an early age in seclusion from the rest of the community, forbidden to contract the tie of marriage, and above all, governed by an authority which is foreign, practically absolute, and in its spirit and policy but too truly anti-national. We decline, therefore, those minor questions, which we have not materials for duly examining; but the great questions before us must not be touched so tenderly. They are these: Have the ecclesiastical reforms of the Sardinian Government been marked as a whole by political moderation? Have they been conceived in a spirit of irreligion or of reckless innovation, or have they exhibited an unwavering loyalty to the Christian Faith and a sincere respect for other (however inconvenient yet in some sense) constituted authorities? Has Sardinia only been doing later for herself what most other Christian states, indeed every Roman Catholic state without exception throughout Europe, had done long before; and above all, has she been dealing with matters lying properly within her own competence, and thus acting for us all as a champion of civil freedom against Papal encroachment, or, has she, as the Pope alleges, been heaping a series of unprovoked insults and injuries upon the church of Christ, which he, good soul! has encountered

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countered with the arms of a kingdom not of this world, namely, with the simple words of love and lamblike meekness?

We cannot hesitate to answer these questions in the sense most favourable to Sardinia. In general, late reforms are violent; but Sardinia has borne the yoke of the old ecclesiastical laws longer than her neighbours, and yet, in reforming them, has shown a moderation which would have done credit to any among them. It excites, indeed, our admiration, to see how completely her measures appear to be free from the fatal taint of irreligion; how well she has, upon the whole, traced the line with accuracy and firmness, so difficult to draw between the vindication of civil and the invasion of spiritual power.

Let us hear for a moment the manly and loyal apology of her own government:

'The ministers of the king in conscience feel, that they have paid no adulation either to popular passions or to the enemies of the church. If they have ever chanced to err, they have, on the other hand, proved, on many occasions, their disposition to combat the passions of the masses. They have proved their desire to protect religion and its ministers, so long as these remain faithful to the laws of the land. Foremost in their thoughts stands the faith of their fathers, the reverence due to the Church and to its Head. But they recognise, as a debt of conscience, their obligation to keep the oath they have sworn to uphold the constitution and the laws of the realm.'*

And amidst the sad complications of European affairs, there is some comfort in thinking, that her position, pregnant as it is with important results, has been materially strengthened by the turn those affairs have taken. The Government, clear in its ideas and firm in its decisions, has discouraged violence as decidedly as it has vindicated independence, has even dissolved certain of the municipal councils which had called for the secularisation of the property of the Church, and has seen its law finally adopted under the sharpest censures alike of the ultramontane and the democratic leaders in the Chamber of Deputies. The people, sound-hearted and united, are fully disposed to support their sovereign against Roman arms, and are well able to do it, so long as Roman arms shall stand alone, and shall not be backed by sympathy and intrigue from Sardinia's powerful neighbours on the north-west and east. She has found the secret of her strength; she has broken the spell. She has shown, that the remedy for the assumptions of the Court of Rome lies already in the hands of all, who have courage to use it.

* Docum., No. L., p. 191.

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it; and we cannot doubt that she is prepared for its further application, to whatever extent she may find it needful. But will Rome be so far at least wise in time, as to confine herself to big words, and rather to incur and bear the charge of an impotent senile garrulity, rather than to invite the more serious hazards, which her resort to ulterior measures might provoke? The case has a doubtful if not a sinister aspect. On the one hand, the Pope has not encouraged the clergy absolutely to resist the jurisdiction of the temporal courts; on the other, the Archbishop of Turin, mimicking the accents of his chief, has authoritatively denounced the penalties of the canons against those who shall execute the law touching convents, has declared it null and void, and has desired the communities of nuns to close their doors against the ministers of the law, and to yield only to force. But so much at least we believe to be beyond doubt as this, that Piedmont neither will nor can alter the direction of her policy, and that she will fearlessly follow it to its legitimate results.

But the question, when examined with reference to Rome herself, is larger and graver still. These 'Papal aggressions,'—in themselves so exorbitant and outrageous, that it might be difficult to gather from any single period of history and course of transactions, even in the pregnant annals of the Church and Court of Rome, a series of claims equally astounding, and doctrines equally anti-social—are nevertheless, even in a political view, not to be reckoned as wholly and simply contemptible. Contemptible, indeed, and only contemptible, might the attitude of the Pontiff in this controversy be, if the civil state of kingdoms and the equilibrium of Europe were in these times more secure. But the sad experience of 1848 and the following years is fresh in the memory of all; and even the best ordered communities, such as that of Piedmont, though they have nothing to fear from within, may have to encounter many adverse political influences from without, so that, at particular periods, they may have little strength to spare; and it is at these very times, we may be sure, not at others, that the Court of Rome will mix in the fray. Standing alone, it is, as Mr. Hallam has said, 'the impotent dart of Priam amidst the crackling ruins of Troy.' But it can in our own day invariably reckon, we fear, on a commanding influence among the clergy, and of a certain limited following in the laity: so that, though we may not see a Pontiff of the nineteenth century issue the Deposing Bulls which were common in other times, we may witness a dangerous influence thrown at critical moments into the scale of reactionary revolutions, or suspended over a country during its struggles for liberty and order in such a way as greatly

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to retard the subsidence of its angry and distempered element and the consolidation of its institutions.

But the religious aspect of such claims and doctrines is a sti more, and much more, serious affair. Political mischief, out his own dominions, the Pope can hardly do, unless under speci circumstances, and therefore by way of exception; whereas th tone and policy of the Court of Rome exercise a continuou influence, and, whether for good or for evil, an immense one, upo the religion of Western Christendom. The most alarming cha racteristic of all, and the one increasingly prevalent in its pr ceedings of late years is this—that it more and more recklessl dissociates itself from that common sense and those commo feelings of mankind, from those dictates of the natural conscienc in its better moods, and from those electric trains of huma instinct and sympathy, in which Christianity at its first promul gation took so deep a root, and found such extensive and suc sure support. Here was the standing ground from which waged successful war against the corruptions of man, and sprea wide its victorious influences through every joint and every fibr of society. But in these days we see with pain a doctrine, which the fathers of the Church never heard, deliberately adde to the code of necessary faith, by a process as subversive an revolutionary in regard to the constitutional organs of the Churc as the doctrine itself, to a common eye, appears to be dangerou to that upon which it is so rudely engrafted. We see miracle coined from time to time to stimulate flagging fanaticism, wit an almost ostentatious indifference to the laws of evidence, and t those intrinsic moral marks, which are so clearly legible in th signs and wonders of our Lord and his apostles. In the curren views of Papal power and Church authority, we see the preferenc always given to those theories and to those schools which win up the system highest and tightest, and which are least regardfu of founding it upon the clear-drawn lines of history and reaso or of associating it with the movement and temper of the huma understanding, and thus neutralizing, as far as may be, the d gerous tendencies of the age to a relaxed hold upon dogm an enfeebled grasp of the idea of Divine revelation, and a mor activity in sceptical criticism. This noble function the See Rome seems to have abandoned. Unequal to the work and p of their great predecessors, the Popes of the present day abdic the office of guiding the march of Christian society, and are c tent to wrap themselves in sullen isolation, and to rail from t midst of their Consistories at an unbelief which they might, b wiser conduct, have done much to check. And now, to cro

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all this, we find them, while they set to all Christendom in their own States the worst, the most perilous, and the most demoralizing example of the position to which a government can be degraded, bringing down from the shelf their rusted weapons to check and hinder the march of others towards improvement, by the propagation of doctrines wholly destructive of civil society. Such doctrines are those which teach the right of the Church —meaning, by the Church, the clergy, or rather, in the last resort, the Pope or the Court of Rome alone—to forbid the toleration of dissidents from the established religion; to be exempt from all criticism of the press, except such as they think proper to allow; to acquire property without limit and without check; to keep, by a title divine and indefeasible, what they have acquired; to be subject to no tax in common with their fellow subjects, except by the consent of a foreign authority; to enforce their behests, even in regard to their civil privileges, by refusal of the Sacraments to the dying; and to hold their own rules or canons, that is to say, the opinions and orders of the Court of Rome, paramount to the laws and tribunals of the country, in any subject-matter which that Court may think fit to claim as belonging to its domain.

Both in the political and in the ecclesiastical sphere, the whole policy of Rome, at the present day, seems to be summed up in the rule which governs her finance, namely, to meet the common expenses of year after year by contracting debt after debt. Each new difficulty that she creates, she covers and surmounts by some new and higher claim upon her votaries; in each successive quarrel she takes ground higher, narrower, and more dangerous. She plays a perpetual game of double or quits; and, when the losing turn arrives, not she alone, but religion itself, which these proceedings so fatally undermine, is the certain sufferer. But we will here avail ourselves of a remarkable passage from the speech of Count Cavour, the able statesman now at the head of the Sardinian Government, delivered on the 17th of last February, with reference to the policy and proceedings of the high papal party :—

'In truth, gentlemen, if you review the history of Europe during these last years, you will perceive that in every part of it that party has adopted an aggressive and contentious policy, which I conceive to be absolutely at variance with the true spirit of religion. Observe in England the Catholics: after they had obtained, through the Emancipation Act, a full equality of civil rights, you will see their Heads, instead of seeking to conciliate public opinion and to live on good terms, at least with the liberal part of the community which had always favoured them, put forward exorbitant pretensions, roused public opinion anew

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anew against themselves, and put in jeopardy the very laws that they had spent so long a time in winning. The same thing happened in Holland, where the excesses of the ultra-Catholic party brought about the downfall of a liberal ministry that had always shown itself most favourable to them, and led the ultra-Protestants back into power. The like happened, too, in almost all the states of Germany. Most signally did it happen in the neighbouring state of France, where you have seen the ultra-Catholic party push reactionary ideas to the most extravagant height. If you have followed the discussions in the French Catholic journals, you will have seen that the party did not confine itself to its warfare with the philosophers of the eighteenth century (in which, up to a given point, it is on the right side), but carried its quarrel even to the luminaries of the Gallican Church in the seventeenth century. We have seen, strange as it may be, certain ultra Catholic writers at war alike with Bossuet and Voltaire, and condemning the four Gallican Articles no less than the Encyclopédie.'

All this is sad, and formidable as well as sad, in the extreme. To Piedmont it is, as we trust, nothing more than an inconvenience. But it is formidable to Christendom, formidable to Christianity; for the Pope still rules one moiety of those who are signed with the cross, and who bear the name, of Christ; and whatever our polemical differences with him may be, it must ever be the wish of every one who has imbibed the spirit of philanthropy, even in lower forms than that of the Gospel, that the great power he wields may be wisely and temperately used; that the doctrine of Bossuet may prevail over that of Bellarmine; the ethics of Pascal beat those of Liguori, and the spirit of Ganganelli sway the counsels of the papal throne rather than that of a Paul III., a Pius V., or a Boniface VIII. And if the answer to all this be, that, from the state of sentiment in his own communion, the Pope is now dependent on the support of men of extreme opinions, and, as he can rely on none others, is obliged to make their views of ecclesiastical policy his own, such a reply opens a darker future than its worst enemy could wish for the Roman church, whose history as a whole, since the Reformation of the sixteenth century, seems to show that when next its affairs are driven to a crisis, it will be one sharper and more searching than any she has yet had to undergo.

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ART. IV.—1. *Observations on the Site of Camulodunum.* Communicated by the Rev. Henry Jenkins, B.D. Archæologia, vol. xxix. 1842.

2. *Colchester Castle built as a Temple of Claudius Cæsar.* By the Rev. H. Jenkins, B.D. 1852.

3. *Colchester Castle not a Roman Temple.* By the Rev. Edward L. Cutts. 1853.

TWO or three centuries, or peradventure one century only, before the due restoration of the pre-Adamite monsters in the gardens of the Crystal Palace, it was considered a notable advance in science to believe that the fossil remains of Saurians and Mammoths were the bones, not of human giants, but of ordinary elephants. The traveller who averred that he had seen bees as big as birds, but owned that their hives were only of the ordinary size, when asked how the bees could have got into them, replied coolly, 'Let them see to that.' But he was justly scouted as a vain pretender. While no traces could anywhere be discovered of human habitations proportioned to a race of decempedal men, it was impossible to persist in believing that the earth was ever tenanted by a brood of Titans. The enormous fossils once ascribed to giants, were now, by an easy leap for a well-girt philosopher, appropriated to elephants, as the largest of known terrestrial animals. But the difficulty was only removed one step. How was the presence of these mysterious remains to be accounted for in climes to which the animals in their natural state were strangers? Desperate were the efforts made to press into the service of infant science every elephant of which history makes mention. Hannibal crossed the Alps with a squadron of Gætulian monsters; and as the precise line of his route was fortunately unknown, every gigantic fossil discovered in the valleys of Provence or Dauphiny, in the various gorges of the mountains themselves, or in the plains of Upper Italy, was boldly ascribed to some fallen quadruped of the great Carthaginian battering train. Every pre-Adamite fragment which came to light in the heart of Europe, from the Harz to the Carpathians, was identified in turn with the noted beast which Haroun Alraschid sent as a present to his compeer Charlemagne, and which historians reported to have perished somewhere on his long overland route. Polyænus tells us that Julius Cæsar crossed the Thames with a single elephant; but this obscure notice was overlooked by the geologists, and we are not aware that due advantage was ever taken of it for explaining fossil phenomena, or the course of the great conqueror's march in this country.

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country. Not so, however, with the elephants of Claudius. The second and more successful invader of Britain was known, from the well-studied pages of Dion Cassius, to have undertaken to conquer us with a whole troop of these interesting animals. To them accordingly have been confidently assigned the fossils discovered in the cliff of Wrabness, on the southern bank of the estuary of the Stour. Did not Claudius take Camulodunum, the city of Cunobelin, King of the Trinobantes, in Essex, and found his celebrated city of Colchester? and is not Wrabness within fifteen miles of Colchester? Such was the evidence of history. Who would ask for more? The chain was complete. Camden, in the darkness of the sixteenth century, still thought that these remains were human; but Fuller, fifty years later, is clear for the elephantine hypothesis; and Bishop Gibson, who edited Camden, little more than a hundred years ago, is abundantly satisfied with this ingenious solution.* Wrabness indeed lies to the north-east of Colchester, on the road to Harwich, while the historians distinctly show that Claudius crossed the Thames, and entered Essex from the south-west. But were not the walls of Colchester built, as may be seen to this day, of the argillaceous limestone of the cliffs near Harwich? and what more natural than that the warlike beasts of Claudius should be employed after the return of peace in transporting these masses along the tidal strand, till they sank upon the road from fatigue or increasing years?

Having thus conveyed the imperial conqueror in safety from Rome to Camulodunum (O qualis facies et quali digna tabellâ), we will proceed, by combining historical intimations with the evidence of existing monuments, to place the establishment of the Romans at Colchester upon a surer seat than the back of an elephant, or of a saurian either. The foundation of the Claudian colony at Camulodunum has a peculiar interest for every Englishman, as the first material guarantee of that eventful conquest which has brought us into the family of historical nations. Both the history and the remains of this colonization are, as it happens, more distinct than perhaps any other facts connected with the sojourn of the Romans in our island, and, slight and fragmentary though they are, seem to afford the surest standing point we can obtain for a general survey of the traces of our southern conquerors among us. Such a survey indeed is a work for whole quartos and folios, not for a single article in a *handbook* like ours; but it may be possible within the compass of a few of these pages to indicate the chief points of interest in the subject to

* See Fuller's 'Worthies of Essex,' and Gibson's 'Camden.'

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the casual reader, and perhaps to turn the attention even of the professed archæologist to the questions which most urgently press for his solution.

During the hundred years interval which had elapsed between the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar, and that by Claudius, or rather by his legate Aulus Plautius, a great change seems to have taken place in the condition of the island. While the Romans retained no military hold of it whatever, and the trifling tribute they occasionally extorted by menaces, was often wholly withheld for many years together, the influence of continental ideas and manners, more especially those of the great southern conquerors, continued to advance without intermission. It was thus that a few years of peaceful intercourse between the Romans and the foreigner on their frontier, never failed to forward their material interests and prepare the way, when the moment arrived, for doubly rapid conquests. In Cæsar's time the Britons were only known as a horde of painted barbarians, and the south-east of their island was occupied by a variety of petty clans over whom Cassivellaunus, at the head of the Trinobantes, in Hertford and Essex, was beginning to assert supremacy. These ambitious projects, checked by the first Roman invasion, seem to have been successfully developed in the two next generations, till the whole of South Britain, from the Stour to the Severn, with the exception, perhaps, of the country of the Dumnonii, in the farthest west, was united in submission to the sway of a single chief, under whom it had been assimilated in a great degree to the social condition of Belgic Gaul. This was the empire or confederacy of the Trinobantes. North of this, the dominion of the Iceni, whose proper seats lay also eastward in Norfolk and Suffolk, extended in a broad belt across the island to the mountains of Wales; and beyond these, a third ruling tribe, the Brigantes, exercised the chief authority over the nations from the Humber to the Mersey. The states furthest removed from the continent were probably the least cultivated; nevertheless, there seem to have been some bonds of common civilization among them all, for the whole island south of the Humber was traversed in several directions by a common system of roads, leading from the Straits of Dover to the Menai, and from Seaton Bay to Yarmouth, besides many minor communications. Londinium, the city of ships, unknown to Cæsar, had sprung into an emporium of commerce with Germany and Gaul, and was, perhaps, the only town of Britain which could take rank among the Urbes of the continent. It held the same place in our island which Massilia had held two centuries earlier in Gaul, and was the resort of the Roman traders as Massilia had been

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been of the Greek. Other so-called cities, of which Verulamium and Camulodunum alone are named, were still only oppida, or palisaded inclosures, filled with detached irregular huts, but containing within them large open spaces for the maintenance of cattle. Low as this type of civilization appears to us, it was not inconsistent with considerable advance in some special arts. The court of Cunobelinus, called by Shakspeare Cymbeline, was not, perhaps, really much less refined than it appears in the poet's strange medley of fact and fancy. It was the resort, we may believe, of Italians no less than of Gauls; and the chamber of the king's daughter may well have been adorned from stories of southern mythology, for the coinage of the king of the Trinobantes, the only monument of his civilization we could expect to survive, is not unworthy in style and execution of a Roman mint; its letters and even its language are Roman, while its symbols may seem to commemorate Gaulish, if not Italian divinities. The successor of Cassivellaunus, we may well believe, was not a mere wild man of the woods, dwelling in a stockade in the centre of a morass. He had exchanged the savage retreat to which Cæsar had tracked his fathers in Hertfordshire for an ampler and fairer residence in the eastern parts of Essex, where the estuary of the Colne afforded facilities for communication with Gaul, and where, as sovereign of an active and advancing people, he might hold out a hand of welcome to the gallant Iachimos of the south. Cunobelin, however, had died during the reign of Caligula at Rome; and one of his children, Adminius, a Cloten in disposition if not in name, had basely resented some fancied injury in the distribution between himself and his brothers of their father's territories, by throwing himself at the feet of the emperor, and offering him submission in the name of his countrymen. This sufficed for Caligula to declare himself master of Britain, and he turned his legions from the Rhine to the shores of the Channel to enforce his pretensions; a project, however, from which he soon saw reason to desist. The dominions of Cunobelin continued unassailed, and were held, whether with combined or divided sway we know not, by his other sons Caractacus and Togodumnus. But Gaul was offered as an asylum for British malcontents; demands for their extradition, such is the change of circumstances between the first century and the nineteenth, were treated with contempt, and the murmurs of the island tyrants were branded on the Continent with the names of sedition and revolt. The Emperor Claudius charged his legate Aulus Plautius with the task of chastising their insolence by the effectual reduction of the whole country. But the imperial historian (for Claudius had written the 'Affairs of the Etruscans' in

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in many books) was himself ambitious of military fame. The adulation of the senate was ready to heap upon him all the honours of all his lieutenants, and he had indeed already 'triumphed' more than once for the exploits of officers who had served under the decorous fiction of the 'Imperial auspices.' But he was anxious to achieve something with his own hands to emulate the fame of the Lucumons and Tarquins. 'Sua ab aliis bene facta laudari quam ipse aliorum narrare malebat.' He aspired to rival the great Julius himself in the invasion of Britain, to surpass him by its conquest.

Accordingly, it was the duty of Plautius to prepare the way for the mightier personage who was to follow him upon the stage. A courtier no less than a general, it was his aim to bring the quarry to the ground for his master to step up and give it the *coup de grace*. His first campaign, we think, after weighing the difficulties on either side, was confined to the counties nearest to the Channel, and the broad river upon which the Britons relied to arrest his progress was, we conceive, the Medway rather than the Severn. He opened his second campaign by the passage of the Thames, somewhere near its highest tidal point, and defeated and slew Togodumnus in the neighbourhood perhaps of Londinium, though we do not hold by the opinion that the Isle of Dogs derives from that circumstance its unsavoury appellation. Caractacus retired with the bravest of his people into the west, and events were now ripe for the arrival of the Emperor, who at the summons of his legate crossed over from Boulogne in the year 44, and joined the legions, with all his elephants, at their encampments beyond the Thames. He marched with an overwhelming force to Camulodunum, which he entered with little resistance. The Trinobantes gave him their submission, the army saluted him with the title of Imperator, and after a campaign of only sixteen days, he returned to exhibit the spectacle of a genuine triumph in Rome. With little toil or bloodshed he had completed the subjugation of the great kingdom of South Britain; but his flatterers declared that he had imposed his yoke upon the Brigantes, and added even the Orkneys to his empire. No one magnifies his conquests so much as the Christian historian Orosius, both for their extent and their promptitude, with the strange object of contrasting the successes of Claudius, under whom the Gospel was first preached in Italy, with the failure of the great prince of Paganism, Julius Cæsar. The fact of Peter and Paul preaching at this period at Rome brought, he says, such manifest tokens of the Divine favour to the spot which their presence illuminated.

The historians from whom we have derived these accounts have

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have left us no direct means of ascertaining the site of Camulodunum. From a passage, indeed, of Tacitus, to which we shall presently refer more particularly, we may be certain that it lay near to the sea-coast; and as, in the ninth Iter of Antoninus, it is mentioned as a station on the road from Venta of the Iceni, or Norwich, and marked as fifty-two miles from Londinium, its site cannot reasonably be placed elsewhere than at Colchester or in its immediate vicinity. The other places, however, specified in this Iter give us no help on this point, for there is no certainty about the locality of any one of them, and indeed it is essential to ascertain the place of Camulodunum in the first instance, before we can approximate to the sites of Cæsaromagus, Ad Ansam, and Sitomagus. The notion, however, advanced by Camden, and adopted from him by Horsley, that Camulodunum is to be found at Maldon, is now very generally abandoned. It can only be reconciled with the Itinerary by supposing a monstrous sinuosity in the Roman road from London; and it was suggested probably on no other ground than the occurrence of the name spelt Camalodunum on a lapidary inscription, which is opposed generally to the MSS. and to the uniform authority of coins, the orthography of which is far more deserving of our confidence.

If, however, fifty-two Roman miles may be taken as nearly equivalent to forty-nine English, the measurement of the Itinerary will bring us not quite so far as Colchester, but leave us at the ancient village of Lexden, about two miles short of it, on the direct road from London to Norwich. From the elevation on which it stands it may be said to overlook the sea, or at least the tidal waters of the Colne which must have flowed at its feet. Mr. Jenkins, indeed, the ingenious author of two of the tracts now before us—a gentleman whose enthusiasm in the cause of British antiquity speaks not less strongly than his name for his genuine British extraction—derives the name of Lexden itself (Lessendena in Domesday) from that of the Trinobantine capital. *Ca*, he tells us, is 'castle' in Welsh; *mu* or *mui* signifies 'new' or 'additional;' *llys* is 'royal,' and *din* 'a residence;' thus making altogether *Camullysdin*, 'the new castle or fortification of the king's city.' From one end of Europe to the other—from Newcastle in county Limerick to Jeni Kale, on the Straits of Kertch—such is the poverty of human invention in the matter of proper names, that the former part of this combination continually recurs, and we may suggest that the 'new ramparts' would be peculiarly appropriate as a designation of Cunobelin's city, if we may suppose the residence of the Trinobantine monarchs to have been removed, after Cæsar's attack, from Verulamium to Camulodunum.

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Camulodunum. We cannot, however, venture ourselves to dive into the mysteries of Welsh etymology. It may be sufficient to remark how frequently the syllable cam or camb (= camu) occurs as a prefix to British names, as in Camboritum, Cambretonium, and Cambria itself. The ordinary derivation of Camulodunum, from Camulus, the Mars of the Gauls, seems at least devoid of analogy; for the names of the Celtic divinities do not occur, as far as we can trace them, in the appellations of their towns, though it is by no means improbable that the Gaulish or Italian artists Cunobelin would employ to conduct his Mint may have adopted such a meaning of the name, and typified it by the figure of an armed warrior, which is seen on many of the Trinobantine coins, with the legend 'Camu,' 'Camulo,' or 'Camulodumo,' on the reverse.

That Lexden, however, stands on the site of the chief British city of this part of the island is rendered further probable by the fact that, from this point, or nearly so, three British roads seem to have diverged, in the direction of London by Chelmsford, of Verulam by Dunmow, and of Cambridge by Haverhill and Linton. When we picture to ourselves also what a British oppidum was, a wide space enclosed within mounds or stockades, or more commonly flanked on two or three sides by woods or morasses, and defended in front by a rude rampart, we shall be struck with the perfect correspondence of Lexden with such a position. To the north of it flows the Colne, in a deep and what must in those days have been a marshy valley, while on the south it is flanked by a smaller stream still called the Roman river, which probably made its way through dense forests. These two streams meeting in the estuary of the Colne, enclose on three sides the peninsula on the neck of which Lexden stands, and across this neck of land, or such part of it as was unoccupied by marsh or wood, two or perhaps three parallel lines of rampart may now be traced for two or more miles, supposed to be British, from the flint celts which have been found about them. These we take to have been the new ramparts of the royal city, and in the space within them, amounting to about twenty square miles, inaccessible on the north, south, and east, and strongly defended on the west, the Trinobantes could retire for security with all their flocks and herds. What was the nature of the buildings they erected there we can hardly conjecture; but near the centre of these lines a conspicuous mound still exists, which we would gladly believe to be the sepulchre of the great Cunobelin. A small Roman camp, or more probably a castellum, is still well preserved at no great distance from the south-west angle of this British fortification. But the prompt submission of the Trinobantes relieved the conqueror

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queror from the necessity of constructing permanent works to retain the place in subjection, and when he returned himself to Italy he dispatched probably the whole force of four legions which Plautius had brought with him, to pursue the less tractable of the Britons into their fastnesses, and complete the subjugation of the island.

For sixteen years the process of conquest and organization was carried on without intermission. Vespasian, the future emperor, reduced the Belgæ, and perhaps the Dumnonii, in the south, after engaging them in two-and-thirty battles. Ostorius crossed the Severn, and overcame the brave Caractacus after a nine years' struggle. The Iceni, who had held aloof during the resistance of the Trinobantes, and even courted the alliance of Rome, flew to arms when their own independence was menaced by the fortresses erected by Suetonius on the Severn and Avon.* To overawe the disaffected, and show to the more submissive an image of Roman civilization, it was determined to establish a colony of veterans in the capital of the conquered Trinobantes, with an ample assignment of their confiscated lands. The colony of Camulodunum was dignified with the name of Claudian, from the Emperor himself, or Victricensis, from the conquest of which it was the symbol, which was also typified by a statue of Victory erected in its principal place. Taking his stand in the centre of the territory which was to be allotted to the new colonists, the Augur, according to the old Etruscan rite, drew imaginary lines with his staff athwart the face of the heavens, one horizontal from left to right, another vertical from head to foot, and the agrimensor or surveyor, fixing his quadrant on the spot, divided the district by two broad paths, called the cardo and decumanus, the one from north to south, the other from west to east. He then proceeded to mark off the whole area by *limites* or balks, into the required number of rectangular spaces, which the Romans called *centuriæ*, but to which we should give the less elegant appellation of *blocks* of land. Each colonist received one or more of these lots according to his military rank, and their size varied according to circumstances, though in the imperial times it was generally much greater than the two jugers or a single acre which was deemed ample reward for the soldiers of the early republic. The whole territory, however, assigned as the ager of the colony, was not in all cases given exclusively to the colonists; portions of it were

* Supposing the Iceni to be confined to East Anglia, the commentators have chosen to change the Aufona (Avon) of Tacitus into Antona (Nen): it is probable, however, that the authority of the Iceni, like that of the Trinobantes, extended far to the west. See Mr. Beale Post's 'Britannic Researches,' a meritorious work, though ill put together, and not always judicious.

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reserved for the more favoured of the dispossessed natives: but in Camulodunum, Tacitus tells us, the rapacity of the intruders was more than usually omnivorous, and they spared but a few crumbs of the feast to the unfortunate Trinobantes.

Installed by the right of the sword in their ill-gotten possessions, the colonists proceeded to settle the forms of their civil administration. The polity of the Roman colony was formed not so much upon the model of the parent city itself as according to the common type of Italian municipal organization. It consisted of a supreme magistracy of two, generally named from that circumstance 'duumvirs,' assisted by a senate, the members of which, a hundred in number, were styled (it is not well known why) 'decurions.' This administrative council was selected from the colonists alone, who constituted the ruling caste among the inhabitants; from hence all the chief local officers, the ædiles, quæstors, and quinquennales, or censors, were taken; it became, like the senate of the Roman commonwealth, a self-appointed order, and, with certain restrictions of age and fortune, was virtually hereditary. It was allowed to manage all the common affairs of the colony, but its proceedings were liable to be quashed by the emperor or the governor of the province. Next to the senate ranked the order of the Augustales, whose functions were more limited, being, as we should say, parochial rather than municipal; and among them none was so popular as that of providing, after the manner of our churchwardens, for the due solemnization of the most national and universal worship of the period, that of the emperors themselves, whether dead or alive. Even the modest Augustus had allowed himself to be deified in the provinces while still alive; though in Rome he would not suffer himself to be reputed more than human. In Gaul he had established his own shrine and altar at Lugdunum, the seat of government, and had sought, not unsuccessfully, to supplant in his own person the popular veneration for the demons adored by his bitter enemies the Druids. Claudius, who had carried still further the policy of enfranchising the Gaulish people, and ostracising their deities, who had forbidden the practice of Druidical rites on the Continent, and had driven them in Britain to their last retreat beyond the Menai Straits, determined to inform the minds of his remotest subjects on the article of his own divinity. He directed the colonists of Camulodunum to consecrate to him a temple, and appoint from among themselves an order of priests to minister therein. Lands and revenues were to be assigned for their special maintenance: the reluctant natives were required to show their zeal for the honour of their conqueror by repeated and ruinous contributions for the erection and

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and maintenance of a fabric in which they beheld a symbol of the moral supremacy of Roman civilization.*

No sooner were the invaders settled in their new abodes than they set to work with their usual industry to connect their British capital with its more distant dependencies. There can be no doubt that the south of the island was already possessed of an extensive system of communications, though the question of the origin of the roads of Britain is one of the hardest problems of antiquity. The use of chariots, which even Cæsar, disparaging as his view of our ancestors is, admits, seems to imply the existence of beaten tracks. Ptolemy, again, writing only fifty years after the conquest of Britain, enumerates by their British names as many as fifty-six places, which he dignifies by the title of cities; and as few probably of these owed their origin to the Romans, it would seem to follow that there must have been roads in the pre-Roman period to connect them. A system of roads, of very great antiquity, has indeed been traced, traversing Britain from shore to shore, or rather from angle to angle of the great parallelogram contained between the Straits of Dover and Menai, the Humber and Seaton Bay. These roads are only partly coincident with the Roman military ways. The Itineraries make only a partial reference to them. They belong, we imagine, to an earlier period, when, however, the southern portion of the island must have been, in some social and political, or at least religious, respects, an integral community. The difficulty, therefore, is to conceive how, in the pre-Roman period, the British tribes—mere barbarians, as they are described to us—can have had any common interest in maintaining a general system of intercommunication.

The first, however, of our Roman military ways was doubtless that which secured the communication between Rutupiæ, the ordinary place of landing from Gaul, and Londinium, at the lowest passage of the Thames. This way, running through Canterbury and Rochester, was probably constructed upon an older British line; for the same line, continued north-west along the Watling-street, must have been the ordinary route of the Druids and their votaries from the Channel to the sacred isle of Mona. Having crossed the Thames, the conquerors would naturally adopt the road already in use to Camulodunum, and this seems to have been that of the present high-road. From Lexden some ancient earthworks may still be seen striking off, both in a northerly and southerly direction, and these are

* Tacitus, Annals, xiv. 31, Delecti sacerdotes specie religionis omnes fortunas effundebant.

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supposed by Mr. Jenkins to be vestiges of Roman roads; but their real origin does not seem clear, and Morant, the historian of Essex, writing a century ago, when their traces were much more distinct, was under the impression that they were fortifications of some unknown date. There is not enough, perhaps, left of them now for the most experienced antiquary to decide upon their original design. From the gates, however, of the entrenchments of Camulodunum, the Romans 'built' their ways upon the British tracks towards the west, along which their legions advanced to the Severn and the Dee, to the conquest of the Dobuni, the Silures, and the Ordovices; so that Lexden may be considered as the common point of departure for the first Roman as well as for the original British ways. But, while the first colonists constructed these roads rather for convenience of military operations than for peaceful intercommunication, they felt so fully persuaded of the security of their conquest as to neglect the ordinary precaution of fortifying their settlement. They erected themselves houses in the midst of the huts of the Britons at Camulodunum, or established themselves in insulated villas on the pleasant slopes of the Colne, but neither surrounded their abodes with a continuous wall nor constructed a fortified camp to defend them against a sudden attack.* Meanwhile the proprætor or military governor of the province led the presidiary legions to distant parts of the island or quartered them on the frontiers; and the procurator or intendant of the finances collected the revenues at the chief ports and cities under the guard of a detachment of only a few hundred soldiers. Lapped in this fatal security, the colonists of Camulodunum were totally unprepared for the storm which was about to fall upon them. The wrongs of Boadicea, the injured Queen of the Iceni, kindled the conflagration for which the train had been laid by the insolence of Roman legionaries, the extortion of officials, and, alas! the rapacity of the smooth-tongued philosopher Seneca, who had suddenly called in the large sums he had invested in the least solvent of British securities.

At this period, the year 62 of our era, Britain, subdued as far as the Wash and the Mersey, was held by the four legions which Plautius had brought over—the Second, the Ninth, the Fourteenth, and the Twentieth. Of these, the Second, commanded by Pænius Posthumus, was charged, we may suppose, with the control of the south-western states, including South Wales and Dumnonia, and would have its head-quarters at Isca of the

* This is the statement of Tacitus: Nec arduum videbatur exscindere coloniam sallis munimentis septam; quod ducibus nostris parum provisum erat, dum amœnitati prius quam usui consulitur.—Annal. xiv. 31.

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Silures (Caerleon),* at Glevum (Gloucester), or Corinium (Cirencester). The Fourteenth was engaged under the immediate command of the proprætor, Suetonius Paullinus, in the subjugation of North Wales, and had just completed the destruction of the Druids in the gloomy recesses of the Isle of Anglesey. The Ninth, the legatus of which was Petilius Cerialis, seems to have been placed in guard over the Iceni, whose territories had been recently surrendered to Rome by the last will of their king, Prasutagus, and defended their northern frontier against the inroads of the Brigantes; while the Twentieth if stationed, as we conjecture, at Deva or Chester, might furnish support to each of these bodies upon an emergency. It is evident at least that the whole of the south-east of Britain was almost totally denuded of troops. At this juncture the Iceni suddenly rose in a mass, and rolled southwards.† The estuaries of the Stour and Colne, with their intervening forests and marshes, might protect Camulodunum on the east, but on the north the road was open to the insurgents, the rivers were easily forded, and no defensible positions were held by the Romans in advance. Great was the excitement that prevailed both in the palaces and cabins of the Roman colony. Women wailed, horses neighed; the theatre (for the Romans had raised a theatre there —possibly the semicircular enclosure north-west of Lexden vulgarly called King Coel's Kitchen) had resounded with unaccustomed noises; the buildings of the city had been seen reflected upside-down in the waters of the estuary;‡ and, on the retreat of the tide, the ghastly remains of human bodies had been discovered in the ooze. The Romans must have had very guilty consciences, to be alarmed at such simple portents as these; but they were aware that they were totally without defence, and moreover the statue they had erected to their patron goddess Victory had been turned completely round and showed her back to the advancing enemy. The proprætor was far away, and the procurator, Catus Decianus, who was also absent, either could not or would not send them more than two hundred legionaries. They bethought themselves of hasti

* One legion must have been appropriated to the conquest of this part of Britain which had been effected by Vespasian, and that this legion was the Second may be inferred from the fact which is proved by inscriptions, that Caerleon became the permanent station of this division of the army of Britain.

† The Icēni, as we call them, were properly, we believe, Ikēni; compare the local names Ickleton, Ickingham, Ickworth, Ixworth, on the line of the Ickni street which runs through the centre of their territory.

‡ Tacitus says, 'in the estuary of the Thames.' The mouths of the Colne, Blackwater, and Thames all lie between the Naze and the North Foreland, which may be taken in an extended sense as the limits of the estuary of the greatest of the rivers.

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fortifying the Temple of Claudius, the most solid edifice they possessed; but the natives obstructed and delayed their operations by assuring them that there was no real danger; and when at length the storm broke in thunder over them, and the Trinobantes joined eagerly with the Iceni in the work of destruction and massacre, they were incapable of making any effectual defence.

The last asylum of the wretched colonists was carried by the infuriate Britons in two days, and every one put to the sword, while their houses were sacked and burnt.* Cerialis had hastened in pursuit of the horde of avengers, but he had been unable to outstrip them, and when at last he crossed the Stour and met them already flushed with triumph he was completely routed by their overwhelming numbers, and compelled to draw off his shattered horse to the shelter of their lines, with the total destruction of his infantry. The great mound of Wormingford, which has been found to cover a vast assortment of Roman urns, seems to attest the site of this battle, and was raised, we imagine, by the legionaries, over the ashes of their fallen comrades, after recovering possession of the country.†

Consternation now reigned throughout the province. Decianus the procurator packed up his books and papers, and fled from the island. Pænius Posthumus refused to stir from his distant encampments in the west. It was impossible, while still any hope remained of saving the province, to withdraw every battalion from the north and leave the road open to the Brigantes. Accordingly, Suetonius, who was already on his

* Speaking of some Roman remains discovered in the locality of Lexden, Mr. Jenkins says, 'The most extraordinary relic, however, was the skeleton of a man with his head downwards, and a patera beside him. . . . From the emblem of his office, and the mortal aversion with which the Britons regarded the priests of Claudius, we may almost imagine this skeleton to have been that of a priest, who, in his attempt to escape during the insurrection, had been seized by the Britons and buried alive.'—Jenkins, *Archæol. Observ.* p. 14.

† 'A large mound in the parish of Wormingford' (on the Stour, near Nayland, about seven miles N.N.W. of Colchester) 'was removed about six years ago (*i. e.* 1836) that the earth might be spread over the lower part of the field, and many *hundreds* of urns were then discovered, placed in parallel rows, like streets; this circumstance would lead us to imagine that they were the remains of the Ninth legion, who were advancing from the Iceni to support their countrymen in their danger, and were cut off by the Britons at the passage of the Stour. Their bodies might have been collected and burnt by the Romans as soon as they had recovered their dominion.'—Jenkins, *Archæol. Observ.* p. 10. We are not so well satisfied with the identification of Pitchbury, lying as it does *between* Lexden and Wormingford, with the camp in which Cerialis took refuge; we are disposed, however, to believe, that it is the Ansa, to which the mansio or *lieu de poste*, ad Ansam, refers. This construction with the preposition seems to imply the proximity of a road-station to some point of importance, a little beside the route, like the nomenclature to which our railway system has given rise,—'Wallingford Road,' 'Faringdon Road,' &c.

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return from Anglesey with the victorious soldiers of the Fourteenth, drafted from the Twentieth legion only the Vexillarii, the picked men or grenadier companies of the brigade, and with this reinforcement held, on his way direct for Londinium, which, since the loss of Camulodunum, was the most important point to secure. The whole of Essex and Hertford was now in the hands of the insurgents, who were spread over the country in search of booty, and destroyed every vestige of Roman occupation. They were, however, too busily employed in this work to intercept the advance of the Fourteenth legion, which broke through their scattered cantonments and reached Londinium unassailed. Suetonius was a noble savage. With admirable constancy and remorseless resolution he determined neither to quit the island nor to shrink from any sacrifice to maintain it. It was necessary to secure a place of retreat in which to await the sure effects of unexpected success in breaking up the league of the enemy; but Londinium itself was unprovided with fortifications, and he was not prepared to offer battle in its defence on the heights of Hampstead or Highgate, or before his camp, if existing remains there be his, at Islington. In the absence of any distinct intimations of his course in the historians, it has been commonly supposed, with the idea that he was anxious to quit the island, that he crossed the Thames and retired towards the coast of Kent or Sussex. But he would hardly, we think, have abandoned the defensible line of a broad river, and the authorities would scarcely have failed to tell us if the Britons in pursuit had actually crossed that important barrier. Besides, by taking this direction, he would have abandoned the Roman outposts which were still occupied on the line of communication with Camulodunum, and the camp of Cerialis beyond the Stour, which the enemy had hitherto left unmolested, preferring the devastation of the open country to an attack on places of defence. To have sought, on the other hand, to effect a junction with Paulinus in the west would have been to remove still further from the eastern coast, and the means of communication with the continent. Under these circumstances the object, we believe, of the gallant Roman was to evade the Britons by a flank movement from Londinium, and throw himself within the lines of Camulodunum, which they had abandoned, when gorged with blood and booty, to spread themselves westward. Within the ample enclosure behind these works, with a marsh and forest on his right and left, and the sea in his rear, though sheltered by no regular fortification, a resolute general with ten thousand men might maintain himself against any superiority of undisciplined numbers. This was the Torres Vedras of Suetonius Paulinus, from which he

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he was sure no British force could expel him, and here he might securely await the arrival of the required reinforcements. Abandoning Londinium without scruple, as he had already abandoned Verulamium, to certain destruction, and collecting a few outlying battalions, he took, we believe, the road through Essex, while the flames of the devoted city sprang behind him into the air. The British hordes, indignant at the prospect of his escape, pressed eagerly on his rear, or thronged about his flank, striving to enter Camulodunum before him:—

> 'Sic ambo ad muros rapidi totoque feruntur
> Agmine, nec longis inter se passibus absunt.'

The Roman had arrived within a few miles of the shelter he required, and had perhaps secured the means of access, when, finding himself in a favourable position for defence, he no longer refused to accept battle: possibly he was overtaken and compelled to fight, but this at least the pride of the historian does not allow. We cannot but esteem it rash to fix definitely upon a site for the great battle that ensued, the locality of which is only indicated by Tacitus as 'a narrow gorge,' flanked perhaps by woods, with a wood also in the rear and an open plain in front. It is sufficient to say that this does not necessarily imply 'a ravine between steep hills,' though considerable inequalities of ground may be found in the neighbourhood to which we have thus brought the Romans. If the reasons given for supposing them to have made for Camulodunum be correct, it may be fairly conjectured that the battle was fought in the vicinity of Messing, a village between Maldon and Colchester, where our Essex antiquary Mr. Jenkins unhesitatingly places it. Considerable military works are now to be seen in that locality, and, though we place little reliance on the Welsh derivation which may be assigned to the place itself, the tradition of an engagement there may have been caught by the Saxons and perpetuated by them in the appellation of Harburgh, the army ramparts, close by.*

With this great battle, in which the Britons were utterly routed and the power of Rome restored, the history of the Romans in South Britain may be said to close. The Fourteenth

* 'Whoever visits the camp at Haynes Green' (near the village of Messing), 'having previously read the 34th chapter of the 14th book of the Annals, will be struck with the resemblance it bears to the position taken up by Suetonius before his battle with Boadicea. . . . Two large woods, Pod's Wood and Layer-Marney Wood, seem to form the narrow gorge in front of the camp which Tacitus mentions.'—Jenkins, *Archæol. Observ.* p. 12. Tac. *Ann.* xiv. 34. 'Deligit locum arctis faucibus et a tergo sylva clausum,' which Gordon in his translation represents as a 'ravine between precipitous banks,' or words to that effect.

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legion acquired the title of Domitores Britanniæ, or Conquerors of Britain, and, though resistance still lingered in parts, we have no further record of the process of final subjugation, which was speedily effected, and from thenceforth placidly endured. We may suppose, however, that when the victors revisited the site of their late flourishing colony, the smouldering ruins forcibly reminded them of the perils with which they were surrounded, and warned them not again to neglect due precautions against a sudden outbreak. Accordingly, from this period date, as we imagine, the walls of Colchester.* Of the vast enclosure of the old British lines one corner was amply sufficient for a Roman fortified town. The site was chosen at the eastern extremity of that area, where the elevated plain of Lexden terminates in a spit of land projecting between the valley of the Colne on the one side and a dry ravine on the other, till it falls with a rapid descent into the river below. Upon this spot a space was marked out about a thousand yards in length from east to west, and six hundred in width from north to south, which was divided after the manner of a military camp by two main streets crossing each other near the centre. The direction of these avenues has been nearly, though not precisely, preserved to the present day; the High Street of Colchester, like the Corso of Rome, for no reason that can be traced, deflects slightly from the original line, and is no longer flush with the Prætorian or front gate in the western face of the walls, though it still preserves its original exit at the opposite side. Of the walls which surrounded this city ample remains still exist. They may be traced on the west, north, and east sides almost without interruption, and through far the greater part of that extent they still rise many feet above the ground, showing, by the perfect uniformity of their construction, four courses of cut stone (septaria) alternating with four courses of brick, that the whole was executed together, and has at no time undergone any considerable repair. On the south side, where these walls have been pierced for the progressive extension of the town, the remains of the original structure are far less distinct. On the whole, however, the walls of Colchester may be advantageously compared with any other remains of th

* This place received indiscriminately the name of Colonia, Camulodunum, o sometimes Colonia Camulodunum. When great precision was intended the tw names were appropriated, perhaps the one to the site of Colchester, the other gen rally to the old British enclosure. Thus, while in Itin. ix., Camulodunum is sai to be twenty miles from Cæsaromagus, the distance of Colonia from that place made in Itin. v. twenty-four. The two measurements cannot, indeed, be bot equally correct, but we are not sure enough of the site of Cæsaromagus to determin which to prefer.

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kind in this island, or perhaps even on the Continent.* The masses of Roman stone and brickwork which surround the enclosures of Caistor, Richborough, and Burgh Castle are hardly more perfect; nor do they properly belong to the same class of remains, for these places were merely military stations, never occupied by the habitations of civil life, nor tenanted perhaps at all by man since the fifth or sixth century. Several of our towns, such as Exeter, Lincoln, and particularly Chester, have walls erected undoubtedly upon Roman foundations, but none of them, we believe, preserves more than the most trifling remains of genuine Roman masonry.

These noble specimens of Roman architecture constitute the chief object of interest to the explorer of the antiquities of Colchester. When the old British site was abandoned, and the colony of Camulodunum confined to the locality of the present town, the roads which before terminated at the British rampart were carried on to the walls of the new fortification. The Roman way from Londinium may now be traced to the Prætorian gate, which it strikes at a considerable angle, and from the left Principal gate in the southern wall another line is supposed to have been discovered directed due south to the isle of Mersea on the coast. Remains of a villa of some pretensions have been found here, which the local antiquaries have pronounced the residence of the prætor of the province. So broad were the swamps of the Colne in those days, such the denseness of the forests beyond it, that it may be doubted whether any road led eastward from the Decuman gate. In the peninsula east of Colchester no Roman remains, it is said, have ever been discovered, unless at some places near the coast, as St. Osyth and Walton, which are both ancient sites, the latter, if we may judge from a coin of Cunobelin which has been found there, probably British. The Via Strata, which crossed the Stour into Suffolk at Stratford, St. Mary's, may have had its exit from the north side of Colchester, at the right Principal gate.† The

* We quote a note from p. 191 of Mr. Roach Smith's 'Antiquities of Richborough, &c.,' to explain the nature and materials of this structure. 'These stones (called septaria) were formed in the London clay. They occur in that deposit at intervals, and in horizontal rows or layers, like the flints in the chalk formation. They are composed of argillo-calcareous matter, aggregated by means of chemical affinity, and afterwards concreted into tolerably hard stone. The greater portion of the cliffs on the Essex coast, and in the isle of Sheppy, is composed of London clay; and the action of the sea, by crumbling down the cliffs, has liberated the septaria, and thereby afforded good building materials. . . . Dredging for these stones off Harwich and Walton has been practised for many years. . . . These stones not only form one of the chief materials of the Roman walls of Colchester and of the Castle, but they have also been extensively used for the walls of numerous village churches in the district.'

† We have called the western entrance of Colchester the Prætorian, the eastern the

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The Roman remains of Colchester, besides its walls, consist principally of vast quantities of Samian ware, and also of rings, hairpins, and other articles of personal decoration, found for the most part along the sides of the Roman road to London, where was evidently the public cemetery of the city for hundreds of years. The coins also of the emperors down to the last moment of their sway in Britain have been found there in abundance, and we have ourselves seen a collection of forty or fifty made by a single inquirer by casual purchases from workmen within a period of only six or seven years. A small marble figure of a sphynx, with a human head between its paws, considered to be an emblem of the great riddle Death, is preserved in the Colchester and Essex Hospital, near which it was discovered; and there too may be seen an undoubted head of Caligula, a miniature in marble also, which must have been one of the earliest works of art imported into Britain; for surely no colonist from Italy would have brought with him a figure of the detested emperor after the death, at latest, of his uncle who succeeded him. We are tempted, indeed, to believe that none but Claudius would have paid such honour to the hateful bust, and that it was, in fact, a family heirloom of the imperial conqueror himself. Of inscriptions, however, the paucity is remarkable. Not more than two, we believe, are known to have been discovered, both funereal, and neither of any importance. It would seem that in a country destitute of stone such monuments were an expensive luxury but rarely indulged in, or rather perhaps that they were readily broken up for building or still baser purposes. But within the walls of Colchester and in the country round the remains of numerous villas have come to light, with their baths, and hypocausts, and tesselated pavements, fully attesting the fact already well known, that wherever the Roman inhabited he carried with him the comforts and luxuries of his own country, and scorned to descend to the sudden habits of his subjects.

The long flat Roman tile, as might be expected, is found here in many places built into walls of much later date. A church, dedicated to the Trinity, the architecture of which belongs in part to the Saxon period, abounds in Roman materials. In some cases fragments of the well-known Roman mortar, formed by the mixture of pounded brick with lime, adhere to these tiles, and present a strong, if not a conclusive, evidence of their genuineness. It seems, however, that mortar of this kind is sometimes found combined with undoubted Norman masonry, and we must

the Decuman gate. Some antiquaries reverse these appellations, which serve only to mark respectively the front and rear of a castrensic enclosure. The west gate, we conceive in this case, was that which was supposed to face the enemy.

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not therefore in any case rely with absolute confidence upon it as a proof of an earlier antiquity. Many of these tiles, with some fragments of this mortar, are to be seen imbedded in the walls of the castle of Colchester, and disposed in some places with considerable regularity in imitation of the bonding courses of brick which distinguish real Roman work, though more commonly thrown indiscriminately among the masses of stone. This was probably the circumstance which first suggested to various independent inquirers the notion that the castle is itself a Roman structure. Fosbrooke suggested that it was a work of the third or fourth century, erected as a fortress for the defence of the Saxon shore; Evelyn mentions the notion in his time that it was built by the Empress Helena; but General Roy, whose posthumous folio on the military antiquities of the Romans in Britain is, for its time, a rare specimen of scientific archæology, believed it to be the Temple of Claudius itself.[1] The recent revival of this latter hypothesis, and its defence with great ardour by Mr. Jenkins, a clergyman of the neighbourhood, has led to the controversy which has furnished us with the headings for the present articles.

(1) We consider Mr. Jenkins a man of genius, and not only give him credit for having been mainly instrumental in the creation of an archæological spirit in his county, but think that he has done direct service to archæological science by his examination of the Roman remains about Colchester, and by the historical connexion in which he has placed them. On these points we have seen reason to adopt many of his conclusions, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing an opinion of his merits. But when his enthusiasm carries him on to declare that the castle of Colchester is nothing less than the actual Temple of Claudius, with certain transmutations, which the Britons took, but failed from its vastness and solidity to destroy, we can no more accept his ingenious and eloquent arguments than the vague surmise of General Roy. In the first place, no such theory is required to account either for the Roman features which occur in its construction, or for the peculiarities of its plan. Both one and the other may be paralleled, as Mr. Cutts has fully shown, in works of undoubted Norman origin; and though there is no distinct account or tradition how the Norman erection of this castle, there seems no reason to question the opinion commonly received, that it is due to Eudo, the seneschal or dapifer of the Conqueror William. Colchester Castle is indeed the largest Norman Keep in this country, being

[1] Jenkins, *Colchester Castle, &c.*, p. 7. Roy, *Mil. Antiq.* p. 187.

double

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double the size of the White Tower of London.* Its solidity is also extraordinary, the whole of the ground-storey, and two of its four angular towers up to the second storey, being perfectly solid; and it is difficult to imagine why such superior labour should have been bestowed upon this position above any other. We must remember, however, as Mr. Cutts opportunely reminds us, that we have but few remains of the eleven hundred Norman castles of the reign of Stephen, and it may well be that many of them, long since utterly destroyed, equalled the great castle of Colchester, or even exceeded it.

That the castle of Eudo is raised, however, upon the site of some Roman building of importance, whether a tower or a temple, that in this very central position may have stood, for instance, the curia of the Roman colony, answering to the prætorium of a military encampment, seems far from improbable. Foundations have been discovered in the immediate vicinity, apparently Roman, exhibiting it is said an exact parallelism, which cannot be accidental, with the lines of the castle wall, and we may indulge a hope that if ever more extensive excavations are effected, some decisive indications may present themselves of the earlier history of the site. With respect, however, to the temple of Claudius, we have, for our part, no expectation of its ever being traced to this locality. We have already pointed out a more western position, such as Lexden, as the probable centre of the old British habitations, and suggested that it was there rather than at Colchester that the first Roman colonists established themselves,—there that they erected the temple of their patron saint, which was taken and overthrown by Boadicea.†

But if the Colonia of the Romans, rebuilt and fortified on the site of the modern Colchester, is thus, as we have represented it,

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* Mr. Jenkins gives the following measurements :—

				Square Feet.
Colchester Castle	168	×	126	= 21,168
Norwich Keep	98	×	93	= 9,114
Canterbury Keep	88	×	80	= 7,040
Rochester Keep	75	×	72	= 5,400
Newcastle Keep	66	×	62	= 4,092
Hedingham Keep	62	×	65	= 4,030
Mr. Cutts adds that of the				
White Tower	116	×	96	= 11,136

† In the third Iter of Richard of Cirencester, the temple of Claudius is referred to as a still existing edifice in the later Colonia. Mr. Bertram, the ingenious forger, as we must regard him, of the work in question, has been careful to give an air of vraisemblance to his fiction by pressing all historical data into his service. He has frequently referred to circumstances mentioned by Tacitus; but only in those portions of his writings which we now possess, being evidently afraid of inventing facts which the discovery of some of his lost books might one day disprove.

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a different spot from the original Camulodunum of the Britons, what, it may be asked, has become of the remains, the foundations at least, of the great temple they erected at their earlier seat, which was raised, as we are reminded by Mr. Jenkins, as a symbol of the eternity of the Roman dominion?* At Lexden undoubtedly no traces of it have been discovered. If it once stood there, as we imagine it did, all vestiges of it have disappeared—even its ruins have perished. We are far from thinking it probable that any further research would now avail to disinter them. What then has become of them?

In the first place, we must remark that Tacitus, in calling this temple 'a citadel *as it were* of eternal dominion,' is speaking metaphorically, not literally. The size of the Roman temples down to the time of Claudius was generally very diminutive; few of them probably equalled the dimensions of our ordinary parish churches; and a building erected like this in the course of a very few years, by rude workmen, and in a country destitute of stone, was not likely to be ampler in its proportions, or grander in its design, than the temples of gods and demi-gods at Rome itself. The significance of the symbol lay not in the size or strength of the material object, but in the presumed divinity of the conqueror to which it was dedicated. It was used as a *pis aller* for defence, but it was not constructed with any view of the kind, and it turned out a very feeble fortification. The ruins then which we have lost sight of were but small. The victorious Britons did not pause, we may suppose, in the work of destruction, till they had levelled this hated monument to the ground. It was not, however, we allow so easy for them to root out its foundations. They retained possession of the spot only for a few months or weeks, and during that time were intent on plunder and devastation all around. Content with the overthrow of the symbol of Roman domination, it is not to be supposed that they applied themselves with patient industry to annihilate every trace of it, even below the surface of the soil. A surer agent of destruction was, we believe, the haste of the Romans themselves in erecting a new city, after their return to the spot, in the vicinity of the abandoned Camulodunum. Colonia was destined to be their chief defence against a future attack of the Iceni, and it was necessary to construct it, in its full strength and dimensions, without delay. They would be glad, therefore, to avail themselves

* The words of Tacitus are (Annal. xiv. 31): Ad hæc templum D. Claudio constitutum quasi arx æternæ dominationis aspiciebatur. Thus paraphrased by Mr. Jenkins: 'In the midst of the new-formed town a temple was built, another templed Capitol, as it were, of which Claudius was, like a second Jove, the guardian deity, a symbol of Rome's eternal dominion over the conquered Britons.'

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selves for this purpose of the cut and squared stones which formed the debris of this ruined temple, and when these were exhausted, to dig up even its solid foundations, and apply the materials to the completion of their work. But the recovery of the site and the fortification of Colonia did not take place till near the close of Nero's reign, and the divinity of one emperor was seldom respected by his successor. Vespasian, at least, who soon ascended the disputed throne, had no interest in restoring a temple of Claudius. We know how successful he was in effacing the monuments of his predecessor's pride and ostentation. Of all that vast palace, Nero's Golden House, which embraced a fourth part of the area of Rome, within the sweep of its illimitable arcades, a few doubtful substructions alone now remain *in situ*. The stones of that enormous pile have been relaid in the amphitheatre of the Flavian Colosseum; the cheapest work of its kind perhaps ever constructed, for the materials had been provided by Nero, and the labour was supplied by the captives of Judea.

We believe, therefore, that the creation of the new city at Colonia under Vespasian would suffice to account for the utter disappearance of every trace of the ruined temple of Claudius at Camulodunum. But far wider is the general question of the causes which have conduced to the obliteration of the monuments of antiquity. How many ages and generations of digging and building mortals have passed away, and left scarcely a vestige of their handiwork upon the surface of the earth they cumbered! The Pyramids stand alone, mysterious remnants of a civilization of a thousand years, and of the life and interests of countless myriads of beings like ourselves. A few ranges of walls elaborately sculptured reveal to us all we know of the antiquity of Central America, coeval perhaps with the Pyramids themselves. We have no visible traces of the people who trod our own soil, sowed our fields and gathered of our harvests, for centuries before the Christian era, but a few questionable mounds of earth, and a few disputed stones. And of the Romans themselves, the apostles of mechanical civilization, the men who built as they boasted for eternity, and seem scarcely to have admitted into their minds our puny notions of providing for our own day, and our personal requirements,—of the Romans themselves how little actually remains in this island, where they lived and ruled for near four hundred years,—such a space as sufficed for the erection of all our cathedrals but one, such a period as intervened between the burning of the wooden Rome by the Gauls, and its completion in marble by Augustus! What remains above ground of all the solid masonry which sheltered them, but the ruined shell of some half dozen fortifications, preserved perhaps by the accident that

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no cities have risen in their vicinity to make the transport of their hewn materials more cheap and expeditious than the quarrying of new! Wherever modern towns have been erected nigh to the site of Roman works, the new buildings have swallowed up the old. The extent to which this appropriation of materials has been carried is almost incredible. In the middle of the last century General Roy discovered three or four Roman milestones in a secluded district of the Cheviot hills, and these, with a very few more columns in South Wales and elsewhere, which he thought might also be military, were the sole survivors of the hundreds with which the Roman Ways were once garnished through the length and breadth of the island. All over the Continent the Roman milestones have disappeared, with a few rare exceptions, in like manner; converted no doubt to every sort of use, and often broken up to repair the roads themselves by which they stood.

But more than this: the Romans were accustomed to mark out the boundaries of estates and fields with stones, *cippi* or *termini*, inscribed with letters and symbolic devices, and consecrated for the security of property with religious observances. Not in Italy only, but throughout the provinces, particularly those of the west, did they carry out this practice; it formed a part of their system and science of mensuration, and upon this basis the fabric of the imperial taxation was in a great measure founded. This actual demarkation of the land was transferred to charts on brass or linen, and registered in the archives of the exchequer. The whole system has perished—brass, stones, and all; no such thing as a terminal stone exists throughout the vast space over which went forth the decree of Cæsar Augustus, that 'all the world' should be taxed. Fifteen or sixteen centuries ago there must have been millions of them. All have perished. Mr. Hallam, we believe, has remarked, that 'the oldest things in England are the hedges.' Strange to say, these flimsy barriers of sod and brushwood, which cattle trample down, and where boys 'break through and steal,' which require repair and restoration almost from year to year, have outlived the solid landmarks of the steadfast Terminus! Such utter ruin has swept over the face of ancient civilization in respect to the most fixed and cherished of its features. The pledges of the estates of a millionnaire have everywhere been broken up to save, perhaps, a few halfpence in carting of stones.

Again, the surface of this island was covered with a network of Roman roads, the construction of which, though not generally, as in Italy, or at least in the neighbourhood of Rome itself, of solid

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solid masonry laid upon strata of gravel and cement, was nevertheless remarkable for its compact solidity. In the bottoms between hills, or in the vicinity of towns, where the soil was softest or the traffic greatest, these roads, even in a distant province, such as Britain, were probably built of squared stones, as we see at the present day in the royal routes of France. Yet there is certainly no vestige left of the pavement of a Roman way in Britain.* Even in Italy such traces are exceedingly rare; throughout the provinces they are probably obliterated altogether. But this obliteration is not to be ascribed simply to the wear and tear of traffic. They became impassable from disrepair long before they were worn away. Partly from this circumstance, and partly from the general decline of civilization, wheel-carriages fell into disuse, and gave place to travelling on foot or horseback, which did not require so smooth or hard a surface. The rough impracticable roads were gradually abandoned for trackings in the fields on either side, and thus deserted, the remains of their materials were speedily appropriated by the corporations of the towns and the lords of feudal fortresses.†

Amidst such wholesale destruction of all solid materials that lay ready at hand, we can the less wonder at the loss of almost every lapidary monument of the founders of so important a place as Colonia Camulodunum. Colonies, if we may credit inscriptions, as in the case of Gloucester, York, and Chester,‡ and the notices of late and questionable authorities, as in those of London, Lincoln, and possibly some others, were subsequently founded in several other British sites. Each of the five provinces had its own centre of administration, and Colchester, which gave way to London in the south, to Caerleon or Gloucester in the west, and to York in the north, was not the capital of any one of them. This may partly account for the paucity of Roman inscriptions found here; two only, we believe, have ever revealed themselves, and one of those has been unaccountably lost. The district round Colchester is very destitute of stone, and re-

* In digging foundations by the side of the Lexden road, a little way out of Colchester, the workmen came lately upon traces of the Roman way which crossed it. The pavement had vanished, but the stratum upon which it was originally built is a mass of concrete, or indurated gravel, upon which their tools could with difficulty make an impression.

† This process of abandonment may be observed on a small scale in the side tracks which pedestrians have trodden over some of the lower passes of the Alps, wherever the narrow pavement for mules has become inconveniently rugged.

‡ Colon. Gle. . . . Col. Eborac. Horsley, *Brit. Rom.* Col. Deu. leg. xx. on a coin of Geta; Stillingfleet, *Antiq. Brit. Churches.*

mains

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mains are generally most numerous in localities where there has been the least temptation to appropriate them to baser uses. But while Horsley has collected several hundred Roman inscriptions throughout the counties of England, and this number has been very considerably augmented by modern researches, it is remarkable how little light they throw upon the municipal organization of the province. A single inscription, we believe, exists to commemorate the sepulture of a decurion of the colony of Gloucester;* while we have a hundred references to military, there is no other whatever to any civil officer. It seems impossible to suppose that this can be merely accidental. Other countries teem with notices of duumvirs, decurions, quinquennales, augustales, and flamens, but Britain is literally all but destitute of them. The solution seems to be forced upon us, though we can pretend to no historical evidence in support of it, that the government of the Roman towns in Britain was generally purely military.

Some light, perhaps, may be thrown upon this remarkable circumstance by another peculiarity we observe in the Roman towns in Britain. All places of undoubted Roman origin among us were distinguished by the Saxons by the appellation of Chester, or Castrum; and these towns have a special type in common, to which, we believe, there is nothing similar in the Roman provinces on the continent. They are all more or less square or oblong areas, intersected by two principal streets at right angles, such as we find to be the case at Colchester, Chester, Exeter, Chichester, Gloucester, and, in fact, in every town among us which is reputed to stand upon Roman foundations. It is commonly supposed that all these places were originally legionary encampments, in which, after the reduction of the country, colonies were planted, or civic establishments gradually grew up. Against this supposition, however, the size of these enclosures seems strongly to militate. The walls of Chester are said to be two miles in circumference; those of Cirencester, as measured by Stukeley, a little more; those of Colchester about 3200 yards; those of Exeter 3000; and without having obtained special information about others, we believe they generally range from 3000 to 4000 yards.† Now, according

* Horsley, *Brit. Rom.* An inscription found in a wall in Bath, *Dec. Colon. Glev.* vix. an... Camden gives an inscription from York, M. Verecundus Diogenes Sevir Col. Ebor., on a sarcophagus now lost. Kenrick, *Proceedings of Yorkshire Philos. Society.*

† The existing walls of Chichester, as far as they can be traced, are no longer rectangular, but the main streets measure about 750 yards each in length. Chichester (Regnum, or the capital of the Regni) was almost certainly the seat of a dependent

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ing to the measurements of General Roy, a camp of 1000 × 600 yards would contain, on the Polybian scheme, 26,000 men, and on the Hyginian full 50,000; the first number would exceed two legions, and the second would not fall short of four. But the Polybian was the camp of Scipio; the changes introduced by Marius shook the discipline and *morale* of the legions, and it is far from probable that, at least after the time of Julius Cæsar, the soldiers could be induced to devote to the construction of their daily encampments the vast amount of labour required of them by the great captains of the republic. Hyginus details the practice of the time of Trajan, when the same extent of earthwork was made to hold twice as many men as at the earlier epoch; but this was only thirty years after Nero, and we see no reason to suppose any great change had taken place in that brief interval. If we were to press this argument, therefore, it would show that the supposed camps of Colchester, and Cirencester, and Chester, were constructed for armies of 50,000 or 60,000 men. But it is doubtful whether there were ever more than four legions in Britain together, at least before the time of Severus, whose armies, according to Dion, were very numerous, and in the highest degree improbable that such a force was ever collected at the same time in one place. If, on the other hand, it be asserted that these enclosures were constructed not for temporary, but for stative camps, that is, for the permanent maintenance of a Roman garrison, we may point to the places which are known to have been established with this view; the stations of Caistor, near Norwich, of Burgh Castle, Richborough, Reculver, and Lymne, and show that these places are each not more than two or three hundred yards square.*

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pendent kingdom, and never occupied by a legionary force at all. Rochester, we have been informed, is a rectangle of 490 × 290 = rather more than 29 acres. Twenty-five acres and a half is the area for a single legion, according to the dimensions required by Polybius; but the area of Cirencester is said to be 240 acres, or nearly ten times that extent.

* These, with the walls of Colchester, are the most perfect military remains of the Romans in Britain; and it is not a little remarkable that they all lie on the south-eastern coast, the Litus Saxonicum, which a special officer was appointed to defend against the incursions of the northern pirates. Stilicho was the last of the Romans who put the island into an efficient state of defence; and possibly these places owe their present formidable appearance to his hands:—

> Me quoque vicinis pereuntem gentibus, inquit,
> Munivit Stilicho, totam cum Scotus Iernen
> Movit et infesto spumavit remige Tethys.
> Illius effectum curis ne tela timerem
> Scotica, ne Pictum tremerem, neu lltore toto
> Prospicerem dubiis venturum Saxona ventis.

The coins, however, of a much earlier date, which have been discovered at them, forbid us to ascribe their first creation to this period.

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Rejecting therefore the notion that the cities we have spoken of were originally the encampments of the conquering armies, we conceive that the Romans, when they first laid down their plan for the civil administration of the conquered territories, finding in Britain no groups of habitable dwellings like those of our politer neighbours in Gaul, proceeded to construct towns for themselves, and attract or compel into them their salvage subjects. It was necessary to fortify these towns, and in default of natural features in the locality adapted for defence, for we have none of those abrupt hills, easily scarped into rocks, on which the Etruscans and Latins perched their windy fortifications, they marked out the required area according to the familiar type of the military camp. They drew their Via Prætoria and Principalis intersecting each other for the main streets; established in the centre the residence or tribunal of their chief officer, clustered nearest to it the dwellings of the Roman colonists, and closer to the walls those of the natives admitted to communion with them; and finally, if we are not mistaken, still carrying on the analogy of the camp, placed the city under a military rather than a municipal government. It is remarkable that in Gaul the native cities became generally under Roman rule the places of assembly for the states to which they belonged. The government of that province was in fact not merely municipal but territorial. So completely was each city recognized as the centre and metropolis of its own people, that the name of the place was gradually lost in that of the nation. Thus Samarobriva became Ambiani (Amiens), Lutetia Parisii (Paris), Durocortorum Remi (Rheims), and similarly in a hundred instances. Such is the transmutation which prevails in the centre, the west, and the north of Gaul; in the south under the military organization of the Province, and among the frontier garrisons of the Rhine, as might be expected, we rarely meet with it. Now throughout Britain there is no instance of the name of a city being thus merged in that of a state. Venta never became Iceni, nor Lindum Coritani, nor Eboracum Brigantes: the only apparent exception we can call to mind, that of Canterbury, Cantwara-byrig, is a Saxon, not a native designation. From this striking discrepancy between the two countries we draw the conclusion that the general government in Britain allowed far less of national development, possibly it found less available materials for it than was the case in Gaul, and that its colonial and municipal organization was far more rigidly military.

The pressure of this direct control of the sword upon the British people was of course unfavourable to their intellectual development. Juvenal has a flourish about the British advocates

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imbibing science from the Gauls; but while the ranks of ancient literature are full of Gallic names, not one, as far as we remember, can be produced from Britain before the time of Pelagius. Hence also the discouragement which Christianity evidently experienced among the Britons. The remains of Roman antiquity among us furnish very rare indications of Christian usages and symbols. The list of bishops who attended the council of Arles, A.D. 314, presents only three from this island; and though it is easy to say with our zealous Protestants, that many more may have been absent, the proportion seems too small to make that excuse valid.* In Gaul the limits of the ecclesiastical dioceses, from time immemorial down to the revolution, were generally, it is said, commensurate with the old national divisions of the Roman period, when the organization of the church was developed according to the analogy of the civil polity. But in Britain, if, as we suppose, the civil organization was so imperfect, the proper ground and standing point for the ecclesiastical was wanting, and the church languished because the province was under drill. The result was striking. In Gaul the authority and wisdom, not to say the piety of the church, saved the cities from the first fury of the barbarians, brought the foe under moral and social discipline, and finally recovered him to Christianity: in Britain the church was powerless, the invaders insolent and unabashed; they swept the whole people into slavery, and planted Thor and Woden in the shrines of Alban and Helena. It was only a mission from abroad that eventually gained them to the faith. It required the zeal of an Augustine to repair the fatal policy of the Cæsars; the churches of a second Paulinus replaced the barracks of the first.

It is remarkable that long after Camulodunum had ceased to be the chief city of the province—for Londinium and Eboracum soon robbed it of its political importance, the one as the great emporium of commerce, the other as the headquarters of the military force—it still remained the centre round which the legends and traditions of the island were grouped. The earliest traditions of Christianity in Britain are derived probably from native rather than Roman sources. The Britons seem to have long clung to the flattering notion that the city of Cunobelin still continued to be the seat of a native monarch, and handed

* 'Some pretend to give a more punctual and exact account of the settling o our church-government here, viz., that there were twenty-eight cities among th old Britons; that in these there were twenty-five flamens, and three arch-flamens in whose places, upon the conversion of the nation by King Lucius, there was like number of bishops and archbishops here appointed.'—Stillingfleet, *Antiq.* o *the British Churches*, ch. 2.

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down from generation to generation the list of chieftains who were reputed to have still exercised some sort of sovereignty over their people. From Cunobelin, according to these traditions, were descended an Arviragus, a Marius, a Coillus, and a Lucius, the last of whom, as king of Britain, invited Pope Eleutherius to send over missionaries to instruct himself and his subjects in the Christian faith, unless indeed he had been himself previously converted by the teaching of the monks of Cambridge. The island, after the usurpation of Carausius and his successors, was surrendered to the Romans by Coel, styled Duke of Kaercolvin, or Colchester, in return for which service he was allowed to retain the nominal sovereignty in Britain, and has become renowned as the 'old King Cole' of popular song. On his dying soon afterwards, the British legends went on to declare that Constantius the senator, the representative of the Roman power in the island, received his crown, but only in virtue of marriage with his daughter Helena, and Colchester has hence enjoyed the reputation of giving birth to Constantine, the first Christian emperor.

There is no trace, however, of Constantius having been in Britain at all before the year 296, at which time his son was twenty-four years old,* and the most credible writers assert that his consort was not a Briton but a Bithynian. We leave the good citizens of Colchester in possession of their arms, 'a cross inragled,' as Camden has it, 'between four crowns,' in token of Helena's Invention of the Cross of Christ; but we cannot allow that they have any historical title to them. The value of such traditions as those we have noticed, which have no foundation in ascertained fact, is in the evidence they furnish of the real importance Camulodunum must have once possessed from the hold it so long retained upon the popular imagination. A claim, indeed, has been advanced for Colchester, in still later times, to be one of the three episcopal sees of Britain in the fourth century. The ground upon which it is made is at least not unworthy of attention. The British subscriptions to the council of Arles run thus: Eborius de civitate Eboracensi; Restitutus de civitate Londinensi; Adelfius de civitate colonia Londinensium. Now the third of these is clearly corrupt, nor is the emendation generally proposed, Lindinensium, satisfactory. Lindum (Lincoln), to which it is meant to refer, is entitled a colony only by the anonymous Ravennas, a doubtful authority of the seventh

* The notion that Constantine was at least born in Britain has been countenanced by some dubious expressions in the Panegyrists; but all sober critics refer these not to his birth, but to his assumption of the purple in our island. On the other hand, there is express testimony to his birth at Naissus, in Upper Mœsia.

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century, and the name would be Lindensium, not Lindinensium. Another suggestion, Colonia Leg. II. or Legionensium, *i. e.* Caerleon, is only recommended by its giving a representative to each of the three supposed provinces of Britain. Selden and Spelman concurred in thinking we should read Lodunensium, referring to the well-known colony of Camulodunum, and this we are ourselves inclined to consider the most plausible correction.

We cannot, however, seriously countenance the opinion that the first British Christian was a princess of Camulodunum. The piety and virtues of the ladies of Colchester are too well known to require any such illustration. When our early Reformers were seeking in all quarters for arms against the pretensions of the Papacy they seized eagerly any indication of the existence of Christianity in these islands before the mission of Augustine. They were struck with the curious coincidence of the names of a Pudens and a Claudia occurring among the salutations of St. Paul, and again in a nuptial epigram of Martial, who had elsewhere stated that his Claudia was of British extraction. The dates of these two writings, so different in subject, and connected by so slight a tie, were undoubtedly nearly the same. How natural the surmise that they referred to the same pair! Many native chiefs, especially of the Trinobantes, enrolled themselves, we may presume, in the clientela of the Emperor, and in the Claudian Gens. The first British Christian might well be a daughter of one of these Colcestrian nobles. Above all, Caractacus himself, and with him the remnant of the royal race of Camulodunum, would probably, we may allow, be induced to accept this distinction.* The child who followed with him the conqueror's car of triumph would hence receive the name of Claudia, and bred at Rome, under the patronage of the Emperor, might she not have embraced the doctrines of the apostle when the Gospel was preached in the first circles of the capital? Upon such shadowy foundations people will build or not, according to their temper or prejudices. Father Parsons and the Romanists scouted the conjecture as frivolous; but Usher and Camden, Fuller and Stillingfleet, all the more stoutly defended it; and it remained to amuse the curious and interest the sanguine, without obtaining a place among the facts or presumptions of sober history.

About the year 1720, however, an inscription was discovered at Chichester, which might fairly revive attention to this subject.

* Dion may be mistaken; but his express assertion that Caractacus was one of the sons of Cunobelin is not to be lightly rejected. We are aware that some reasons have been advanced for questioning the correctness of his statement, especially by Archdeacon Williams in his very ingenious dissertation on Claudia and Pudens.

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It purports to commemorate the erection of a temple to Neptune and Minerva, by the guild of carpenters at the place, with the sanction of Tiberius Claudius Cogidubnus, king and legate of the Emperor, upon a site presented by Pudens, the son of Pudentinus.*

Now we know from Tacitus that in the time of Nero there was a native prince named Cogidubnus, who was permitted to retain possession of his kingdom in dependence upon the Roman authorities. Here we discover that his kingdom was Sussex; and his capital, we may presume, Chichester. We learn that, as we might have expected, this prince adopted from his imperial patron the name of Tiberius Claudius; and, *if he had a daughter*, she would of course be known among the Romans as a Claudia. Moreover, we find in close connexion with him a Pudens—some young officer, we may suppose, attending upon him as an adjutant, for a tributary sovereign would not have been insulted by the presence of a Roman legion in his capital—who, having been nearly shipwrecked in his passage from Caracotinum, or Havre, purchases a piece of land to consecrate to the gods his preservers, and engages the carpenters—*i. e.* the ship-builders—of the port of Chichester to build thereon, with the royal permission, a temple to their patrons, Neptune the god of the sea, and Minerva the goddess of handicrafts.† And now, if we please, we may picture to ourselves the circumstances of this heathen consecration; the fair Claudia leading a procession of Sussex maidens to celebrate the strange but fascinating rites of gallant Italy, and admitting to her breast an unconscious admiration for the devout and interesting foreigner:—

> 'She lov'd him for the dangers he had pass'd,
> And he lov'd her that she did pity them.'

The scene now changes to Rome. The father, anxious to introduce his child to the splendours of the great metropolis, has entrusted her 'bringing out' to Pomponia, the wife of his old

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* The inscription, with the aid of conjecture, may be read as follows:—
[*N*]eptuni et Minervæ templum
[*pr*]o salute d[*omu*]s divinæ
[*ex*] auctoritat[*e Ti*b] Claud.
[*Co*]gidubni r. leg. aug. in Brit.
[*Colle*]gium fabror. et qui in eo
[*a sacris*] sunt d. s. d. donante aream
[*Pud*]ente Pudentini fil.
'The slab of grey Sussex marble upon which it is cut was found under the corner-house of St. Martin's Lane, on the north side, as it comes into North Street.' Gale, in Phil. Trans. vol. xxxii. p. 391–399. It is now kept in a summer-house in the gardens at Goodwood.

† Compare Virgil: Instar montis equum *divina Palladis arte*.

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friend and ally, Aulus Plautius, the late commander in Britain. The Romans allowed their women no *prænomen*, and when the daughter of Cogidubnus came to Italy she had no special appellation to distinguish her from the hundreds who bore the *nomen* of Claudia. Her new friends would hasten to fit her with a *cognomen*, a fashionable appendage as necessary to her appearance in the higher circles of the capital as the newest article in the *mundus muliebris*. If Pomponia was a Rufa (and the Rufi were one of the chief branches of the Pomponian house), they would naturally agree to call her protegée Rufina, and this is precisely the designation which Martial gives her. But there was probably more than one Pomponia Rufa moving in the same sphere, and on this account perhaps the wife of Plautius was complimented by her acquaintance with the appellation of Græcina. As Pomponius, the friend of Cicero, acquired for his love for Athens and the Athenians the sobriquet of Atticus, so Pomponia, we may surmise, was known among her associates as the Grecian, for her devotion to the fashionable leaders of taste and philosophy who were just then turning Rome into a 'Grecian city.' This surmise is not wholly gratuitous. Pomponia, we read in Tacitus, had been denounced as addicted to a 'foreign superstition.' This, it will be remembered, was the moment when Christianity was first making head in Rome. Like every other novelty, the doctrine of the Gospel was imported into the capital of the world by Greeks—by men, at least, whose language and manners were Greek (the names of the believers there whom St. Paul salutes are mostly Greek). He had heard of its success there before his own arrival. When he came in person, though in bonds, the fame of his inspired eloquence noised it still more abroad, and the Gospel penetrated, as we know, within the walls of the palace. Regarded as an emanation of Hellenic intelligence, it obtained the ear even of the Roman literati—of such a man, we may believe, as Seneca himself, who would have turned from it with contempt had they known of it only as the doctrine of Syrians, or Gauls, or Africans. But on this very account the prejudices of the vulgar revolted against it: the Emperor was assailed with complaints of the exotic impiety which threatened to sap the foundations of the national belief. It was denounced as a 'foreign superstition,' and great was the triumph of the ignorant and illiberal when they prevailed on the government to sacrifice to their blind passion a personage of more than ordinary distinction. Hence the charge against Pomponia: but Nero, who is his early days was all things to all men, screened her from the risk and scandal of a public trial, while he required her husband to take cognizance of her offence, *more majorum*, in

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private. Pomponia, however, had the ingenuity or the good fortune to repel the accusation. The grave seniors of the Plautian and Pomponian houses who sat in judgment upon her could make nothing of her defence, and acquitted her in a paroxysm of perplexity. The followers of the new opinions were not to be always so fortunate. A few years later the emperor yielded to the popular outcry, and diverted the suspicion of an atrocious crime from himself by consigning the obnoxious Christians to the flames or the beasts.

Pomponia, we are told, passed the rest of her long life in habitual melancholy, which means perhaps that she renounced the pomps and vanities of her station in the first ranks of heathen society, and devoted herself to religious meditation and the good works which shun notoriety. Meanwhile her *protégée*, the maid of Sussex, to whom Greeks and Romans were alike strangers, with no aspirations after philosophy, and no hankerings after fashion, but with a heart already tempered to religious impressions by the mild influence of a pure human love, listened, we may imagine, with all the fervour of devotion to the blessed truths which formed the solace of her friend's privacy. The apostle himself, released from his captivity, was absent from Rome at the moment of persecution. Returning shortly afterwards he found his scared and scattered flock once more reunited, and among those who were now added to his circle, and who remembered with regard his own cherished friend Timotheus, was Claudia and the youth she led into his presence and bade kneel for his benediction. 'Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia,' writes the apostle to Timothy, 'salute thee.'

Such is the outline of the romance, as it might now be written, of Pudens and Claudia, in which the daughter of Cogidubnus must be allowed, we suppose, to supplant the daughter of Caractacus. Colchester must surrender to Chichester the palm of proto-Christianity. We do not pretend to calculate how many possibilities go to make a probability, but it will be necessary at least for our author to show that his story is not inconsistent with any known facts. As regards dates, those awkward obstructions which upset so many trains of well-coupled presumptions, this, we think, he may successfully demonstrate. The latest possible date of the Second Epistle to Timothy is the last year of Nero, and this is precisely the earliest that can be assigned to any of Martial's pieces; for the apostle was martyred and the poet came to Rome in the same year. If then Martial celebrates the nuptials of the Christian Claudia and Pudens, it is certain that they were not united at the period when St. Paul mentions them. Now this fact, curiously enough, seems to be clearly implied

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implied by the insertion of a third name, that of Linus, between theirs in the epistle to Timothy. Surely the apostle would not have sundered husband and wife on such an occasion. Nor, on the other hand, is it a fatal objection that the epigram referred to comes as late as the fourth book in our collection. Nothing is more uncertain than the order of composition of fugitive pieces such as Martial's. Epigrams referring to the same subject are found sometimes scattered up and down several of his books. It is quite possible that an early effusion may have escaped the rummaging of his portfolio for his first publication, and appear for the first time in a later volume.

But what are the terms in which the poet announces the happy termination of this long wooing?

> 'The stranger Claudia, my Rufus, weds my good friend Pudens;
> Be propitious, O Hymen, with thy nuptial torch.'

What, it may be asked, is the meaning of this heathen invocation? What have Hymen and his torches to do with the marriage of Christians, except in the metaphorical *niaiseries* of the Morning Post? Are they, in the language of Martial, mere figures of speech? Or are we to believe that his friends were really united with all the Pagan ceremonies appropriated to patrician nuptials? Such, we think, was probably the case;* and yet we would not have our supposed author despair of his hypothesis that the parties were actually Christians. It is a remarkable fact that there is no allusion to the use of Christian marriage rites for the first three or four centuries,† and yet, when such a ceremonial first appears, it is full of the symbolism of the Roman. The espousals, the ring, the veil, the mutual presents and tokens, the joining of hands, the witnesses, the groomsmen and bridesmaids, the lighted tapers, the ministry of the priest, were all taken from the form of Confarreation. We cannot doubt that the later Christians inherited them from the heathen practices with which, in order to secure a legal sanction to their unions, their fathers and mothers had actually complied; although, as Christians in the higher ranks of Roman society were few, the rites of Confarreation were not often adopted, and the marriage of the lower orders and of slaves was a far less solemn affair.‡ The first believers

* This is, in fact, implied by Martial's epithet: 'Di bene quod *sancto* peperit fecunda marito.' Sanctity among the Romans was, like the righteousness of the Jews, the observance of proper rites at proper seasons.

† Bingham maintained the contrary against Selden; but the passages he brings from fathers of the three first centuries refer only to the episcopal sanction which, it is allowed, was superadded to the heathen ceremonial, excepting one from Tertullian, which is clearly metaphorical.

‡ The Roman law recognised the constant cohabitation of a single year as a valid

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believers winked hard at the offerings made to Jupiter and Juno, and shut their ears to the festive invocation to Hymen; but they were careful to obtain the sanction of their own church also, and to this end solicited the license of the bishop, together with his blessing, before demanding the ministrations of the flamen. And the blessing of Linus, the successor of the apostle, was not in this case ineffectual. The reader of our imaginary 'novel founded on fact' may close the volume with the pleasing assurance that the heroine became the mother of at least three sons, and perhaps some daughters also. She was a pattern of all virtues to the Roman matrons, and never wished, in her heart of hearts, for any other husband. So Martial vouches for her. Possibly a sly allusion is intended to the Philhellenism of her maiden years in the poet's condescending assurance that, though a Briton, and the offspring of painted barbarians, the women of Rome might believe that she was a genuine Roman, those of Greece that she was purely Greek:—

'Romanam eredere matres
Italides possint, Atthides esse suam.'

But whatever distrust, in sober reason, may still hang over these airy speculations, the just claims of Colchester to the interest of the archæologist are in no way affected by it. Where else in Britain can he find more abundant traces of Roman life and manners? Which of our towns besides presents such a monument of Roman fortification? What other spot in our island is so connected with the records of Roman history? About what other locality, we may add, do so many traditions of our primitive Christianity cluster? Unfortunately it is but recently that the attention of her own residents has been drawn to these striking characteristics, and that means have been devised, by the establishment of a local institute, projected at least, we believe, if not yet accomplished, for making her antiquities more widely appreciated. Her soil still retains, we may be assured, unnumbered treasures in its bosom, and these, we trust, as they are successively brought to light, will not henceforth be broken up and scattered, but honourably enshrined in her museum for the study of her future historians.

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valid union; and a verbal promise was probably sufficient, with the bishop's approbation, to satisfy the conscience of Christians of those classes.

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ART. V.—1. *A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* By his Daughter, Lady Holland. With a selection from his Letters, edited by Mrs. Austin. 2 vols. London. 1855.
2. *The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* London. 1850.
3. *Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution, in the years* 1804, 1805, *and* 1806. By the late Rev. Sydney Smith, M.A. Second edition. London. 1850.

'THE Smiths,' said Sydney to an heraldic compiler, 'never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs.' This was a jesting exaggeration, for his father was a gentleman with a moderate independence, but the son was justly proud of having worked his own way to distinction, and loved to repeat the saying of the low-born Marshal Junot, 'I am myself an ancestor.' His mother was a Miss Olier, the granddaughter of a French refugee, who was driven to England by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and Sydney believed that he had derived from the 'gay, sprightly land of mirth' a portion of his own hilarity of disposition. Both nations were well represented in him. The sturdiness of the English character was animated by the vivacity of the French, and the result was a jovial, boisterous, perennial humour of which few examples could be found in either England or France.

He was born at Woodford in Essex in 1771, and was the second of four brothers. At six years of age he was sent to a school at Southampton, kept by Mr. Marsh, a clergyman, and from thence he was removed to the Foundation at Winchester, which was then presided over by the celebrated Dr. Joseph Warton. To be a learned and accomplished man, and to impart knowledge to ignorant boys, are different things. The whole system was described by Sydney as one of abuse, neglect, and vice. Even the food was coarse and insufficient, and he often suffered from absolute hunger. His younger brother Courtenay twice ran away to escape the miseries he endured. Youths in those days were less dependent than at present upon the assiduity of the master. It was a remark of Dean Swift that labour was pain, and that none of his family had ever liked pain, from his great-grandmother downwards. But labour is not so painful as being flogged, and to avoid the greater grief a boy submitted to the less. A well-read scholar, who might otherwise be careless of his pupils, was seldom tolerant of half-learnt lessons, and the cane and the birch, by stimulating to self-exertion, proved excellent instructors. Our forefathers may have been too liberal in the use of this compendious method, but a generation which is bent

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bent upon coaxing boys into toil and self-denial will do well to remember how many famous men have ascribed all their acquirements to the opposite system. Every one is convinced of the advantages of industry. What is wanted is a motive sufficiently powerful to subdue the propensity to idleness. This the majority of masters—corporal punishment abjured—have not the skill or the application to supply; and if fewer stripes are inflicted, less learning is imbibed. A chance and trivial incident proved another strong incentive to Sydney. A gentleman, who found him during play-hours reading Virgil under a tree, gave him a shilling, saying, 'Clever boy! clever boy! that is the way to conquer the world.' The praise roused his ambition and made him eager for knowledge. He rose to be the captain of the school, and once the boys addressed a round-robin to Dr. Warton, in which they declared that they would contend no longer for the college prizes if the Smiths were competitors, 'as they always gained them.'

To the close of his life Sydney Smith continued his classical reading, but he never looked with favour on the system which had rendered him a scholar. 'I believe,' he was accustomed to say, 'that I made whilst at school above ten thousand Latin verses, and no man in his senses would dream in after-life of ever making another. So much for life and time wasted.' In a well-known article in the 'Edinburgh Review' he advanced the same opinion with his usual power; but we think the doctrine more specious than solid. The art of composing Latin verses is, as an end, a useless accomplishment, but not so the increased perception of the beauties of the language, the more intimate knowledge of its harmony and construction, the keener relish for the master-pieces of classic song. He admitted, indeed, that the Greek and Latin were superior to all other tongues, that in them were to be found the models of taste and style, that the perfect mastery of their grammars was the key to those of modern nations, that their vocabularies had supplied the roots of an enormous number of current words, that their difficulties were an admirable discipline for the youthful mind, that they inured the student to exertion, perseverance, and accuracy. His objection was that the pursuit was carried too far, that we aimed at a superfluous nicety of knowledge, and that the time might be better bestowed upon more pressing needs. But the advantages are subservient to the completeness of the study. In the minute accuracy lies most of the benefit of the training which is to teach laboriousness and precision, and to become the standard for future attainments. It is only, again, in the diligent investigation of every refinement of phraseology that the understanding can become

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become familiarised with that intimate structure and those felicities of idiom so difficult to apprehend in a dead language, and upon which so much of its grammatical and literary value depends. The very permanence of the acquisition is in a great degree conditional upon the thorough mastery of the subject. 'Small Latin and less Greek' are soon forgotten in the business of life, and to the ten thousand verses that Sydney made in his youth he probably owed the relish which he retained for classical studies in his age. The depth of lore which is to tell upon every subsequent pursuit is worth purchasing at the cost of a little additional variety of knowledge, even if the hours which could be gained by a less exacting erudition were carefully husbanded, which would rarely be the case.

His father accustomed him to the habit of immediately hunting out information upon any point which arose. 'Never submit,' said Sydney when repeating this circumstance of his early training, and expressing his gratitude for it—'never submit to be ignorant when you have knowledge at your elbow.' Yet he always set his face against what he called 'the foppery of universality.' 'The modern precept of education,' he remarks in his Sketches of Moral Philosophy, 'very often is, Take the Admirable Crichton for your model; I would have you ignorant of nothing! Now *my* advice on the contrary is to have the *courage* to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything.' So too when somebody, in eulogising a distinguished member of one of our Universities, observed that 'science was his *forte*,' Sydney retorted, 'and omniscience his foible.' Nevertheless it must be remembered that many illustrious men have been conspicuous for the wide sweep of their intelligence, and that they have cleared a larger tract of ground than others, not by skimming it more lightly, but by moving forward at a more rapid pace, and loitering less upon the way. Even those whose powers are comparatively limited must always find an advantage in diversifying their pursuits. If the main occupation of life is like the substantial shaft of the column, the casual acquisitions serve the purpose of the capital which adorns it. It is not partial knowledge of subsidiary subjects which renders men ridiculous, but false pretension, and the habit of pronouncing upon topics of which they are ignorant.

The young Smiths employed their information in disputing with one another. 'The result,' says Sydney, 'was to make us the most intolerable and overbearing set of boys that can well be imagined, till later in life we found our level in the world.' Franklin relates that he had contracted in youth the same litigious

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gious habit by reading the controversial books on religion which formed his father's little library. 'Persons,' he adds, 'of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and generally men of all sorts who have been bred at Edinburgh.' It would, perhaps, have been juster to say that persons of good sense, like himself and Sydney Smith, soon discover that the practice is displeasing, and lay it aside.

Soon after quitting Winchester, Sydney was sent by his father for six months to Mont Villiers in Normandy, to perfect himself in French, which he ever afterwards spoke with fluency. He was next removed to New College, Oxford, where he successively became Scholar and Fellow by right of the position he had gained at Winchester. The year in which he entered the University is not stated by Lady Holland, but we presume that his residence must have covered the period of Jeffrey's brief stay of nine months, which commenced in October, 1791. The future *collaborateurs* were of different colleges, and never met. 'Except praying and drinking,' wrote Jeffrey to a friend, 'I see nothing else that it is possible to acquire in this place.' The grave and reverend signiors throughout the land set the example of these convivial excesses, which were inevitably adopted by their juniors in the heyday of youth and animal enjoyment. In a short paper, entitled 'Modern Changes,' written at the age of seventy-three, Sydney states that, when he started in life, 'one-third, at least, of the gentlemen, even in the best society, were always drunk.' He was preserved from the prevailing vice, if not by natural taste, by the smallness of his allowance, which did not permit him to give bacchanalian entertainments. What studies he pursued, what friendships he formed, what impressions he brought away with him, are unknown to his biographer; and it is not a little singular that he should never have reverted, in his conversation with his family, to his reminiscences of a period which with most men has a powerful hold upon the memory. He appears, nevertheless, to have liked the place, for, having revisited it in 1803, during a contested election, he wrote to Jeffrey, 'I was so delighted with Oxford, after my long absence, that I almost resolved to pass the long vacation there with my family, amid the shades of the trees and the silence of the monasteries.' That his intellectual characteristics were thus early developed is evident from an observation of one of his college friends, who, in allusion to his sturdy frame, which afterwards expanded into such portly dimensions, said, 'Sydney, your sense, wit, and clumsiness always give me the idea of an *Athenian carter*.'

His own inclination was for the bar. His father, who had been

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been at considerable expense in establishing three other sons in the world, pressed him to take the cheaper course of entering the church. There is a constant neglect of dates throughout the Memoir, but it must have been about the end of 1794 that he became curate of Amesbury, a small parish in the midst of Salisbury Plain. In this wilderness he was often reduced to dine off potatoes flavoured with ketchup, because meat was brought to the village only once a week. His mental fare, according to Lady Holland, was scantier still, he being 'too poor,' she says, 'to command books.' The judicious outlay, however, of five pounds will furnish reading for many months to a serious student who chews and digests as well as tastes; and as Sydney's fellowship brought him a hundred pounds a year, exclusive of the proceeds of his curacy, a single man, in a retired district, with no other expense than food, clothes, fire, candles, and lodging, need not have suffered much from the unsatisfied hunger for knowledge. For society he was limited to the squire of the parish, Mr. Beach, who appreciated his scholarship and information no less than his humour and social qualities, and at the end of two years prevailed upon him to become tutor to his eldest son. This engagement was productive of important consequences both to Sydney Smith and to the world.

It was intended that Sydney should take his pupil to the University of Weimar in Saxony. The war in Germany obliged them to turn back, and they went to the University of Edinburgh instead, where they settled in 1797. Among the earliest acquaintances of the newly-arrived tutor were Brougham, Jeffrey, and Murray, to whom were soon added Horner, Dr. Thomas Brown, Playfair, and others who rose to celebrity. In after days he used to speak of his rare fortune in falling in with these eminent persons as the peculiar felicity of life, holding it for a constant maxim that the 'one earthly good worth struggling for was the love and esteem of many good and great men.' That without interest or reputation he should have been immediately welcomed into such a circle is an evidence of itself how immediately he made his powers felt. 'My two English friends, the Rev. Sydney Smith and Lord Webb Seymour,' writes Horner in his Journal of October, 1799, 'are again come to Edinburgh for the winter, and I promise myself much pleasure and much instruction from their conversation. I cannot but learn candour, liberality, and a thirst for accurate opinions and general information from men who possess in so remarkable a degree these valuable dispositions.' Eighteen months later he again enumerates Smith among the associates of whom he says, 'I cannot hesitate to decide that I have derived more intellectual improvement

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ment from them than from all the books I have turned over.' In truth, so many remarkable persons had never before been located together out of London, and in the winter of 1801 the thought happily struck Sydney that they might take advantage of this assemblage of talent to start a Review. He communicated the idea to Horner* and Jeffrey, and, on their approving the scheme, it was canvassed and arranged with the rest of the fraternity. The projectors pledged themselves to the bookseller, who bore the risk of the publication, to furnish four numbers gratuitously, and during this probationary year the principal associates seem all to have taken a part in the management. But a head is necessary even in a republic, and Sydney Smith was the original president. 'I was appointed editor,' he says in the preface which he wrote to his collected articles in 1839, 'and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number.' He remained in fact till August, 1803, when the four stipulated numbers had appeared, though after the opening number the leading share in the conduct of the journal appears to have devolved upon Jeffrey.

A brief experience showed the necessity of an editor who should assume the entire responsibility and control, and before Sydney left Edinburgh he recommended the publishers to open the second year with allowing Jeffrey, who by general agreement was installed in the office, 50*l.* a number. Another evil, which had nearly stifled the Review in its birth, was the promise of the contributors to supply the articles for a twelvemonth without remuneration. It was with the utmost difficulty, after the immediate flush of novelty was past, that the requisite quantity of good material was got together, and except the able and prolific pen of Brougham had been ready on every emergency, there is little doubt that the Journal would have been dropped. The publishers accordingly consented to pay the writers for the future ten guineas a sheet. 'The gentlemen,' Sydney wrote to Constable, 'who first engaged in this Review will find it too laborious for pleasure; as labour I am sure they will not meddle with it for a less valuable offer.' This, however, was three times as much as had ever been given before for the same kind of work. 'The terms,' said Mr. Longman, 'are without precedent;' but 'the success of the work is not less so,' adds Jeffrey. The sale was then 2500 copies, which was small in comparison with what it speedily became.

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* Sydney, speaking from memory towards the close of his life, says *Brougham* and Jeffrey; but Horner's account, written at the time, shows that this is a mistake.

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The trifling sum which was paid at the outset to the editor is a proof what an inadequate notion prevailed of the nature of his duties. The task had usually been performed by the bookseller himself, or by some dependant who did his bidding as submissively as the shopman or the porter. There had been little change in this respect since the days when Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths corrected the articles of Oliver Goldsmith. A large part of the value of a review to the proprietor was that he made it the channel for recommending his own publications and depreciating those of his rivals. The bookseller who originally undertook to bring out the 'Edinburgh Review' withdrew after some of the sheets had been printed, because he could not, he said, think of being connected with a journal which condemned two works in which he had an interest. The majority of the writers under such a system were of necessity either illiterate drudges or needy men of intellect, whose hasty effusions were hardly worth more than the pittance which was paid for them. An ambitious young author now and then sent an able article, as Jeffrey had done himself, to the 'Monthly Review,' but the general character of such publications was that they were dull and vapid, devoid of talent, taste, or candour. So discreditably had they been conducted, and so low had they sunk in the public estimation, that Jeffrey, who was recently married, and could with difficulty subsist, hesitated to accept the proffered editorship, with its tempting bribe, for fear of being degraded. His scruples were overcome by the consideration that he had commenced the work with associates whose character and situation in life must command respect, and that though from an honorary he became a salaried commander, he would still be surrounded by the same brilliant staff.

Nothing, therefore, could present a greater contrast than the then existing critical journals and the 'Edinburgh Review,' and no one who makes the comparison can wonder at the success which attended the experiment. Amid so much that was excellent, two articles by Jeffrey in the first number—one on the influence of the philosophers on the French Revolution, the other on Southey's Thalaba—were especially distinguished, and contributed largely to establish the character of the journal. Horner, writing before the favourable verdict of the London public was known at Edinburgh, thought that the contributors had gained little credit by their work, and that though it was considered respectable in point of talent, the severity of some of the papers,—a natural reaction from the mawkish panegyrics which were then in vogue,—had given general dissatisfaction. In this inference he was undoubtedly mistaken. There are certain things in which people delight while they affect to condemn, and among the number is satire

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satire when pointed with wit. The pungency helped at the outset to bring the Review into favour, and if with greater tenderness it had been less censured, it would also have been less read.

On accepting the editorship Jeffrey dwelt upon the circumstance that none but gentlemen were associated in the undertaking, and he declared that in his hands it should never sink into a bookseller's organ. He nobly redeemed his pledge. He never permitted the least interference; and when Constable asked him in 1814 to review Scott's edition of the works of Swift, the first and last time the publisher ever made such a request, the inflexible editor complied by an article which, in our opinion, was extremely unjust to the genius of the Dean, and checked the sale of the book. It was indeed obvious that the confidence of the public would not long survive if the independence declined, and that high-minded men of letters would cease to contribute if the editor was open to any unworthy influence. Yet, as the system was new, a person less firm and upright than Jeffrey would hardly have sustained it. The office which he feared would degrade the almost briefless barrister, he himself raised to a pitch of consideration that threw into the shade the judicial honours to which he subsequently attained. The great journals have ever since been conducted upon the principles he established. The consequence has been to effect a complete revolution in this portion of the press, and there has scarce been a man of eminence, for the last fifty years, who has not, at some time or other, made reviews the channel for communicating his opinions to the world.

'I have seldom seen it noticed,' says Lady Holland, 'except in a very clever sketch of him written by some friend after his death, that my father had *no youth* in his writings, no period of those crude, extravagant theoretical opinions with which the French Revolution had infected society, to a degree of which we can hardly now form any estimate.' Lady Holland appears to have forgotten that her father had ceased to be a youth when his earliest known productions, with the exception of some sermons which he printed the year before, appeared in 1802 in the 'Edinburgh Review,' a period, moreover, by which events had cured nearly all the intelligent partisans of the French Revolution of their former enthusiasm. Sydney Smith was at this time in his thirty-first year, and Jeffrey was twenty-nine. The youngest member of the group was, as would now be universally admitted, the most remarkable,—was possessed of a genius more brilliant and versatile, of information more varied, of an energy and quickness more prodigious than any of his celebrated confederates. Henry Brougham was but twenty-three. Horner, who in youth had

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had the gravity, moderation, and caution of age, was a year older. There was no foundation for the notion, which, notwithstanding the refutation given to it by Lord Cockburn in his Life of Jeffrey, is still very common, that the early Edinburgh reviewers were all rash young men, of fervid, unripe talents. Nor was it at the commencement of the undertaking that the effects which have been ascribed to juvenile ardour were most apparent. The politics, moderate at the beginning, grew more decided as the journal proceeded, and it was rather in its maturity than its infancy that it was attacked for its violence. Sydney Smith, the originator of the review, was also, with the exception of Allen, the senior of the party; and as he was distinguished for sagacity, his counsel and supervision exercised no doubt at starting an important influence on the plan and tone of the work.

Sydney had early engaged himself to Miss Pybus, the schoolfellow and friend of his only sister, and visited England in 1799 for the purpose of marrying her. The sole worldly goods with which he was able to endow her at the moment were six silver teaspoons, but she had some fortune of her own, and Mr. Beach shortly afterwards gave him a thousand pounds for the superintendence of the studies of his son. A pearl necklace presented to her daughter by Mrs. Pybus they sold for 500*l.*, which enabled the young housekeepers to buy what was necessary for their new establishment. Mr. Beach now put another son under his charge, and he had a second pupil in the person of the present Mr. Gordon, of Ellon Castle. With each of these he had a fee of 400*l.* When their time was up in 1803, he had again his subsistence to seek, and he was prevailed on by his wife, who took a just measure of his great powers, to carry his talents to the metropolis. He had already a daughter, soon to be followed by a son, and with the small opportunities which a clergyman has for distinguishing himself, except through the medium of the press, it was certainly an adventurous step to face the expenses of the capital, and run the risk of being forgotten in the crowd. But we think that Lady Holland is mistaken when she supposes the difficulties to have been aggravated by the circumstance 'that he had become obnoxious to Government by his principles and writings.' He had published nothing then which could have excited its indignation, or even, we imagine, have attracted its notice to him. The error arises, we suspect, from confounding the reforming spirit which animated the later numbers of the 'Edinburgh Review' with the milder doctrines which had hitherto appeared.

Sydney arrived in London towards the close of 1803, and shortly afterwards settled in a house in Doughty-street, Russell-square.

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square. His early bias to the profession of the law being accompanied with a partiality for the society of lawyers, he chose his residence in a quarter of the town which was much frequented by them. He had formed a friendship with Mackintosh, who was now on the eve of starting for India, two or three years before, and he soon grew intimate with Romilly and Scarlett. When visiting his eldest brother Robert at King's College, Cambridge, he had made an acquaintance with Lord Holland, which more frequent intercourse quickly converted into cordiality.* His companionable qualities must always have been conspicuous, but he was not as yet 'a diner out of the first lustre,' who could at will set the table in a roar, for he was diffident in general society; and writing in 1809 to the hostess of Holland House upon the probable effects on him of a residence in the country, he says, "I shall take myself again to shy tricks, pull about my watch-chain, and become, as I was before, your abomination.' 'It was not very long,' he told a friend later in life, 'before I made two very useful discoveries: first, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me, a belief that all young people have; and next, that shamming was of no use; that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me of my shyness, and I determined to be natural.' There is good sense in this remark, though it leads in the application to offensive consequences where men do not take care to form a just estimate of themselves as well as to feel that a just estimate is formed of them by the world. Many persons by neglecting to put a check upon their natural propensity to be forward or over-talkative, or to harp on their own peculiar theme, become the pests of society. Sydney was possessed of infinite tact, and he gathered courage to give vent before mixed companies to the native humour in which he indulged with his intimates, simply because he discovered that it was not less adapted to the larger than the smaller sphere.

Mrs. Pybus died before the Smiths removed to London, and the jewels she bequeathed her daughter again supplied them with the funds for their outfit. Sydney, judging the rest of the world by himself, was restless till the bargain was complete, 'lest mankind should recover from their illusion, and cease to value such glittering baubles:' but he need not have feared the sudden extinction of a passion which has lasted for thousands of years and extends to every section of the human race. His brother Robert allowed him, during these early struggles, a hundred a

* The friendship was favoured by the marriage of Robert with Miss Vernon, who was an aunt of Lord Holland.

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year, and his own talents and energy did the rest. He was not left long without employment. Sir Thomas Barnard, who was an active manager of the Royal Institution, invited him to give a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy. He adopted the term in its most extended meaning as comprehending the entire range of mental phenomena, and not merely in the limited sense in which it is used by Paley, as the science which teaches our duty and the reason of it. During the five years that Sydney resided at Edinburgh he had attended the lectures of Dugald Stewart, and, what he considered a still greater advantage, had enjoyed the conversation of Thomas Brown, whom he held to be by far the profounder philosopher of the two. Jeffrey, convinced by his knowledge of the tastes and habits of the man that he had never taken the trouble to master so extensive and difficult a theme, always assumed till the lectures were published that he had been contented to retail from imperfect and mistaken recollections the opinions of these worthies. His own account of his qualifications, in a letter to Dr. Whewell in 1843, jesting as it is, may be considered as a proof that he had not drunk very deep at the cloudy spring of metaphysical lore. 'I knew nothing of moral philosophy, but I was thoroughly aware that I wanted 200*l.* to furnish my house. The success, however, was prodigious; all Albemarle-street blocked up with carriages, and such an uproar as I never remember to have been excited by any other literary impostor. Every week I had a new theory about conception and perception; and supported by a natural manner, a torrent of words, and an impudence scarcely credible in this prudent age. Still, in justice to myself, I must say there were some good things in them.' He made no mystery at the time among his friends of his slight acquaintance with the subject into which he had undertaken to initiate the London public, and used to amuse them with humorous descriptions of his 'mode of manufacturing philosophy.' His first course commenced in November, 1804; his second was delivered in the spring of 1805; and a third the year after. So great was their popularity, that Horner mentions that the only topic of conversation through the winter of 1804-5 was the young Roscius and the lectures. 'The success,' Horner continues, 'has been beyond all possible conjecture. From six to eight hundred hearers; not a seat to be found, even if you go half an hour before the time. Nobody else, to be sure, could have executed such an undertaking with the least chance of this sort of success, for who else could make such a mixture of odd paradox, quaint fun, manly sense, liberal opinion, striking language?' The sensation went on increasing, and galleries had to be erected for the accommodation of the crowd of fashion and tale

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talent which thronged to hear him. 'My lectures,' he writes to Jeffrey, in April, 1805, 'are just now at such an absurd pitch of celebrity that I must lose a great deal of reputation before the public settles into a just equilibrium respecting them. I am most heartily ashamed of my own fame, because I am conscious I do not deserve it, and that the moment men of sense are provoked by the clamour to look into my claims it will be at an end.' Under the influence of these modest convictions he, later in life, committed much of the manuscript to the flames, and would have destroyed the whole if luckily he had not been prevented by his wife.

It was a bold idea to attempt to render metaphysics attractive among the seekers of diversion and excitement, and the triumph was the greater that it was not purchased by the sacrifice of solid instruction to airy pleasantry. His vivacity was not like the feather floating from its inherent levity, but the wings which gave buoyancy to substantial matter. The gayer portions were relieved by much serious reasoning, and by many grave and eloquent passages written for the purpose of being *spoken*, and which it is easy to see must have produced, with his impressive delivery, an extraordinary effect. It was to subject the lectures to a new and severe test when his widow published them in 1850, and exposed compositions which were solely designed to make a rapid and passing impression to the calmer criticism of the closet. They more than stood the ordeal. Jeffrey, regarding them simply as a system of metaphysics, said it was surprising with what dexterity the author had in general seized the substance of a question, and with what ingenuity he had evaded the difficulties. Every one may here get upon the easiest terms such popular notions of mental phenomena as will serve for the ordinary purposes of life. But the strictly philosophical portions of the work are its least merit. Its highest value will be found in the admirable reflections, precepts, and rules of conduct which are perpetually recurring, and which are marked by that sense and sagacity, and are expressed with that force of language which distinguished Sydney Smith.

His clerical functions during this period were the evening lectureship at the Foundling Hospital—an appointment he owed to Sir Thomas Barnard, and which brought him only fifty pounds a year—and to preach at Fitzroy and Berkeley Chapels on alternate Sunday mornings. The latter place of worship had ceased to be frequented, but Sydney quickly filled it to overflowing, the aisles as well as the pews. After two years he had the offer to lease a chapel held by a sect who went under the denomination of the New Jerusalem. Such an arrangement could

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could not be made by a clergyman of the Establishment without the consent of the rector of the parish, and Sydney on asking his permission represented that the churches and chapels of the district were full, that accommodation was grievously wanted, and that it was a favourable opportunity to displace wild delusions by sober doctrine. The rector, whose name is not given, replied in substance that he acknowledged Sydney to be an able preacher; that he would doubtless do considerable service; that it was desirable to drive the sectaries from the parish, but that he was reluctant to impose an obligation on his *successors*. Sydney answered that he would be satisfied with leave to preach during the tenure of the incumbent to whom he preferred the request; upon which the rector rejoined that he meant to abide by the decision of his *predecessors*. Here, therefore, was a clergyman refusing a concession on the ground that he had no right to fetter those that came after him, and, when he was deprived of this plea, pretending that, upon the very point on which he stickled for the unrestrained discretion of others, he was himself fettered by the opinions of those that went before him. With antiquity on one side of him, and posterity on the other, he was like a prisoner between two policemen—a slave out of his excessive respect to freedom of judgment in every one but himself. In the majority of cases men plead the rights of their successors to excuse some meanness in themselves which they want the courage to avow. He who holds a trust must act as a worthy successor would do in his place, and not invoke a phantom of future selfishness to cloak his own. This form of misconduct is so common, so cowardly, and so fenced against shame, that it deserves no quarter.

In 1806, during the short reign of the Whigs, the Chancellor, Lord Erskine, at the earnest solicitation of Lord Holland, appointed Sydney to the rectory of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire. Archbishop Markham permitted him to continue his residence in London, and for the present the preferment made no change in his mode of life. The following year, 1807, was a memorable one in his career, for it produced the 'Letters of Peter Plymley' on the Catholics. Upwards of 20,000 copies of this witty production were sold, and, though much of its zest has evaporated with time, it continues to be ranked among his happiest effusions. The scanty argument was less remarkable than the fertility of humour with which it was enforced and repeated under various forms. It was not calculated to convert the majority of his opponents; for, while their objections were in a great degree religious, he reasoned the question mainly on the ground of political expediency. His prominent point was the certainty, if Catholic

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Catholic emancipation was refused, that the Irish would throw themselves into the arms of Buonaparte, and that Great Britain would be invaded. As the prediction was not verified, the ludicrous pictures he drew of the consequences of French valour and English bigotry soon lost all their argumentative force, and were only read as rich specimens of comic fancy. Viewed in this light, they deserved their fame. The real and durable blot upon the 'Letters of Peter Plymley' is the levity with which religious topics are sometimes treated, and the ridicule and contempt cast upon able and excellent men whose notions of piety differed from his own. The subject is forced upon the notice of every reader of the works of Sydney Smith; nor is it possible, in an estimate of his life and opinions, to pass it over altogether.

The notion that he held opinions at variance with the doctrines of the Church was without foundation. He protested vehemently against the infidel notions which were occasionally put forth, during its early time, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and told Jeffrey that he would abjure all connexion with it unless the practice ceased. When a bookseller sent him an unchristian publication, he wrote a letter of remonstrance, and concluded by saying, 'I have an unaffected horror of irreligion and impiety, and every principle of suspicion and fear would be excited in me by a man who professed himself an infidel.' He emphatically declared that he believed all the views embodied in the Thirty-nine Articles to which he had subscribed, and he was entirely incapable of asserting an untruth. Though he was plainly an ambitious man, and anxious to make his way in the world, nobody could be bolder in promulgating sentiments opposed to his interests; and there can be no surer test of invincible straightforwardness than that it should predominate over qualities which afforded the strongest temptation to palter with it. 'There is only one principle of public conduct,' he said, speaking of political parties—'Do what you think right, and take place and power as an accident. Upon any other plan, office is shabbiness, labour, and sorrow.' Upon this principle he acted through life. Such, indeed, was his honesty and candour, that the simple fact of his becoming a teacher in the Church and accepting its revenues, was sufficient evidence, without further protestations, that he assented to the truths he was paid to proclaim. His views, however, borrowed their colour from the theology most prevalent in his youth. The Church had passed through one of those nights which in all ages and countries have occasionally overtaken it, and the new day was beginning to break. The bulk of the clergy still belonged to the old school, which chiefly confined its attention to the commandments, and hardly appeared conscious of the existence of the Creed. By

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By all such persons the few who dwelt much upon the doctrines of the Gospel, and insisted upon an elevated strain of piety and a more than ordinary strictness of conduct, were regarded as deluded enthusiasts. Sydney himself styled fanaticism opinions which have ever been maintained by our most eminent divines, and which have happily gained, in the last five-and-twenty years, their former ascendancy. As he did not attempt to show that they were opposed either to the letter or the spirit of the Bible, to which their advocates appealed, nothing can be less forcible than this portion of his writings; and when he called the religion of Mr. Wilberforce and his adherents 'nonsense which disgusted his understanding,' and the clergymen of that persuasion 'groaning and garrulous gentlemen,' he at least violated his own excellent maxim, 'Piety and honesty are always venerable, with whatever degree of error they happen to be connected.' Still worse was his attack in the Edinburgh Review upon the devoted missionaries of India, and which it is strange to find reprinted in the same volume which contains his sermon on the 'Rules of Christian Charity.' He would not, we are confident, have written the article in later days, when, upon some one ridiculing Missions in his presence, he dissented, saying that, 'though all was not done that was projected or even boasted of, yet that much good resulted, and that, wherever Christianity was taught, it brought with it the additional good of civilisation in its train, and men became better carpenters, better cultivators, better everything.'

To his general habit of jesting must be ascribed the occasional levity of his language when speaking of sacred subjects. Wit is a dangerous faculty in a divine. Unless a severe restraint is put upon the exercise of it, every object comes to be viewed through a jocular medium, and in the exigencies of controversy the temptation to raise a laugh at the expense of an opponent is then irresistible. The usual defence of those who employ humour and satire upon solemn themes is to allege that they do not ridicule religion, but the errors engrafted upon it. The answer is, that the distinction is impracticable—that so much that is really sacred is mixed up with the baser matter of human invention, that both are involved in the ludicrous effect. Add to which that wit is not argument—that it is just as easy to burlesque what is hallowed as what is absurd—that, as a matter of fact, jesters have often made a sport of truth when they fancied they were exposing folly—that in any case religious convictions are not a legitimate subject for mirth—and that, far from weaning the misguided from their errors, its only results are to strengthen their confidence in their cause when they find it assailed by the exaggeration which is the usual concomitant of humour, and to shock

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shock them by the mockery which to them, at any rate, must appear misplaced and profane.

From the day that Sydney emerged from the desolation of Salisbury Plain, his permanent residence had been in Edinburgh or London, where he enjoyed the society of all that was most distinguished, and which must have been the more fascinating to him that he was himself numbered among its brightest ornaments. A change was at hand which threw him back upon the pastoral existence with which he commenced his clerical career. Archbishop Markham died at the close of 1807, and his successor Dr. Vernon required the rector of Foston-le-Clay to resign his preferment, or reside. To defray the expense of the removal, Sydney in 1809 published fifty sermons, of which a considerable part were reprinted from the volumes of 1801, which had not, we believe, met with much success. 'You talked,' he wrote to Jeffrey when the second venture had been made, 'of reviewing my sermons; I should be obliged to you to lay aside the idea; I know very well my sermons are quite insignificant.' They are certainly not, as a whole, of a high order. His principal object in them was to enforce moral duties, which he does with less than his usual originality. Many of the ideas are borrowed from preceding writers; many more are commonplace; the artificial rhetoric seldom rises into true eloquence, and the amplification of language, though well adapted to delivery from the pulpit, is often tedious to read. Particular paragraphs are an exception, as are the two sermons preached before the judges at York Assizes in 1824. Reflections which recommend themselves as soon as heard, expressed in strong and emphatic terms, are the characteristics of his best passages.

Sydney lingered awhile in the metropolis, but in June 1809 he went into banishment, and, as there was no parsonage to his living, he settled himself in the village of Heslington, about two miles from York. The change brought with it some advantages. He was sorry, he said, to lose the society of his friends; but he wished for more quiet, more space for his children, and less expense. 'I hear you laugh at me,' he wrote to the hostess of Holland House, after three months' trial of rural pursuits, 'for being happy in the country, and upon this I have a few words to say. I am not leading precisely the life I should choose, but that which (all things considered, as well as I could consider them) appeared to me to be the most eligible. I am resolved therefore to like it, and to reconcile myself to it; which is more manly than to feign myself above it, and to send up complaints by the post of being thrown away and being desolate, and such-like trash. If with a pleasant wife, three children, a good house and farm, many

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many books, and many friends who wish me well, I cannot be happy, I am a very silly, foolish fellow, and what becomes of me is of very little consequence. I have at least this chance of doing well in Yorkshire, that I am heartily tired of London.' To Jeffrey he said, 'Instead of being unamused by trifles, I am, as I well knew I should be, amused by them a great deal too much; I feel an ungovernable interest about my horses, or my pigs, or my plants; I am forced, and always was forced, to talk myself up into an interest for any higher objects.' These agricultural occupations, of which he talked so gaily, to which he took so kindly, and out of which he wisely extracted so much recreation, were nevertheless a serious and often an anxious business, for his subsistence depended on them. The endowment of his living consisted of 300 acres of stiff clay-land; the tenant refused to live any longer in the dilapidated house, and Sydney, 'a diner out, a wit, and a popular preacher, and not knowing a turnip from a carrot,' was compelled to farm his stubborn glebe. He applied himself to master all the mysteries of cultivation, from the broad principles of the science down to the minutest details of management, and with such shrewdness that his clerk, the village Nestor and oracle, and who, like all rustics, judged every stranger by his ability to talk of bullocks, said to him at their first interview, 'Muster Smith, it often stroikes moy moind that people as comes frae London is such fools; but you, I see (and here he nudged his rector significantly with his stick)—but you, I see, are no fool!'

Muster Smith had an excellent maxim, 'that nothing was well done in a small household if the master and mistress were ignorant of the mode in which it ought to be done.' This was to say in other words that nothing is properly performed without somebody to superintend it, and, as persons in the middle station of life cannot afford to hire stewards and housekeepers, they must be their own overseers. In the instance of Sydney prudence and inclination went hand in hand. He had an evident pleasure in ordering domestic concerns—in drilling and instructing servants—and in regulating the supplies of the store-room and kitchen. He seems, out of pure love for the occupation, to have even encroached upon the province of Mrs. Smith. Housekeepers may profit by the discoveries which his shrewdness enabled him to make.

'Have you never observed,' he said, 'what a dislike servants have to anything cheap? They hate saving their master's money. I tried this experiment with great success the other day. Finding we consumed a great deal of soap, I sat down in my thinking-chair, and took the soap-question into consideration, and I found reason to suspect that we were using a very expensive article, when a much cheaper one would serve

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serve the purpose better. I ordered half-a-dozen pounds of both sorts, but took the precaution of changing the papers on which the prices were marked before giving them into the hands of Betty. "Well, Betty, which soap do you find washes best?" "Oh, please, Sir, the dearest, in the blue paper; it makes a lather as well again as the other!" "Well, Betty, you shall always have it, then;" and thus the unsuspecting Betty saved me some pounds a-year, and washed the clothes better.'

'The cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man,' says Swift, in his ironical directions to servants, 'and every other person who is concerned in the expenses of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be a thousand pounds a-year, he reasonably concludes that a thousand pounds a-year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing. The butler makes the same judgment; so may the groom and the coachman; and thus every branch of expense will be filled to your master's honour.'

Nothing can be beneath a man in humble circumstances which enables him to combine comfort with economy in his household. Sydney did more. Despite his small establishment, he entertained with credit the great folks who visited him in his retirement, and satisfied the critical palates of town-pampered epicures. The ill success which commonly attends parsonic festivities is laughably exemplified in one of his own stories, a little heightened, we presume, in the telling:—

'What misery human beings inflict on each other under the name of pleasure! We went to dine last Thursday with a neighbouring clergyman, a haunch of venison being the stimulus to the invitation. We set out at five o'clock; drove in a broiling sun on dusty roads, three miles, in our best gowns; found squires and parsons assembled in a small hot room, the whole house redolent of frying; talked, as is our wont, of roads, weather, and turnips; that done, began to grow hungry, then serious, then impatient. At last a stripling, evidently caught up for the occasion, opened the door, and beckoned our host out of the room. After some moments of awful suspense he returned to us with a face of much distress, saying, the woman assisting in the kitchen had mistaken the soup for dirty water, and had thrown it away, so we must do without it! At last to our joy dinner was announced; but, oh ye gods! as we entered the dining-room what a gale met our nose! The venison was high, the venison was uneatable, and was obliged to follow the soup with all speed. Dinner proceeded, but our spirits flagged under these accumulated misfortunes. There was an anxious pause between the first and second courses; we looked each other in the face—what new disaster awaits us? The pause became fearful. At last the door burst open, and the boy rushed in, calling out aloud, "Please, Sir, has Betty any right to leather I?" What human gravity could stand

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stand this? We roared with laughter; all took part against Betty; obtained the second course with some difficulty, bored each other the usual time, ordered our carriages, expecting our postboys to be drunk, and were grateful to Providence for not permitting them to deposit us in a wet ditch. So much for dinners in the country!'

A turn for small contrivances, many of them of a whimsical description, was conspicuous in Sydney's domestic management. He at one time attempted to burn the fat of his own sheep, filled his house with villanous smells, and ended by discovering that he could not dispense with the tallow-chandler. Having a sluggish horse, he fastened a small sieve to the end of the shaft, which induced the animal to quicken its speed, in the hope of reaching the corn; and this he called a patent Tantalus. Such an exercise of ingenuity almost amounted to a practical joke.

Sydney extended his care to the secular concerns of his parishioners. He established the allotment-system; endeavoured to improve their cookery; and directed them to the choice of the most economical descriptions of food. Above all, he was their physician. There is nothing for which the poor are so grateful as drugs, which they receive with unsuspecting confidence from any hands that are rash enough to offer them. Sydney, though undiplomaed, was not untaught. He had pursued the study of medicine at Oxford, and was advised by the professor, Sir Christopher Pegge, to become one of the faculty. In anticipation of being located in some rural district, where professional skill would be out of the question, and even professional ignorance too costly for the majority of his parishioners, he subsequently attended clinical lectures in the hospitals of Edinburgh. He used to regret that medical men would not talk more of their calling; 'but I never,' he said, 'can get any of them to speak,—they look quite offended.' Sir Henry Holland attests that he had attained to considerable knowledge of the art, and that he applied it with remarkable tact. He doctored his own children successfully in typhus fever with the assistance of only one consultation with the apothecary, and cured them of 'the hooping-cough with a pennyworth of salt of tartar, after having filled them with the expensive poisons of Halford.' Scarlatina he left to 'the graduated homicides.' He kept by him all the usual drugs and implements of a country practitioner. His brother Bobus roared with laughter when a stomach-pump was shown him; but Sydney afterwards saved by it the life of a man-servant who had accidentally poisoned himself by eating arsenic. He had in this department, as in others, inventions of his own, such as his 'patent armour,'—tin cases filled with hot water, to fit the head, the neck, the shoulder, the stomach, the

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the feet; something of the grotesque mingling itself in his practices as well as in his conversation.

To his other functions he shortly added that of a country magistrate. He studied law, while, by his sense, sagacity, and genial disposition, he often made natural equity and personal influence do the work of legislative enactments. Game-preserving was carried to much greater lengths than is general now, and the woods on many estates were one vast pheasant-roost. Sydney was lenient to poachers, considering the punishment to be disproportioned to their offence. He endeavoured to keep boys out of jail, where casual offenders were then frequently converted into permanent criminals. Humanity is as common, and perhaps commoner, than harshness. What was noticeable in him was the wisdom which presided over his kindly feelings, and made mercy and improvement go hand in hand.

The year 1813 brought with it a new occupation — that of house-builder. He had hoped to have averted this necessity by an exchange of livings; but though he got his friend Sir William Scott to ask the permission of Lord Eldon, who as Lord Chancellor was the patron of Foston, there was no obtaining from him a relaxation of his rule, that one piece of Chancery preferment should only be exchanged for another, and that both incumbents should be of the same age. When to this rare conjuncture of circumstances was added the necessity that Sydney's twin in years and Chancery favour should prefer to his own little vineyard a houseless parish, a stiff-clay farm, and a northern, desolate, and inconvenient locality, the condition amounted to a positive prohibition. The archbishop granted him some years of grace; nor did he at the last insist upon his building. Sydney, nevertheless, erroneously inferred that it was in honour expected from him, and did not discover the misconception until 'he had burnt his bricks, bought his timber, and got into a situation in which it was more prudent to advance than to recede.' These burthens must fall upon somebody; and no reflecting person will complain that his own turn has come. The task has been performed by hundreds of poorer men than Sydney Smith,—men with less capital, larger families, and fewer resources. The hardship in his case was, that with such talents and friends he might fairly expect his lease to be short; and it was hardly worth while for a bird of passage to construct such a costly nest.

He set to work with his usual energy, but committed a grand mistake at starting. An architect having furnished him with expensive plans, he threw them aside, and took the entire business into his own hands. The issue was that he expended upwards of 4000*l.* upon the parsonage and farm-buildings. Those who

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who know how dearly experience is always bought in such cases will conclude, what he seems never to have suspected himself, that he paid far more money, and got considerably less for it, than if he had availed himself of professional aid. It would seem that house-building, after the experience and incessant efforts of myriads in every generation, ought to be among the most perfect of the arts, and that there should exist stereotyped models of taste and convenience. But such are the diversities of wants and fancies that every man desires something different from his neighbour. Sydney professed to look only to use in his designs, though beauty, from the pleasure it gives the eye, is itself utility. Of this source of delight he had provided so little, that, when he moved into Somersetshire, a friend inquired, 'Are you sure, Mr. Smith, you have left Foston?' 'Yes.' 'Never to return?' 'Never!' 'Well, then, I may venture to say that it was without exception the ugliest house I ever saw.' The inside was better cared for than the exterior. He had aimed at snugness, and his parsonage, though plain, was admitted to be singularly comfortable.

In March, 1814, he removed into his new home, while it was yet unfinished, and the bare walls were still running down with water. A carpenter, who came to him for parish relief, constructed a large part of the furniture out of common deals. What was the ultimate result is admirably told in a private letter of Mr. Stanley, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, who visited him at Foston in 1822. No other account is so brief and graphic; and though we have already mentioned some of the traits, we will not spoil the picture by omitting them here:—

'A man's character is probably more faithfully represented in the arrangement of his home than in any other point; and Foston is a fac-simile of its master's mind from first to last. He had no architect, but I question whether a more compact, convenient house could well be imagined. In the midst of a field, commanding no very attractive view, he has contrived to give it an air of snugness and comfort, and its internal arrangements are perfect. The drawing-room is exquisitely filled with irregular regularities,—tables, books, chairs, Indian wardrobes; everything finished in thorough taste, without the slightest reference to smartness or useless finery; and his inventive genius appears in every corner. . . . . His own study has no appearance of comfort; but as he reads and writes in his family circle, in spite of talking and other interruptions, this is of less consequence. In other respects it has its attractions: there, for instance, he keeps his rheumatic armour, all of which he displayed out of a large bag, giving me an illustrated lecture upon each component part. Fancy him in a fit of rheumatism, his legs in two narrow buckets which he calls his jack-boots, round the throat a hollow tin collar, over each shoulder a large

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large tin thing like a shoulder of mutton, on his head a hollow tin helmet,—all filled with hot water; and fancy him expatiating upon each and all of them with ultra-energy. His store-room is more like that of an Indiaman than anything else, containing such a complete and well-assorted portion of every possible want or wish in a country establishment. The same spirit prevails in his garden and farm—contrivance and singularity in every hole and corner. On Sunday we prepared for church. Good heavens! what a set-out! The family chariot, which he calls the *immortal*, from having been altered and repaired in every possible way—the last novelty, a lining of green cloth worked and fitted by the village tailor—appeared at the door, with a pair of shafts substituted for the pole, in which shafts stood one of his cart-horses, with the regular cart-harness, and a driver by its side. His domestic establishment is on a par with the rest: his head-servant is his carpenter, and never appears except on company-days. We were waited upon by his usual *corps domestique*, one little girl, about fourteen years of age, named, I believe, Mary or Fanny, but invariably called by them "Bunch." With the most immovable gravity she stands before him when he gives his orders, the answers to which he makes her repeat verbatim, to ensure accuracy. Not to lose time, he farms with a tremendous speaking-trumpet from his door, a proper companion for which machine is a telescope, slung in leather, for observing what they are doing.'

He was extremely methodical in the transaction of business, and the keeping of accounts, which was the more remarkable that his nature was in many respects volatile and impatient. On the two or three occasions on which he went abroad, he was content with the most cursory glance at the objects he travelled to see, and declared he had mastered the Louvre in a quarter of an hour. He dipped into books after the same rapid and roving fashion, and sat with a number piled round him, that he might change incessantly from one to another. Systematic study he seems seldom to have attempted. His wretched penmanship may probably have been occasioned by this hasty disposition. His wife once asked him to interpret a passage which she had tried in vain to spell out, and he answered, 'that he must decline ever reading his own handwriting four and twenty hours after he had written it.' The deficiency was general among the early Edinburgh reviewers. The MS. of one of the most celebrated of their number was considered by the printers the most perplexing of any which ever came before them. The editor set the example. 'My dear Jeffrey,' Sydney wrote to him upon one occasion, 'We are much obliged by your letter, but should be still more so were it legible. I have tried to read it from left to right, and Mrs. Sydney from right to left, and we neither of us can decipher a single word.' Sydney's riding was on a par with his penmanship,

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ship, and he was thrown incessantly to the constant terror of his family. A tailor once chancing to call with his bill shortly after Sydney had mounted his horse, his wife inferred that some terrible accident had occurred, and, rushing down to the man, exclaimed, 'Where is he? Where is your master? Is he hurt? I insist upon knowing the worst?' He rode no more after this. His friend, Sir George Phillips, whom he called 'the happiest man and the worst rider he had ever known,' he alleged to be one fall a-head of him.

The money he had expended in building left him poor for many years, and, in his own language, he was obliged to make sixpence do the work of a shilling. Notwithstanding his prevailing mirthfulness, which was in part produced by his resolute determination to drive away care, his natural temperament was by no means sanguine, and during this period of debt he spent many sleepless nights, and, as he hung over his bills, would bury his face in his hands, and exclaim, 'Ah! I see, I shall end my old age in a gaol.' These were passing emotions. It is evident that in the main he was a very happy man, who had the art to play with life whilst he felt its responsibilities. Certainly he was not much the less happy that he was driven to devise economical contrivances, that he was compelled to content himself with the substance of comfort, and dispense with the gewgaw which is its shadow;—that his carriage was of village manufacture, his horse fresh from the plough, his butler Bunch, a little garden-girl, made like a mill-stone, whom he himself had trained to the office. These were the peculiarities which gave a zest to enjoyment, kept existence from stagnating, and furnished an endless theme for jest. He could not, indeed, afford to make many visits to London, which was to him the centre of attraction, but relays of his celebrated friends were constantly finding their way to his retirement, and gave little ground for his complaint that the idea of filling a country-house with company was a dream which ended in excuses and nobody coming except the parson of the parish. His family, and no one was a more affectionate, attentive, and indulgent father, were the better for his constant presence among them, and his own mind must have profited by the sedater pursuits of his quiet home. He acknowledged this himself. 'Living a good deal alone as I do now,' he wrote to Jeffrey in 1810, 'will, I believe, correct me of my faults; for a man can do without his own approbation in much society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when he lives alone.' He used to remark, on the other hand, that he might have been a different man, if, like Lord Holland, he had spent his days among all that was most worth seeing and hearing in Europe, instead

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instead of being confined, for the largest part of his time, to the society of his parish-clerk. But it is not in conversation, or in roving about, useful and delightful as each may be in its degree, that any one acquires profound knowledge or deep wisdom. These are the products of diligent study, of solitary meditation; and it was in the retirement of his early and middle age that Sydney, we suspect, acquired the ballast which gave steadiness and purpose to his buoyant wit. 'The haunts of happiness,' he once wrote, 'are varied and rather unaccountable; but I have more often seen her among little children, home firesides, and country houses, than anywhere else; at least I think so.' He might have been sure.

Thus time crept on without any notable change in his circumstances, when an old aunt died in 1821, and unexpectedly left him a respectable legacy. Two or three years later he had the living of Londesborough, which produced him a clear 700*l.* a year, given him to hold until Mr. Howard, the son of Lord Carlisle, should be qualified to take it. The revolution of the wheel was bringing him up now on its ascending side. Before his tenure of Londesborough was out, Lord Lyndhurst, whose generosity and friendship were superior to all political differences, presented him, at the commencement of 1828, with a prebendal stall at Bristol. In the summer of the following year he exchanged Foston for the delightful rectory of Combe Florey in Somersetshire. Having repaired, enlarged, and beautified the dilapidated parsonage, at an expense of 2000*l.*, he ever after spoke of the place as a terrestrial paradise, so far as he would allow that term to be applicable to the country at all. But sharp winds blow from more quarters than one, and his pecuniary anxieties had not long ceased when he lost his son Douglas, a most promising young man of twenty-four, on the 14th of April, 1829. This, he said, was the first great misfortune of his life. The more ordinary trials which upright men encounter in their struggles with the world go but skin deep, and leave no scars.

More preferment was at hand. The Whigs came into office at the close of 1830, and, in addition to the claim which Sydney had upon a party whose cause he had steadily espoused and promoted, the leading members of the Administration were among his old and intimate friends. Of this number was the premier, and one of the first remarks of Lord Grey on his accession to power was, 'Now, I shall be able to do something for Sydney Smith.' He redeemed his intention in September, 1831, by making him a canon of St. Paul's; and if more vacancies had occurred, it was Sydney's belief that he would have made him a bishop. That Lord Grey's successor did not complete the work of

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of promotion continued a source of vexation to the canon of S Paul's up to the close of his life, and even after he had ceased t wish for the dignity, and was resolved to decline it, he ardentl desired to have the credit of the offer. Lord Melbourne i reported to have said that there was nothing he more regrette in his ministerial career than that he had neglected his claim No one can doubt that the premier was influenced by the offenc which would have been given by the elevation of Sydney to th bench, and in this instance we cannot but feel that official pru dence dictated a sounder conclusion than subsequent reflectior when responsibility and power had passed away. If politica services were a ground, which they never ought to be, fo advancement to the episcopacy, and if intellect and probity wer alone a claim, nobody had a better right to the office than Sydne Smith. But it was not as a divine that he was distinguished and though the other qualities of literature, learning, and power ful writing make an excellent setting, the central jewel of th mitre should be of a more ecclesiastical kind. Nor were th drawbacks exclusively negative. A great change, greater tha he appears to have been aware of, had taken place in religiou opinion since he entered the Church, and there were passages i his writings which jarred upon the feelings of the new gene ration. He has himself indicated another obstacle. The onl thing, he said, he could be charged with was high spirits an much innocent nonsense. But if it was wrong in the publi to believe that more gravity was desirable in one of the master of Christendom, he had fostered the notion when he unjustly hel up Canning to ridicule as a politician because he was a jeste and a man of pleasantry. A predominating levity is at least a excusable in a statesman as a bishop. How much the objectio would have been felt in his own case is evident from an observa tion he let fall in conversation—'*I was never asked in all my li to be a trustee or an executor.* No one believes that I can be plodding man of business, as mindful of its dry details as t gravest and most stupid man alive.' If such was the impressio however mistaken, which he left upon his friends, who had t best opportunities of detecting his solid qualities beneath t lighter atmosphere which enveloped them, it is easy to see h seriously his spiritual authority must have suffered with strang who only knew him by Peter Plymley's Letters and his fame a wit. His daughter, in discussing the subject, quotes his rema 'I hope I am too much a man of honour to take an office with fashioning my manners and conversation so as not to bring it i discredit.' In this instance we think that the manners and c versation should precede the appointment, and not wait to produc

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produced by it; that he who is selected to be the head of a diocese and a pattern to the clergy should be already conspicuous for the qualities required by his station, and that he should not have to put them on for the first time with his robes of office when he had mounted to the top of the stairs. Men cannot always be answerable for themselves. If habit, as the Duke of Wellington asserted, is ten times nature, long habit and nature combined are almost irresistible. When the restraint of novelty had worn off, and he had grown easy in his new position, he would, we suspect, have instinctively indulged in sallies that would have exceeded the bounds of episcopal usage. In the very letter to Lord John Russell, in April, 1837, in which he contended for his fitness for the office, he made an announcement that showed what unwonted characteristics he would have introduced into the ecclesiastical debates in the House of Lords: 'Had I been a bishop, you would have seen me, on a late occasion, charging —— and —— with a gallantry which would have warmed your heart's blood, and made Melbourne rub the skin off his hands.' That Sydney would have laboured to do his duty, that he would have conducted himself towards his clergy with infinite kindness and tact, and that he would have managed his business with shrewdness, diligence, and skill, can be questioned by no one. He was no sooner installed in his canonry at St. Paul's than the office devolved upon him of administering a fund, in which the Dean and Chapter have no sort of interest, for the repair of the fabric. Mr. Cockerell, the cathedral architect, describes the suspicious vigilance with which he watched the officials, taxed accounts, and investigated contracts. He learnt the market rates of all the materials, from Portland stone down to putty; he would allow nothing to be undertaken without his personal inspection, and, portly and gouty as he was, he scaled heights and pinnacles which even, says Mr. Cockerell, to those accustomed to them are 'both awful and fatiguing.' Warned by the disastrous fires at York Minster, he caused St. Paul's to be insured, had mains conducted from the New River into the basement of the building, had cisterns and engines put into the roof, and declared that 'he would reproduce the deluge in the cathedral.' He introduced a variety of improvements in the administration of the works and finances, and altogether paid an attention to his duties of which Mr. Cockerell had seen no similar example during the quarter of a century that he had superintended the repairs.

In 1837 appeared the first of his three Letters to Archdeacon Singleton, 'On the Ecclesiastical Commission.' None of his writings are superior in argument and wit to these celebrated pamphlets, which had the result of materially modifying the measure they opposed. Nothing could be more masterly than

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his

his demonstration that an inequality in the value of benefices was advantageous to the Church, that it was the chance of the prizes that attracted so large an amount of learning and talent into its service, and that, if an equalization was attempted, the men would be reduced to the same uniform mediocrity as their livings. The tide of opinion was then running fast in favour of the change; Sydney checked and turned it back, and, in the alterations which were made, the position for which he contended was admitted to be unanswerable.

In 1839 he brought out with great success a pamphlet against the ballot, and the same year he republished his articles from the Edinburgh Review, together with his other miscellaneous writings. This collection of his works was very favourably received; in fact, his fame had increased with years, and occasional productions, like his letters on American debts in 1843, kept it fresh to the end of his life. His circumstances went on improving with his reputation. His brother Courtenay, who had realised a large fortune in India, died in 1842 without a will, and Sydney inherited the third of his property. What remained to him of existence was passed in unbroken prosperity. 'I have long since,' he wrote to Lady Holland in 1841, 'got rid of all ambition and wish for distinctions, and am much happier for it. The journey is nearly over, and I am careless and good-humoured.' His love of London and the craving for society became stronger as he advanced to his three score years and ten. 'I suspect,' he said in 1835, 'the fifth act of life should be in great cities: it is there, in the long death of old age, that a man most forgets himself and his infirmities, receives the greatest consolation from the attention of friends, and the greatest diversion from external circumstances.' 'The summer and the country,' he wrote to Miss Harbourt in 1838, 'have no charms for me. I look forward anxiously to the return of bad weather, coal fires, and good society in a crowded city. I have no relish for the country; it is a kind of healthy grave. I am afraid you are not exempt from the delusions of flowers, green turf, and birds; they all afford slight gratification, but not worth an hour of rational conversation; and rational conversation in sufficient quantities is only to be had from the congregation of a million of people in one spot.' The real use of the country, he said, was to find food for cities. He had a particular love for flowers, and was far from insensible to the pleasure afforded by rural sights and sounds; but he protested he had grown too old to be gulled by them. 'To my mind there is no verdure in the creation like the green of ——'s face; and Luttrell talks more sweetly than birds can sing.' 'What a beautiful field!' exclaimed one of his guests at Combe Florey: 'I should like it better,' he replied, 'paved and filled with people.' He had still occasional visitations

visitations of rural enthusiasm; but in general the placid delight of country objects proved too tame for the blunted perceptions of advancing years, which required a stronger stimulus. He was not, he said, one of those persons, who had 'infinite resources in themselves.'

Nine years before he died he spoke of it as one of the evils of old age—that, as your time is come, you think every little illness the beginning of the end. 'When a man expects to be arrested, every knock at the door is an alarm.' The knocks at his door were chiefly periodical fits of gout and attacks of asthma. In October, 1844, water on the chest, consequent upon disease of the heart, gave indication that the inexorable creditor was come at last. He hastened from Combe Florey up to London, that he might have the benefit of the kindness and skill of his son-in-law, Dr. Holland. His old jocosity still broke out. 'If you hear of sixteen or eighteen pounds of human flesh,' he wrote to Lady Carlisle, 'they belong to me. I look as if a curate had been taken out of me.' The low diet prescribed him was a constant subject of humorous complaint. 'Ah, Charles,' he said to General Fox, 'I wish I were allowed even the wing of a roasted butterfly.' As the disorder advanced and subdued his powers he remained patient and calm, but spoke little, and this chiefly to address a few words of kindness to those about him. He was aware that his end was approaching, gave directions for his funeral to an old and faithful servant, and told her that all must assist to cheer him and keep up his spirits if he lingered long. He appears throughout life to have had a dread of depression; and, though his natural spirits were in general high, we believe that he often assumed the character of the laughing to avoid sinking into that of the weeping philosopher. On the 22nd of February, 1845, the contest with pain and lassitude came to a close, and the 'long death of old age' was complete.

The works of Sydney Smith, like those of all persons who have written much, are of very unequal merit; but we cannot doubt that what is excellent in them will ensure them a high and durable rank in English literature. In his views there was nothing original; it was far otherwise with his mode of enforcing them. His manner is peculiarly his own, and it is effective and racy. The first place is due to his humour, which is broad and often burlesque, and is easily traced up to two or three sources. To seize some element in a case and picture the utmost extravagances of the ridiculous kind, possible or even impossible, to which it might be supposed to give rise, is one of his favourite methods. A passage from his article on the Sermon of Dr. Langford, for the Royal Humane Society, will serve for a specimen, though we select

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select it more for its brevity than its merit. The old complaint of the soporific effects of a dull production is thus expanded by Sydney Smith:—

'An accident which happened to the gentleman engaged in reviewing this sermon proves in the most striking manner the importance of this charity for restoring to life persons in whom the vital power is suspended. He was discovered with Dr. Langford's discourses lying open before him, in a state of the most profound sleep; from which he could not by any means be awakened for a great length of time. By attending, however, to the rules prescribed by the Humane Society, flinging in the smoke of tobacco, applying hot flannels, and carefully removing the discourse itself to a great distance, the critic was restored to his disconsolate brothers.'

Another mode in which he exercises the faculty is by drawing ludicrous comparisons. Of these one of the best and most celebrated is thrown into a note to the Letters of Peter Plymley:—

'Nature descends down to infinite smallness. Mr. Canning has his parasites; and if you take a large buzzing bluebottle fly, and look at it in a microscope, you may see 20 or 30 little ugly insects crawling about it, which doubtless think their fly to be the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in the universe, and are convinced the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz.'

Still more characteristic, and we must add more mischievous, was the comparison of the House of Lords to a fabulous Mrs. Partington during the Reform frenzy of 1831:—

'I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mops and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up, but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.'

Both qualities of his humour are exhibited here, for the whole force of the comparison lies in the previous comical but extravagant supposition of Mrs. Partington attempting to arrest the onward roll of the Atlantic with her mop. His most frequent resource of all is, however, to take the principle of his adversary and

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and endeavour to show its absurdity by pushing it to its extremest consequences. 'The best way of answering a bad argument,' he says himself in his article on 'Spring Guns and Man Traps,' 'is not to stop it, but to let it go on in its course till it leaps over the boundaries of common sense.' Thus Hannah More, in protesting against the scanty dress of the ladies of the day, having asserted that, if they knew how much more winning they appeared in proportion as they were covered, 'the coquet would adopt the method as an allurement, and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction,' Sydney justly subjoined, 'If there is any truth in this passage, nudity becomes a virtue, and no decent woman for the future can be seen in garments.' Examples of this humorous artifice of logic are endless in his writings.

His wit is usually a vehicle for argument—is employed not simply to amuse the reader with laughable conceptions, but to illustrate and establish opinions. It is often, nevertheless, a weapon of more glitter than strength. Its true force was dependent upon the reality of the pictures he drew, which were, on the contrary, frequently fanciful and almost always exaggerated. In the case of the Reform Bill, for instance, the mob was vastly less than the Atlantic Ocean, and the House of Lords immeasurably more than Mrs. Partington and her mop. With these drawbacks, inseparable from his vein of wit, he could yet be a powerful and convincing reasoner.

Sydney frequently said of his reviews that they were all written for laughing; but when he republished them he stated that his motive was to show, if he could, that he had not bestowed the whole of his life in making jokes. Many of them are slight productions, which were probably struck off at a single sitting, and were not worth reprinting. The best have invariably a serious purpose, and he might justly appeal to them to prove that there was method in his mirth. His style, apart from his humour, is remarkable for its strength and vivacity. He cast off the incumbrance of prefatory observations and connecting links, grappled in succession with the salient points, and cared not how inelegant and abrupt might be his periods if they were telling and nervous. 'They would not take it,' urged Dr. Doyle, when Sydney proposed that Government should pay the Roman Catholic priests. 'Do you mean to say,' replied Sydney, 'that if every priest in Ireland received to-morrow morning a Government letter with a hundred pounds, first quarter of their year's income, that they would refuse it?' 'Ah, Mr. Smith,' rejoined Dr. Doyle, 'you've such a way of putting things.' This 'way of putting things,' this stripping off all the disguises of specious language, and presenting a case in its naked truth, was an art in which he was

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was never surpassed. It added greatly to the force of his writing that he minced nothing. Statements which other men reserved for the whispers of conversation, or communicated only by implication and allusion, he spoke out boldly to the world in the strongest terms the English tongue could afford. His jocosity aided him here by enabling him to throw over his attacks an air of good-humour, as if the kick he gave was only 'pretty Fanny's way.' Nobody can laugh and be angry, and the public chuckled at freedoms which in an austerer garb they would have condemned. His language was idiomatic with one exception—he employed polysyllabic epithets and grandiloquent expressions with the intention of producing a ludicrous effect—as when he speaks of 'the *vernal eruptions* of asparagus.' This is an easy art and not very diverting either. In his graver moments he rose occasionally to a high strain of eloquence, and we know few more impressive passages than that which we quote from his article on 'Counsel for Prisoners,' which describes a state of things that has now happily ceased to exist, and which this able essay did much to remedy:—

'It is a most affecting moment in a court of justice when the evidence has all been heard, and the Judge asks the prisoner what he has to say in his defence. The prisoner, who has (by great exertions, perhaps, of his friends) saved up money enough to procure counsel, says to the Judge "that he leaves his defence to his counsel." We have often blushed for English humanity to hear the reply: "Your counsel cannot speak for you, you must speak for yourself;" and this is the reply given to a poor girl of eighteen, to a foreigner, to a deaf man, to a stammerer, to the sick, to the feeble, to the old, to the most abject and ignorant of human beings. Can a sick man find strength and nerves to speak before a large assembly? Can an ignorant man find words? Can a low man find confidence? Is he not afraid of becoming an object of ridicule? Can he believe that his expressions will be understood? How often have we seen a poor wretch, struggling against the agonies of his spirit, and the rudeness of his conceptions, and his awe of better-dressed men and better-taught men, and the shame which the accusation has brought upon his head, and the sight of his parents and children gazing at him in the Court, for the last time, perhaps, and after a long absence! The mariner sinking in the wave does not want a helping hand more than does this poor wretch. But help is denied to all! Age cannot have it, nor ignorance, nor the modesty of women! One hard uncharitable rule silences the defenders of the wretched in the worst of human evils; and at the bitterest of human moments mercy is blotted out from the ways of men.'

The letters, which are introduced by an excellent preface from the pen of Mrs. Austin, fill the second of the two volumes that Lady Holland has devoted to her father's memory, and do credit, if we except occasional outbreaks of political intolerance, to his

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his honesty, his heart, and his understanding. If they are read as the finished compositions of a wit they would disappoint expectation. Read for what they are, the spontaneous and unaffected outpourings of a man who wrote without forethought or effort, they are a proof of the clearness of his conceptions, the vigour and brevity of his statements, and the perennial fertility of his comic fancy. In his correspondence with men his tone is almost uniformly candid and masculine, and when he praises he speaks the language of truth and soberness. Towards ladies he indulges in complimentary embellishments. With so many other powers of pleasing he did not neglect the maxim of Voltaire, 'L'art de louer commença l'art de plaire.' Nor can we forbear to remark that there is a want of delicacy in the practice, which has been latterly gaining ground, of persons sending letters for publication full of panegyrics upon themselves. The surest way to neutralise the commendation is for the subject of it to be in any way accessory to its promulgation.

To those who enjoyed the society of Sydney Smith nothing in the intellectual achievements of the man seemed more remarkable than his colloquial powers. Several of his sayings are current, and have naturally led persons who were never in his company to infer that his wit was exhibited in short and pointed repartees. It chiefly consisted, on the contrary, in a species of burlesque representation of any circumstance which occurred, the rapid invention of his humorous imagination presenting it under all manner of ridiculous lights. As the grotesque conceptions fell from his lips, he accompanied them with a loud, jovial, contagious laugh. There are few subjects which will not lend themselves to this mirth-moving process, few which are not capable of being shown with a little distortion under ludicrous aspects. Those who are adepts in this description of fun are therefore more uniformly entertaining than men who deal in the terser retorts for which the course of conversation seldom affords any scope. Of the latter kind of wit there is not much that will bear to be repeated; but the whole of the former expires with the burst of laughter it originally provokes. Dissociated from the circumstances which produced it, the comicality is lost, and the nonsense remains. Not only must the tree, with all its roots and fibres, be transplanted, but the entire soil from which it derived its nutriment. Moore records in his Journal, that, walking home at night with Luttrell and Sydney Smith, they 'were all three seized with such convulsions of cachinnation at something which Sydney said, that they were obliged to separate and reel each his own way with the fit.' Yet the poet could not remember, when he came to make the entry, what this 'something' was, so entirely was it dependent upon

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upon the whim of the moment for its value, and so fleeting the impression which it left upon the mind. Moore on various occasions has epitomised sallies of Sydney Smith which were more than ordinarily amusing, and they give about the same idea of his fun as an index would do of a Waverley novel or one of Byron's tales. The specimens of his witticisms which continue to circulate owe the privilege to their being exceptions to his predominant vein, which could no more be perpetuated than the flash from a gun. The example in these volumes of his ordinary manner, which retains perhaps most of its primitive spirit, is his exclamation when he was told that a young Scotchman was about to marry a portly widow:—

'"Going to marry her! going to marry her! impossible! you mean a part of her: he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case not of bigamy, but trigamy; the neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her!—it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her, or give an assembly with her, or perhaps take your morning's walk round her, always provided there were frequent resting-places, and you were in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way, and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act and disperse her; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her." "Oh, Mr. Sydney," said a young lady, recovering from the general laugh, "did you make all that yourself?" "Yes, Lucy, all myself, child; all my own thunder. Do you think when I am about to make a joke I send for my neighbours Carew and Geering, or consult the clerk and churchwardens upon it?"'

His moods were various, and his serious conversation, which was usually interspersed with touches of fun, was of a superior kind. Not only was he entertaining himself, but he had the art of bringing the most discordant materials into social harmony, insomuch that he used to say that he was a moral amalgam for blending repellent natures. This thought for his company, as well as for himself—the desire to give every one a share in the talk and to make the best of their several talents—is a proof of large sympathies, and an unusual toleration and benevolence of feeling.

The Memoir by Lady Holland, from which we have drawn our sketch, has the rare merit of presenting a vivid picture of the character of her father, and his mode of living in his family. Some of the reminiscences are rather trivial, and would have been better omitted. The same may be said of the fragments from his conversation and manuscripts; but much is amusing and instructive, and we give a few of the passages which appear to us the best. He commenced a work under the title of 'Practical

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'Practical Essays,' which it is greatly to be regretted he should never have finished. His excellent sense, his extensive experience of life and character, his shrewdness of observation, and the strong and entertaining way in which he stated obvious but neglected truths, would have made it an admirable manual of practical wisdom. Of the unfinished sketches which remain one is entitled 'Of the Body:'—

'The longer I live the more I am convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca, and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place, from a vexed duodenum, or an agitated pylorus. The deception as practised upon human creatures is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late; he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these excellent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London, and to retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster: and when over-excited nature has had time to manage this testaceous encumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind. In the same manner, old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings of the body produce correspondent sensations in the mind, and a great scene of wretchedness is sketched out by a morsel of indigestible and misguided food. Of such infinite consequence to happiness is it to study the body.'

In his old age, when he began himself to feel the miseries of indigestion, he came to the conclusion that mankind consumed about twice too much, and that he himself had eaten and drunk between his tenth and seventieth year forty four-horse waggon-loads more than was good for him. 'The value of this mass of nourishment I considered to be worth seven thousand pounds sterling. It occurred to me that I must by my voracity have starved to death fully a hundred persons. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true.'

Excellent is his 'definition of hardness of character:'—

'Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others; it does not proceed from malignity or a carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the greatest good-humour and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of his hoof upon your heart. Analyse the conversation of a well-bred man who is clear of the besetting sin of hardness; it is a perpetual homage

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homage of polite good-nature. He remembers that you are connected with the Church, and he avoids, whatever his opinions may be, the most distant reflections on the establishment; he knows that you are admired, and he admires you as far as is compatible with good breeding; he sees that, though young, you are at the head of a great establishment, and he infuses into his manner and conversation that respect which is so pleasing to all who exercise authority; he leaves you in perfect good-humour with yourself, because you perceive how much and successfully you have been studied. In the mean time the gentleman on the other side of you (a highly moral and respectable man) has been crushing little sensibilities, and violating little proprieties, and overlooking little discriminations; and without violating anything which can be called a *rule*, or committing what can be denominated a fault, has displeased and dispirited you, from wanting that fine vision which sees little things, and that delicate touch which handles them, and that fine sympathy which this superior moral organisation always bestows.'

Even the worst of these offenders believe themselves to be gentlemen—the same want of mental perception which hinders their being such equally preventing them from seeing that they are habitually jarring strings, of which the quiverings are inappreciable by their coarser senses.

'Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love, and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence. If I lived under the burning sun of the equator, it would be a pleasure to me to think that there were many human beings on the other side of the world who regarded and respected me; I could not and would not live if I were alone upon the earth, and cut off from the remembrance of my fellow-creatures. It is not that a man has occasion often to fall back upon the kindness of his friends; perhaps he may never experience the necessity of doing so; but we are governed by our imaginations, and they stand there as a solid and impregnable bulwark against all the evils of life. . . . Very few friends will bear to be told of their faults; and if done at all, it must be done with infinite management and delicacy. If the evil is not very alarming, it is better indeed to let it alone, and not turn friendship into a system of lawful and unpunishable impertinence.'

He considered friendship with a woman the source of the highest possible delight to those who were fortunate enough to form it, and in this he spoke from personal experience. The following are from his conversation:—

'When I praised the author of the New Poor Law the other day, three gentlemen at table took it to themselves and blushed up to the eyes.'

'Have you heard of Niebuhr's discoveries? All Roman history reversed; Tarquin turning out an excellent family man, and Lucretia a very doubtful character, whom Lady —— would not have visited.'

'Some one said it was foolhardy in General Fitzpatrick to insist upon

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upon going up alone in the balloon when it was found there was not force to carry up two. "No," he said, "there is always something sublime in sacrificing to great principles; his profession was courage."'

'When I hear the rustics yawn at my sermons, it reminds me of Lord Ellenborough, who, on seeing Lord —— gape during his own long and dull speech, said, "Well, I must own there is some taste in that, but is he not rather encroaching on our privileges?"'

'Bobus used to say that there was more sense and good taste in the whole House of Commons than in any one individual of which it was composed.'

'True it is most painful not to meet the kindness and affection you feel you have deserved, but it is a mistake to complain of it; you cannot extort friendship with a cocked pistol.'

'Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. "Dine with me to-day; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you." I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere.'

'Creevy told me once, when dining with Sheridan, after the ladies had departed he drew his chair to the fire, and confided to Creevy that he had just had a fortune left him. "Mrs. Sheridan and I," said he, "have made the solemn vow to each other to mention it to no one, and nothing induces me now to confide it to you but the absolute conviction that Mrs. Sheridan is at this moment confiding it to Mrs. Creevy again." Soon after this I went to visit him in the country with a large party; he had taken a villa. No expense was spared; a magnificent dinner, excellent wines, but not a candle to be had to go to bed by in the house; in the morning no butter appeared, or was to be procured for breakfast. He said it was not a butter country, he believed. But with Sheridan for host, and the charm of his wit and conversation, who cared for candles, butter, or anything else?'

'That is a fine idea of Clarke's:—"The frost is God's plough, which he drives through every inch of ground in the world, opening each clod and pulverising the whole."'

'In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigour it will give your style.'

'Speaking of a robbery: "It is Bacon, I think, who says so beautifully, He that robs in darkness break's God's lock." How fine that is!'

'Mr. P—— said to him, "I always write best with an amanuensis." "Oh! but are you quite sure he puts down what you dictate, my dear P——?"'

'Some one speaking of Macaulay: "I take great credit to myself; I always prophesied his greatness from the first moment I saw him, then a very young and unknown man, on the Northern Circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge on small subjects as well as great; he is like

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like a book in breeches. . . . I agree he is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies might perhaps have said before, though I never did so, that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful. But what is far better and more important than all this is that I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, titles before him in vain. He has an honest genuine love of his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests."'

'We both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes when I have told a good story I have thought to myself, "Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that."'

Once, when he was devising tortures for his acquaintance, after the manner of the 'Inferno' of Dante, the penalty he assigned to Mr. Macaulay was to be dumb. In this instance the saying of Voltaire was falsified, that Monologue was always jealous of Dialogue. A letter of Mr. Macaulay, inserted in the Memoir, attests his admiration of Sydney Smith 'as a great reasoner and the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift.' That ridicule, if the word is to be understood in an offensive sense, was never turned upon his friends, but he loved to sport with their peculiarities, and so well was the kindly spirit of his comic exaggerations understood, that we never heard of his giving offence to any one of his associates in the whole course of his life. 'You have been laughing at me constantly for the last seven years,' Lord Dudley remarked, when Sydney went to take leave of him on quitting London for Yorkshire; 'and yet in all that time you never said a single thing to me I wished unsaid.' To have possessed such powers of ridicule, and to have used them so benevolently, is in itself a panegyric.

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ART. VI.—1. *La Croyance à l'immaculée Conception de la Sainte Vierge ne peut devenir dogme de foi.* Par M. l'Abbé Laborde. 3ème édition. Paris. 1854.

2. *Lettre à N. S. P. le Pape Pie IX. sur l'impossibilité d'un nouveau dogme de foi relativement à la Conception de la Sainte Vierge.* Par M. l'Abbé Laborde. Français et Latin. Paris. 1854.

3. *Relation et Mémoire des opposans au nouveau dogme de l'immaculée Conception, et à la Bulle 'Ineffabilis.'* Par M. l'Abbé Laborde.

4. *De immaculato B. V. Mariæ conceptu an dogmatico decreto definiri possit.* Disquisitio theologica Joannis Perrone, e Soc. Jesu in Coll. Rom. Theol. Prof. Monasterii Guestphalorum, 1848.

5. *The 8th December*, 1854: *Some account of the definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Mother of God, with the dogmatic Bull of His Holiness, and a Preface.* By a Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. London.

6. *Pastoral Letter of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, announcing the definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.* London. 1855.

7. *A Pastoral Charge by the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis on the recent dogmatical definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary.* Edinburgh. 1855.

8. *On the Immaculate Conception.* Nos. XII. and XLIII. of Occasional Sermons, preached in Westminster Abbey. By Chr. Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster.

9. *Rome: her new Dogma and our Duties.* A Sermon preached before the University, at St. Mary's Church, Oxford, on the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. By Samuel Lord Bishop of Oxford. 1855.

THE 8th December, 1854, was a high day and a holiday in the Romish Church. Rome herself was stirred up from the remotest of her seven hills in jubilant expectation. Before the dawn her population was all astir, and the peasantry, dressed in their holiday attire, poured in at the gates to swell the throng which, from all parts of the city, was already making its way towards the great Basilica of St. Peter. The inhabitants were busy decking out the windows and balconies with stuffs of every texture and colour, from the gorgeous silks and velvets of the palace to the particoloured counterpane of the humble hostelry. The sun rose bright in an unclouded sky, turning into diamonds the drops of the last night's rain

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rain which fringed the projecting eaves, and lighting up nature with the holiday air which pervaded the crowd.

It is the Feast of the Conception: and who knows not that Rome has ever prided herself on the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, the Queen of Heaven? We remember that when cholera was first making its dreaded approach, 'theological proof' was offered in the Roman pulpits that it *could* not enter the favoured city.* When the scourge came nevertheless, the notices of infallible preservatives with which the walls were placarded spoke less confidently of spices and drugs to be purchased of the chemist, than of prayers and litanies to be recited to the Virgin; and when the plague was stayed, the visitors who again flocked into the city found her images lighted up, by fear or gratitude, with candles such as in size and number had never blazed beneath them before.

It is the Feast of the Conception: but there is something more—something to distinguish the present festival from its predecessors, and from the numberless other holidays with which the Romish Calendar encourages idleness and baffles thrift. With eager curiosity the crowds throng the entrance to St. Peter's, where a plenary indulgence invites their attendance. Presently the swell of a distant chant announces that the procession is issuing from the Sistine Chapel, and, in gorgeous state exceeding that of any temporal prince, the officials of the Pontifical Court defile down the magnificent Scala Regia. Behind them a silver cross is seen to gleam in the distance, and burning tapers, struggling with the day, shed a mistiness, rather than light, over the increasing splendour of the procession. The pastors of the orthodox Greek Church (few and scanty are their flocks),† conspicuous by their venerable beards and gorgeous costume, are followed by the Latin Bishops, Archbishops, and Cardinals, in their robes of state and glittering mitres, two by two, each rising in rank and dignity as they more

* It is highly probable that the preachers had received a hint from the Government to do their best to allay the panic which predisposes to disease, and renders the terrified mob ungovernable. Subsequently the authorities found it necessary to check the religious zeal which they had previously encouraged. Penitential processions were prohibited on finding how much barefooted piety contributed to fill the cemeteries.

† The Emperor of Constantinople, John Palæologus, in order to obtain assistance from the West against the Turks, subscribed to articles of union with the Latin Church, at the Council of Florence in 1439. These articles were indignantly rejected by the Greek Church, with the exception of a very small minority, which has ever since remained in communion with Rome, and which, inconsiderable as it is in every respect, has been dignified by the Pope with the name of the 'Orthodox' Greek Church, and is very useful to him by sending its bishops to attend his court, and by their presence at all great ceremonies to give an air of reality to his pretensions as 'Universal Patriarch.'

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nearly precede the golden canopy which announces the presence of the Pontiff himself. As the procession slowly sweeps through the marble portico, the huge fans of peacock and ostrich feathers, the remains of Royal and Oriental state, such as in Egyptian pictures are seen to accompany the Pharaohs in their triumphs, precede the chair on which the Pope is borne aloft, and from which he showers down blessings (we mean benedictions) on the kneeling crowd. The great doors, thrown open to receive the procession, show the interior of the church decked in its gala array. The chant (it is the Litany of the Saints) draws to a close as the pageant enters, and is gradually lost in the luminous haze and dim immensity of the building. The procession is long, the attendance of prelates very numerous; more than two hundred, some of whom are come from very distant lands, are said to be present; in other respects the pomp displayed is only what on great occasions is usual: as usual too the whole ceremony is more striking in description than in reality. Assuredly the Pontifical 'funzioni' are not calculated for the sentimental traveller. They cannot be seen without an amount of contrivance and forethought, and without an exertion of dexterity and physical strength, which are destructive of all sentiment. Nor are they intended for the poor; the reserved places are numerous, the Swiss guards inflexible, the hedge of soldiers impenetrable. The ceremonies themselves have the defect of excessive length. On this 8th of December, though the procession entered the church soon after sunrise, it is a quarter past 11 before the last notes of the Gospel, chanted first in Latin and then in Greek, as is usual at the Papal Mass, die away on the ear and are succeeded by a deep silence. Those who can see and those who know the programme are aware that 'Cardinal Macchi (then in his eighty-sixth year), the dean of the Sacred College, is approaching the steps of the Papal throne,' in order to make a solemn petition in the name of the Church. 'He is accompanied by a Greek and an Armenian bishop as his supporters and witnesses, together with the twelve senior archbishops of the Western Church, and the officers of the Pontifical household who are the official witnesses of such important transactions.'—(Wiseman's *Pastoral Letter*, p. 6.) The Pontiff answers favourably, but 'calls on all to join him in first invoking the light and grace of the Holy Spirit.' Accordingly the *Veni Creator Spiritus* is intoned. And again there is a silence deeper and more solemn than before. But even at the verge of the crowd there is or seems to be audible at moments a voice rendered tremulous by age or emotion. It ceases, and suddenly a movement among the spectators, rapid as electricity, makes us sensible that the tension is relaxed, the suspense

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is over, the cannon of St. Angelo, re-echoed by mortars in the streets, and the bells of all the churches, announce to the city and the world, *urbi et orbi*, that some event of great interest to Christendom is consummated.

And so it is. The Pope, speaking 'ex cathedrâ,' has dogmatically defined the 'Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary.' By this ambiguous phrase is designated the doctrine that the Virgin was not only miraculously born of sterile parents* (for to this assertion Rome had already long ago committed herself), but that further she was conceived without the taint of original sin. This proposition has long been disputed in the Romish Church, but henceforth it is a necessary part of the Christian faith. The Bull 'Ineffabilis Deus,' by which the Pope announces to the world his decision, has since been published with great rejoicings in all the dioceses into which he has been pleased to divide this country, and has been accompanied by pastoral letters of the respective bishops to explain and defend the doctrine, and to expose with triumphant commiseration the ignorance and misstatements of their Protestant opponents. One or two of these productions which have fallen in our way we have inserted in our list, but it must not be understood that they have been selected as the most remarkable either for their talent or their violence. The words of the 'definition' which was read by the Pope in St. Peter's, are thus translated by the 'Priest of Westminster:'—

'We declare, pronounce, and define, that the doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary at the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace of the omnipotent God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ the Saviour of mankind, was preserved immaculate from all stain of original sin, has been revealed by God, and therefore should be firmly and constantly believed by all the faithful.' —P. 28.

Mr. Laborde, the most conspicuous of the opponents of the doctrine in the Romish Church, seems to think that an essential formality was omitted when the above declaration was substituted for the perusal of the Bull *in extenso*. But the latter operation, it had been ascertained by actual experiment, could not be completed in less than two hours—a fearful addition to a 'function' already too long for dramatic effect, and for the patience both of performers and spectators, the vast majority of whom must have been fasting. Nor indeed do we see the force of his objection. The whole of the

* Bossuet in his Catechism quotes for this the Bull Cum præexcelsa of Sixtus IV., by which however the doctrine is implied rather than asserted.

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public ceremonial must in candour be interpreted merely as a type, or abridged scenic representation, of the measures actually taken by the Church in preparing and pronouncing this decision. On hearing the desired 'definition' the Cardinal Dean again advanced, attended as before, to return the grateful thanks of the universal Church; and the 'Promoter of the Faith' * stepped forward to ask if it was his Holiness' pleasure that Letters Apostolic in conformity with the decree should be prepared. 'Let them be prepared' ('conficiantur'), replied the Pope; and accordingly this high functionary called the College of Protonotaries to witness the order he had received ('testes estis'), and retired. All this, including the previous petition of the Church and the formal invocation of the Holy Spirit, is a mockery of God and man, if it is to be understood to apply in a literal sense to a document long since discussed, drawn up, and ready for immediate publication.

The Bull is dated on the very day, the 8th December, 1854. It contains an elaborate defence of the doctrine, to which we shall advert presently, and proceeds to enforce it with the usual damnatory clauses, pronouncing that 'whoever shall presume to think otherwise has suffered shipwreck of the faith, has revolted from the unity of the Church, and, if he gives utterance to his thought, he incurs by his own act the penalties justly established against heresy.'

In this anathema lies the real force of all that has been done. There is no law where there is no penal sanction. At sundry times the Popes have done all they could, or at least all they dared, to encourage the belief; but till now they have cautiously abstained from doing that which alone can impose it on the consciences of the faithful. In the anathema lies the novelty which the Romanists repudiate as so heavy a charge, indignantly denouncing the ignorance of Protestants who accuse them of introducing a new article into the creed. Whether the doctrine in question can as an opinion or belief be called *new*, is a merely verbal dispute, for we shall shortly proceed to show exactly how old it is. That it is new as a dogma of faith is attested by the solemn ceremonial we have been describing. If Mr. Laborde had died on the 7th December last, he would have been, or at least he might have been saved; if he had died on the 9th he must have been eternally lost. It is no business of ours to find plausibly-sounding circumlocutions to convey

* Promotor fidei, an important law-officer belonging to the sacred congregation of rites; he is sometimes called 'quæsitor de honoribus cœlestium,' because it is his official duty to oppose the claims of the candidates for beatification and canonization, in order to secure the complete investigation of them. This office was held many years by Lambertini, afterwards Benedict XIV.

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or to conceal the extravagances of Rome's exclusive doctrine. This is the plain fact; and to assert that no innovation is made by a decree which involves such important practical consequences to at least one part of the Romish flock, and which by the other is considered to conduce so much (we own we do not see exactly why) to the Virgin's honour and to their own exuberant satisfaction, is contrary to common sense, and to the whole tenour of the language held by the Church of Rome itself on this occasion.

All this may seem very unimportant to historians of the old school, for whom, as a modern French writer * expresses it, all history lies in a barrack or an antechamber, in the marches of armies or the intrigues of courts. Fifty years ago this movement of the Romish Church would have been treated with sovereign contempt, if not with irreverent ridicule; but fifty years ago it could not have been made. At that time Rome would have had neither the wish nor the power to assume this attitude of defiance, and the change affords matter for serious reflection.

Every year strengthens our conviction that 'Church affairs' are more important than the ancient chronicler was able to see or the modern philosopher has chosen to avow. The free-thinking historian of the last century in his anxiety to depress the Church for the future underrates her influence on the past, and the politician of the present day, in his pursuit of temporary expediency, affects to despise the agency whose operation it suits his purpose to overlook. But whatever philosophers may think or politicians may say, religious feeling, and the various combinations which spring from it, the conflict of the ecclesiastical and civil powers, and the collision of differing creeds and opinions, have supplied some of the most important springs of human action since the introduction of Christianity. The 'Priest of Westminster' assures us that 'the 8th December, 1854, was perhaps to the Christian world the most important day that has dawned since the Council of Trent.' (p. 5.) And we are disposed to believe that there may be less of rhetorical flourish in this assertion than perhaps the reverend writer himself intended. The establishment of a dogma has sometimes been a great political event, and in this light it is possible the historian will see cause to view the recent settlement of the dispute respecting the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary.

The doctrine itself is but a small addition to the heterogeneous mass of fiction with which Rome has overlaid the simplicity of the Gospel, but the principles she must sanction, in order to make it an

* Lanfrey, L'Eglise et les Philosophes du 18ème Siècle, p. 130.

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article of faith, are matters of no small moment. By this step she has voluntarily taken up the position to which it has been the object of all hostile controversy to drive her, and on this disadvantageous ground henceforth her battles must be fought. In her own vineyard she has sown the seeds of schism, which sooner or later must bear fruit. What may be the numerical strength of the dissentient party we have no means of estimating; that they count in their ranks men of considerable ability and learning is sufficiently proved by the Abbé Laborde's publications which we have placed at the head of our list. His first work was written when it was not heretical to hold, though, as the event has proved, it was not permitted to avow, an opinion unfavourable to the fashionable doctrine. It made a great sensation at Paris, and was (no wonder) put into the 'Index,' or list of prohibited books at Rome; for it was easier to condemn his conclusions by authority than to confute them by reasoning. It is a protest against the decision then impending, and is especially valuable now as a record of the sentiments entertained by reasonable Romanists before the decree, which, after five hundred years' hesitation, still seems to us precipitate, had reduced them to the alternative of schism or silence. Whether that schism must be pushed to separation is an anxious question. Mr. Laborde's 'Mémoire des Opposans' is an attempt which in similar cases has so often been made, and hitherto always in vain, to dispute the dogmatical authority of the Pope without deserting the doctrine of Rome. What ulterior steps may be taken by the dissentients they themselves perhaps can as yet hardly foresee. It is not at the present time that we expect the full consequences of what has been done to be developed, but that the future results may be important is unquestionable. Great events have risen from smaller beginnings; and so vast is the influence exercised by the Romish Church over the destinies of mankind in general, and so complicated and perilous have our manifold blunders in legislation made her relations with our Protestant government in particular, that, in introducing to our readers a subject in which her interests are so deeply involved, we are leading them, as we believe, into a social and political, rather than a theological discussion.

Indeed with the theological part of the subject we have no intention professedly and directly to meddle. Few Protestant readers can need any arguments of ours to discredit a theory which is maintained not only without the support, but contrary to the authority of Scripture,* and is, in fact, only the development of

* It is not denied by the Romanists that the words of Scripture, taken in their obvious sense, are opposed to the doctrine. Father Perrone's solution of this difficulty, logical

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of previous fictions as baseless as itself. But in order to understand the nature of the step which Rome has taken, and to appreciate its consequences, we must trace the history of the doctrine, from the first mention of it as a vulgar error, through its successive stages as a disputed thesis and a 'pious persuasion,' till we arrive at its final triumph as a dogma of the Church; and in its history is incidentally involved its completest refutation. Moreover the investigation has a further interest, inasmuch as it throws light on the formation of what Professor Butler calls the 'mythology of the Romish Church,' and also on its internal condition and policy. In a notable instance we are enabled to mark every stage of the process by which errors gradually accumulating have been consolidated into an article of faith, just as the sand rolled down by some huge river is formed at its mouth into a delta, which at last rivals in solidity the adjacent continent; and one example presents the type of all. The history of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception does not differ from that of the other additions which Rome has made to Gospel truth, except by the notoriety of its facts and the clear light which controversy has thrown on every step of its progress, till at last its triumph is consummated, not in a dark age and at a remote period, but in our own times and under our own eyes, and hence the value of the lesson to speak to those whom history warns in vain:—

> 'Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus;'

and not less clearly will the narrative expose the arts of compromise and evasion by which the Roman See is wont to preserve its own authority together with a nominal conformity among its members, and will show how much perplexity, indecision, and discord characterize the internal state of that Church which to the admiring eyes of some even of our own communion presents so fair an exterior of consistency and unity.

The origin of Mariolatry is to be sought in the natural weaknesses and corruptions of the human heart, and in the traditional prejudices of paganism, rather than in any specific error or wilful and premeditated deception of the hierarchy. If the Church of Rome is infallibly inspired, it is in the body of believers that the

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logical and conclusive to a Romanist, is to a Protestant nothing less than the surrender of the point in dispute. His only proof that these passages in Scripture cannot *really* be opposed to the doctrine, is that in that case the [Romish] Church would never have qualified it as a 'pious permission.' He argues:—'Objecta Scripturarum eloquia B. Virginem non tangere; *alioquin nullo pacto ut pia aut propugnari aut prædicari posset hæc sententia, sed omnino ut falsa, ut impia, neque ferenda, quippe quæ Bibliorum auctoritati contraria habenda esset.*' (p. 84.)

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creative energy of infallibility resides; it is the 'vox populi' that is the 'vox Dei.' In almost all her innovations the authorities have followed, not taken, the lead, and have contented themselves with sanctioning, from time to time, the popular notions which it was dangerous to oppose or convenient to encourage. 'Ex oribus parvulorum' will no doubt be the favourite text of the disciples of development, who seem much inclined to adopt this theory of the Church's inspiration, forgetful that it is altogether below her pretensions, and that the very idea of her infallibility is inconsistent with this eclecticism. By the writers of Dr. Newman's school the worship of the Virgin is described as springing none can say whence, pervading the early Church as the perfume scents the summer air, and deriving additional credibility from the absence of all support of authority or reason—a mode of argument which, if it had occurred to the ancient divines, would have saved them, and us too, a great deal of trouble. In 421 the Council of Ephesus gave the title of 'Theotokos,' or Mother of God, to the Virgin. Its object was not to enhance the dignity of Mary, but to vindicate the divinity of Christ in opposition to the heresy of Nestorius; and in this sense its decree was limited and explained. But it is certain that the epithet, or rather title, which in assertion of the orthodox doctrine was henceforth introduced into many passages of the Eastern and Western liturgies, strengthened the prevailing tendency to exalt the Virgin Mother. Its continual recurrence constantly suggested to men of warm feelings and strong imaginations the argument of congruity or fitness, and led them to devise by their own unassisted conjectures what it was fitting for them to believe and God to decree for the exaltation of one so highly favoured. The growth of saint and image worship augmented the zeal with which the Virgin, the chief of saints, whose image was the most attractive of images, was adored. At the opening of the ninth century* the legend of her 'Assumption' was universally received. Its details were confused and contradictory; but nothing less than an assumption would satisfy the faithful, and to gratify them the Church appointed a festival in its honour. New titles, new attributes, new religious rites, were emulously invented, till at last (says Sarpi), about the year 1050, a service to the Virgin was introduced, such as had hitherto been reserved for the Deity alone.† To be wise beyond

* An earlier date is often assigned; it is impossible to arrive at any accuracy on these points. Some authorities give as the date the time when the doctrine first attracted attention, some that when it was generally admitted.

† 'Un uffizio quotidiano distinto per sette hore canoniche alla B. Vergine, nella forma che da antichissimo tempo era sempre consueto celebrarsi in honor della Maestà divina.'—Sarpi, 5th Session, Anno 1446.

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what is written is the peculiar snare of the Christian Church, as the proximity of the Canaanitish idols was the stumbling-block of Israel. This love of speculation, combined with zeal for Mary, soon made the faithful dissatisfied with the primitive doctrine, which did not attribute to the Virgin an origin to distinguish her from other children of our common parents. It was fitting, they urged, that her birth should not be less miraculous than that of John the Baptist; it was fitting that her holiness should amount to absolute impeccability; it was fitting that this impeccability should be secured by a sanctification which had taken place previously to her birth. These and similar 'pious beliefs' grew up in the Church, singularly unsupported by Papal or conciliar sanction, and it is remarkable that such sanction as was given was for the most part late, inconclusive, and indirect. But, nevertheless, they were adopted by the principal theologians, and must be considered as the doctrine of the mediæval Church.

This successive germination of one idea from another, and the gradual transformation of each into an article of faith, constitute the process which Mr. Newman has dignified by the name of development, a term speciously devised to imply the conclusions which it was his business to prove. Professor Butler* complains of the ambiguity of a word 'which is equally employed (in its common application to the growth of organic structures) for the unfolding of *original elements*, and the further incorporation of *foreign materials*.' But it is this ambiguity which gives it its value when applied in a metaphorical sense to the theory by which Mr. Newman endeavours to raise falsehood by lowering truth, and thus 'to solve the difficulty which is occasioned' (to the Romanist only, be it observed) 'by the difference between mediæval and primitive Christianity.' To the cause of truth the introduction of such a term as 'development' can only be injurious: it is vague and inadequate when used to express the deductions of a strictly logical process; and when applied to designate the doctrines that have successively gained currency in the Romish Church, it imputes a logical sequence to ideas which are connected only by order of time or by accidental association. The various inventions which we have enumerated, in honour of the Virgin, are 'developments' not of the archangel's salutation but of the wish to exalt the Mother of God, working upon minds which were not restrained by the silence of Scripture, nor even, at last, by its express contradiction. When mediæval theology had reached the point of attributing to the Virgin a sanctification previous to her birth, it is obvious that the

* Letters on the Development of Christian Doctrine, by Professor Butler, p. 99.

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next step must be to suppose that she was not born either in actual or original sin; that she was not born 'sanctificata' but 'sancta.' But this, though it might appear to the vulgar the natural complement of their creed, was immediately perceived by those who considered the matter more deeply to be a radical change of idea. Hitherto the teaching of the Church had only contradicted Scripture. Henceforth it would contradict itself. The new hypothesis was opposed, and from this opposition we are enabled with sufficient accuracy to fix its date. No fact in ecclesiastical history can be more clearly proved than that for the first ten centuries after Christ, 'not the faintest traces of it are to be found. No canon,' says M. Laborde, 'no fact, no dispute, no writing, reveals its existence;' and an overwhelming array of early fathers and of popes may be mustered, who in express terms maintain that all, with the sole exception of Christ, are included in original sin. But neither the silence nor the testimony of the fathers will convince those who have disregarded the silence and the testimony of Scripture. Both, say they, only prove that, at that time, 'there was no question of the Virgin.' On what hypothesis, asks M. Laborde (p. 87), could there be no question of the Virgin? That her Immaculate Conception was from the first universally believed?—Impossible. That men for a thousand years held different opinions on the subject, and never compared their sentiments?—Absurd. There remains, therefore, the only other possible hypothesis, which is the true one, that the doctrine was unknown.

But Rome is not so easily beaten, and she ever loves a double defence. Though the comparatively recent introduction of the doctrine is admitted, at least inferentially, by almost all its supporters, yet in express terms it is generally denied, and the Pope in his Bull, which is more argumentative than is compatible with infallible knowledge, or than is judicious in so weak a cause, labours hard to extract at least the 'germ' of the doctrine from the Scripture and tradition. The passages from Holy Writ (amongst which, Noah's Ark, Jacob's Ladder, and the Burning Bush are cited as types of the Immaculate Conception) are such as cannot be applied to the Virgin at all without begging the whole question at issue between the Romish and Reformed Churches; and if they could be so applied, have no more reference to the present subject of dispute than to any other perfection which a heated fancy may choose to ascribe to her. The quotations from the early fathers, given without references, are truly described by M. Laborde (Mémoire des Opposans, p. 79) as misconceptions and misquotations, impostures put forth to deceive the public, and such he undertakes to prove them before any council

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council or conference, in the presence of all Christendom. The Pope's uninspired supporters are not less bold in their assertions. Garbled quotations (Laborde, p. 54), interpolated and spurious passages, single phrases extracted from authors who in direct terms have held the contrary opinion,* have been brought forward with the most perverse ingenuity and persevering effrontery. But as an overreaching litigant endeavours, by all the arts of chicane, to contest every step of the suit, in order to defer the hearing of the cause, so it is ever the policy of Romish polemics to defend, with the most desperate tenacity, the most untenable positions—no matter at what expense of candour, sense, or truth. By this means Rome's own votaries, shrinking from discussion as from a sin, and, as Bishop Gillis says, 'anxious only to believe,' are satisfied that their teachers have much to say in their defence, and on the other hand, an air of littleness, perplexity, and obscurity is thrown over the dispute, which disgusts the inquirer, and induces him from sheer languor to dismiss the question as unintelligible. We will not weary the reader by pausing longer to sweep away the cobwebs which sophistry has spun over a matter of historical fact. For their exposure we must refer him to the works of M. Laborde and the learned and able sermons by English divines which we have prefixed to this article. That arguments so feeble and statements so untrue should have been employed at all, is a curious fact in the history of the Romish Church, and would be conclusive against any cause which could be fairly submitted to men's dispassionate judgment.

It might be difficult to fix with certainty the earliest indication of the doctrine; but it is perfectly clear that it first attracted notice about the year 1140, when St. Bernard wrote his celebrated letter to the Chapter of Lyons to reprove them for having introduced into their Church the Feast of the Conception. In this much-quoted document he argues under the impression that this innovation is a proof of their belief that the Conception was immaculate, and accordingly he proceeds to reprobate that theory as absurd—for why, he asks, should not the same honour be assigned to the Virgin's mother, and so on for ever?—as superstitious and presumptuous, because not authorized by the head of the Church—and above all, as *new*. St. Bernard was the most learned doctor of his time, and could not be ignorant of the doctrine and history of his

* Among others, St. Anselm, who is said to have introduced the belief into England, expressly holds the contrary doctrine in a letter written from Rome in 1098. A passage from St. Augustin is quoted by the Romanists as favourable to the opinion, which, on examination, has nothing whatever to do with it, and relates solely to the personal sinlessness of the Virgin.

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Church; he was also most remarkable 'for his devotion to the Virgin,' and therefore could have had no inducement to oppose the theory of her Immaculate Conception if he had not been revolted by its novelty and unreasonableness.

It is an instance of the unscrupulous dexterity of the Church of Rome that in the new office of the immaculate conception is introduced a portion of a sermon by St. Bernard; and also in the Encyclical Letter of the present Pope two passages remarkable for the boldness with which they transfer to the Virgin the attributes of Omnipotence are quoted from the works of the same father; and thus, in the minds of the unlearned, the name of St. Bernard, the great impugner of the doctrine, is associated with its defence and final triumph. The Scotch bishop shows himself still more eager, if not more artful, in pressing the saint into the service of the cause he opposed; for he assures us (p. 5) that, notwithstanding this letter, St. Bernard did virtually hold the doctrine he reprobates;* next, that he would hold it if he lived now; and lastly, that he was the only father who spoke against it for nineteen hundred years. Now, it is perfectly indifferent to our argument whether St. Bernard held the doctrine or not. His letter affords a proof which cannot be gainsaid, and which is all we wish to deduce from it, that at the time it was written the doctrine which it combats was *new*. Dr. Gillis' defence, which we should have thought better calculated for a meeting at the Dublin Rotunda than for the press of Edinburgh, is a melancholy proof what arguments may be addressed by their pastors to British Roman Catholics in the present excited state of religious feeling. Its last assertion is the most curious instance of jesuitically expressed truth or extravagantly bold misstatement that we remember to have seen. St. Bernard is popularly called the *last* of the 'fathers;' and

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* It is not possible nor at all necessary to go into the Bishop's reasons for this assertion. The letter of St. Bernard is perfectly clear on the subject; it is very important, for it is certainly this letter which has prevented the definition of the dogma centuries ago. It is the 174th in the collection, and deserves to be read at length. The following are a few of the most important passages:—

'Unde miramur satis quid visum fuerit hoc tempore quibusdam vestrûm voluisse mutare colorem optimum *novam inducendo celebritatem, quam ritus ecclesiæ nescit, non probat ratio, non commendat antiqua traditio.* Nunquid patribus doctiores aut devotiores sumus? Periculose presumimus quicquid ipsorum in talibus prudentia præterivit? Nec vero id tale est, quod nisi prætereundum fuerit, patrum quiverit omnino diligentiam præterisse . . . . . Alioquin nulla ei ratione placebit contra ecclesiæ ritum præsumpta novitas, mater temeritatis, soror superstitionis, filia levitatis. Nam si sic videbatur consulenda erat prius apostolicæ sedis autoritas, et non ita præcipitanter atque inconsulte paucorum sequenda simplicitas imperitorum. . . . . Quid si alius propter eandem causam, etiam utrique parenti ejus festos honores asserat deferendos? Sed de avis et proavis idipsum posset pro simili causa quilibet flagitare, et sic tenderetur in infinitum, et festorum non esset numerus.'

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if the word 'father' is used in its stricter application, as he is the *first* who mentions the doctrine at all, so he must necessarily be the *sole* who speaks against it. If father, in a looser sense, is used to designate any great doctor of the church, how shall we qualify so strange an assertion respecting a doctrine which has been disputed for six hundred years, and which all the great teachers of the age succeeding that of the saintly Abbot of Clairvaux continued unanimously to condemn: Peter Lombard, Bishop of Paris, known in ecclesiastical history as Master of the Sentences, and all his commentators, St. Thomas Aquinas, 'the angelic doctor;' his master, Albertus Magnus; our countryman Alexander Hales, the 'irrefragable doctor,' and his pupil St. Buonaventura, the great doctor of the 'Seraphic' or Franciscan order, which subsequently identified its cause with that of the Immaculate Conception; and all the great founders and shining lights of the scholastic theology concurred in holding in express terms the contrary opinion.

But if the doctors of the 'School' did not favour the new theory, they prepared the way for its reception by the subtle and abstruse speculations of human reason which they substituted for the careful study of God's word, and even of the works of their predecessors. It was the temper of the day to believe that by syllogisms duly constructed it was possible to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. In physics men studied not the wonders of God's creation, but speculated on the means by which he might have effected it; in theology they substituted Aristotle (Sarpi complains) for the Scripture, and, instead of humbly inquiring what God had been pleased to reveal, they strove to ascertain by reasoning what it was consistent with his essence and dignity to ordain. In the year 1306 our countryman Duns Scotus, or John Scot of Duns, of the order of St. Francis, who filled the chair of divinity at Paris with such renown that he was known by the name of the 'subtle doctor,' was the first divine of note who proposed the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, not as a deduction from Scripture, nor as a tradition of the Church, but as a subtle speculation to be debated as an intellectual exercise. In the middle ages 'pure reason' laboured as hard to deface the fabric of the Gospel by a scaffolding of its own as it does in these days to overturn the building altogether. His words are very remarkable; they prove beyond a doubt that up to that time, from the days of St. Bernard, the doctrine had found no favour from the doctors and heads of the Church.

'God,' he says, 'might have ordered it so that the Blessed Virgin never was in original sin; he might have ordained that she should be in

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in it for not more than an instant; he might have ordained that she should remain in it for a long time, and was purified from it only at the last moment. Which of these possibilities is true He only knows; but it seems right to attribute to Mary that which is most excellent, provided always that it is not repugnant to the teaching of Scripture or the decree of the Church.

Scotus died in 1308, and probably never knew what tares he had sown in the Church. But the seed fell on ground only too well prepared to receive it, and brought forth a plentiful crop of formalism and strife. The proposition gained adherents and continued to be debated in the same spirit in which it was put forth, as an intellectual thesis. The affirmative was defended almost exclusively on the better ground of fitness. The argument was summed up by the schoolmen in the following formulary—'Potuit (Deus, scil.) decuit, ergo fecit.' Alas! what may not be proved by this train of reasoning if man is to be the judge of what it is fitting for God to do? How different (exclaims M. Laborde, p. 32) would the scheme of man's salvation have been, if man had been consulted as to its 'fitness'! And of this indeed those who thus argued for raising the Virgin above the lot of sinful humanity unconsciously gave proof, not perceiving that their zeal, which they attributed to a desire to do her honour, was but another symptom of the revolt of human reason against the mystery of the redemption as revealed by Scripture, and of man's desire to bring it into harmony with his own imaginations. On the other hand, those who maintained the negative were many, learned, and vehement, and religious rivalry gave to the dispute all the zest of a political contest. The Franciscans made it a point of vanity and interest to defend the theory of their great theologian Scotus. The Dominicans sided with their angelic doctor, Thomas of Aquinum, not yet a saint—but a saint, Sarpi tells us, this controversy made him; for the pope, John XXII., in order to punish the Franciscans for taking the part of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, whom he had excommunicated, determined to mortify them by canonizing the great doctor of the rival school of theology. But notwithstanding the beatification of Thomas Aquinas and the frowns of the Vatican, 'the pious opinion' (pia sententia), as it is called by Father Perrone, gained ground, especially in Paris, where the strife was hottest. Towards the close of the fourteenth century Johannes de Montesono, a Spanish Dominican, published fourteen propositions, by one of which he included the Virgin under original sin, and by another (intended no doubt as subsidiary to the former) he affirmed it to be contrary to the faith to assert anything to be true which was contradicted by Scripture.

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ture. All the fourteen were indignantly condemned by the Sorbonne. The Bishop of Evreux, who defended him, was obliged to recant, and to confess himself 'male consultus and male informatus;' and a persecution was raised against the Dominicans, who were expelled the university, denied the exercise of the priestly office, and were insulted by the mob in the streets; till, at last, they purchased a peace from their oppressors by concessions not more sincere than those extorted in a subsequent age from Galileo by the Inquisitors.

It is remarkable that the party which took the antipapal side in church government were the most vehement supporters of this (now-a-days ultramontane) doctrine respecting the Virgin Mary, and so entirely had divinity become a matter of human speculation —a branch of metaphysics unconnected with any revelation of God's will—that in the Council of Constance, which sat from 1414 to 1418, Gerson,* as Fleury tells us, the great advocate of Gallican liberties, proposed (but happily for the Council in vain) to make a declaration in favour of not merely the immaculate conception of the Virgin, but also that of St. Joseph. The 'pious opinion' was taken up twenty years later with more success at the Council of Bâle; and that it was there confirmed (though not indeed enforced by anathema) is no slight proof how much it had gained in the mean time in public estimation. For the Council, having been declared schismatical by the Pope, Eugenius IV., was anxious by the popularity of its acts to canvass for support, and, by declaring its adhesion to the new doctrine, hoped to enlist the sympathies of Christendom in its favour. But the Pope was triumphant, and neither he nor his successors would acknowledge any decision of a Council which, even before its open rupture, had done so much to limit the authority of the Roman see. For a time the ill-omened patronage of the fathers of Bâle threw the cause of the Virgin into discredit at Rome, and that her ultramontane advocates should now quote the decree of these schismatical doctors shows how difficult they find it to obtain support from more orthodox quarters.

Hitherto the Romish see appears to have been neutral in the dispute, if not hostile. But neutrality soon became impossible, and the first step it took was in favour of the 'pious persuasion.' In spite of St. Bernard's remonstrance, the festival of the Conception had been retained by the Canons of Lyons, and was subsequently introduced into many other churches, though as yet

* Jean Charlier was born at the village of Gerson in Champagne (whence the name by which he was commonly known). His works were printed in Holland in 1706, in 5 vols. folio.—Fleury, 'Hist. Eccl.' liv. ciii. No. 206.

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unsanctioned by papal authority. In the year 1476, a period of public calamity, when Rome was terrified by extraordinary inundations of the Tiber, and desolated by the pestilential fevers which the receding floods left behind them, the reigning Pope, Sixtus IV., determined to take some step to propitiate the Blessed Virgin, the protectress of the city. To this he was impelled by the superstition of the people, who were clamouring in mutinous devotion round the shrines of their patroness, and perhaps by his own, for, though in his moral conduct one of the worst of men, he was not uninfluenced by the formalistic piety of his age, and, as a Franciscan, he was willing to gratify the controversial vanity of his order by favouring the doctrine it had espoused. He established the feast of the Conception, and sanctioned the use of an office for it, composed by his secretary Negarola, in which it is styled 'immaculate,' but which was subsequently withdrawn.

It will be remembered that St. Bernard objected to the festival chiefly because he supposed that it implied a belief in the doctrine which he considered rash and unfounded. But as the feast continued to spread rapidly, while the doctrine remained unsupported by any authority of weight, it became necessary for the peace of the church, as well as for its credit and consistency, to repudiate this inference.* It was observed that many other obvious reasons might be assigned for celebrating the conception of one to whom so remarkable a place in the economy of the redemption was assigned. It was remarked that the Assumption was celebrated by its special festival, though the Assumption was not an article of faith. The example of the Eastern Church was quoted, which appointed a festival for the conception of St. John the Baptist, though no one ever attributed to him the high privilege which is now the subject of dispute. The feast it was found might be celebrated by the faithful in '*different senses*.' Those who objected to receive it as a confirmation of the Immaculate Conception understood it as a homage to the *spiritual* conception or sanctification of the Virgin, which was now an admitted point of orthodox belief. From the first, in short, its ambiguous character was established, and it thus became the prime agency in that legerdemain by which the Roman See presented the same object at the same time to the belief and the disbelief of different classes of her subjects. The festival was instituted by a Pope who probably desired

* Bellarmine and other great authorities are quoted to prove this. But it is clear that as long as the Church did enjoin the feast, and did not enforce the doctrine, it must have maintained there was no necessary connexion between the two.

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to prepare the way for the introduction of the doctrine; it was encouraged subsequently by Popes who did not wish or did not dare to confirm the doctrine, but were fain to gratify the turbulent piety of its adherents by privileges which they granted easily to the feast, because the grant did not involve a decision of the question. And now the feast and its privileges, having been employed for four hundred years by infallible authorities to mean something or to mean nothing as occasion required, are quoted by the present Pope, not less infallible than his predecessors, as meaning everything, and do in fact constitute the whole of that which the Bull 'Ineffabilis' can with any truth quote as the tradition of the Church.

Pope Sixtus, though he had meant to proceed tentatively and cautiously, found that he had gone a little too far—he had given encouragement enough to the advocates of the doctrine to make them violent, but not enough to make them victorious. He was alarmed at the tumult he had created, and in terms of the most indignant displeasure he thundered out in the bull 'Grave nimis' the strictest prohibition to discuss the matter at all, and denounced excommunication against either party which should presume to tax the other with heresy and impiety. But to silence theologians inflamed with the fury of controversy is beyond the power even of a Pope. The zeal for the Immaculate Conception only increased, and the agitation became so dangerous that Leo X. applied to the theologians to devise some remedial measure which he intended to submit to the council of the Lateran, but he was diverted from his purpose by the tumult of the Reformation, which (according to Sarpi) sobered the disputants for the moment, 'as the advance of the enemy calms the factions in a besieged city.'

As the time drew near when the Œcumenical Council, which from the first stage of the Reformation had been demanded by all Christendom, as the solution of all doubts, was at last after years of delay and difficulty about to be assembled at Trent, both parties looked forward with confidence to the final settlement of the dispute, and each anticipated a favourable decision. The Dominicans, as we are told by the great historian of the Council, relied on Scripture, the writings of the fathers, and the older scholastic writers; the Franciscans appealed only to the wide-spread popular belief, to revelations, and to miracles. Launoy speaks with the same contempt* which is implied by Father Paolos only, of

* 'Veritas Dei hominum mendacio non eget.' Launoy, a Jansenist, in the seventeenth century wrote two treatises on the Immaculate Conception, which may be called unanswerable. M. Laborde seems a little nettled at being told his arguments are only a reproduction of Launoy's, and urges that the question is not whether they are Launoy's, but whether they are sound.

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this superhuman testimony, which to Protestant ears would sound the weightiest that could be offered; but miracles in the Romish Church have always been a part of ecclesiastical machinery, and both the writers above quoted were too familiar with such tricks to attach much consequence to the performances of a thaumaturgic friar or the visions of a delirious nun.

In the 5th session of the Council, in the year 1546, the question of original sin was to be debated and defined, and it seemed inevitable that the Fathers must decide that the Virgin was or was not excepted from its operation. In vain the Pope's legates, who presided over the Council, reminded both parties that they were met to condemn the tenets of the heretics, and not to throw stumblingblocks in the way of the faithful. The matter was warmly debated. Giovanni of Udine urged on the part of the Dominicans this dilemma:*—

'Either St. Paul and the fathers believed this exemption of the Virgin from the common condition of man, or they did not. If they believed it, and yet in delivering the whole body of Christian doctrine made no mention of it, why will you not imitate their reserve? If they did not believe it, why do you introduce a new belief?'

The reply on the other side is remarkable, as showing a clear appreciation, by the supporters of the doctrine, of the only plea on which it can be defended—the possession by the Church of an unlimited power of development, or rather (for development is not sufficient) of creation. Father Lombardello, a Franciscan, retorted—

'That the actual Church had no less authority than the primitive Church, and that if the unanimous consent of the latter had taught her members to speak of original sin without exception of the Virgin, the consent of the former, which is proved by the universal acceptance of the feast [here is another instance of the part played in the dispute by the feast], should teach us now not to omit the exception.'

The legates in their perplexity applied to the Pope. A dispute in an infallible church is a scandal, but it is less scandalous than a schism. The Romish see, besides its primary object of obtaining a dogmatical decision against all who had renounced its obedience, had another hardly less important, which we would recommend to the attention of those English divines who believe that unity exists in the Romish Church, and that after her example, by a stringent dogmatism, unity may be preserved in our own Church: this object was to avoid giving any decision which might drive from her pale any who were willing to retain their allegiance. Now to decide against the sense or the nonsense,

* Sarpi, ed. 1629, p. 186.

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as Wilkes has it, of so large a part of Roman Catholic Europe was impossible. To oppose the learning and reasoning of the powerful order of St. Dominic, the guardians of the faith, the directors of the Holy Inquisition, was not less so. The doctrine was too new to confirm, too popular to condemn.

The legates received positive orders from the Pope to put an end to the dispute as they best could, and to enforce the silence enjoined by Sixtus IV. Accordingly they proposed (it was all they could do) that the inspired Council should declare it knew nothing about the matter, by subjoining to the decree on original sin that it intended neither to include nor to exclude the Virgin. The Franciscans struggled hard to introduce the Synod's approbation of the doctrine as a 'pious belief,' but they were foiled by the opposition of the legates who positively objected to confirm *indirectly* a doctrine to which they had refused their *direct* sanction. Nevertheless after endless disputes they were strong enough to carry the wording of the decree in the form least unfavourable to their own views. The Virgin was 'not included' in the general condemnation of the children of Adam, and those who pleased might hence infer her exclusion.* But to leave an open question is not the most dignified resource for an infallible authority, nor the readiest mode of silencing a dispute. The laity took up the matter, eager to propitiate so powerful a patroness as the Blessed Virgin, and delighted to work out their salvation at so cheap a rate: opposition seemed to give the doctrine fresh value in their eyes, and they were glad to save themselves the labour of reflection and discussion by acquiring the merit of an unreasoning faith. They formed confraternities to do the doctrine honour, and they instituted orders of chivalry to maintain it by knightly prowess against all gainsayers. The faculty of Theology of Paris, which ever since 1498 had made adhesion to the doctrine a necessary qualification for a degree, far outstripped in their zeal the orthodox standard. For a century or more they embroiled the church, and in disobedience to Popes and in defiance of councils continued to dispute and to persecute. More than once they incurred excommunication

* See Pallavicini, lib. vii. cap. 7. His testimony proves how anxious the Synod and its presidents were to repudiate the inference which Pius IX. draws from their decree. He is angry with Sarpi's arrogance in speaking disrespectfully of a doctrine which for three hundred years had appeared 'true or probable' to so many learned doctors. At every turn we meet with similar admissions from its advocates of its comparative novelty. The following are the words of the decree:—'Declarat tamen hæc ipse S. Synodus non esse suæ intentionis comprehendere in hoc decreto, ubi de peccato originali agitur, beatam et immaculatam Virginem Mariam Dei genitricem, sed observandas esse constitutiones felicis recordationis Sixti Papæ IV., sub pœnis in iis constitutionibus contentis, quas innovat.'

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and the guilt of schism, but schism in such a cause is soon healed and forgiven.

Stimulated by this example, many other of the most famous universities of Europe emulously professed their advocacy of the new doctrine. Henceforth the narrative records nothing but triumphs and conversions. But these triumphs and conversions, as M. Laborde remarks (p. 93), prove too much. In showing by how many the pious belief was received in the sixteenth century, they also show by how many it had in the former century been unknown or rejected.

It is acutely remarked by Southey* that the dispute had a greater effect in promoting Mariolatry than could have been produced by the tame acquiescence of all Europe in the new doctrine. Its opponents, dreading the stigma of impiety towards the mother of God, vied with its supporters in the exaggeration of their worship of her, and the extravagance of their fictions in her honour. The Dominicans, to regain their popularity, invented or revived the legend of the rosary, and endeavoured by feasts and confraternities, and other institutions connected with it, for all of which they obtained a liberal concession of indulgences from the holy see, to raise a counterpoise to the 'Immaculate Conception.' Like all who compete for popular favour, they outbid the extravagance and the mischief of their rivals. The new poison took effect, but did not act as a counterpoison. The mechanical devotion of the rosary supplied a cheap substitute for morality and religion, and completed the system of formalism with which Rome has got rid of the weightier matters of the law; but the devotion to the Immaculate Conception only became deeper, and the fury of the dispute waxed hotter. Towards the close of the century Pius V. found it necessary to prohibit by a new bull 'Super speculam' all further discussion of the subject in mixed assemblies and in the vulgar tongue, but he left to learned acrimony the safety valve of Latin and the divinity schools. He endeavoured to satisfy both parties by assigning to the feast of the Conception a new service which could offend neither, and he allowed the Franciscans to use the office of Nogarola in their own churches. Pius V. had been an Inquisitor, and was of course a Dominican.

Paul V. and Gregory XV., harassed by the pious importunities of the kings of Spain, who showed their devotion by making the interests of the Blessed Virgin at the Court of Rome a matter of secular diplomacy, gave bulls, enhancing the dignity of the 'Feast' and confirming those of their predecessors in the

* Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, Letter X.

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main,

main, but in their language more favourable to the fashionable doctrine. Gregory in a letter to the King of Spain explained that it was not in his power to do more, adding (in direct contradiction to the assertion of the present Pope) that the dogmatical decision which the King desired could not be given, *because the doctrine was not revealed by God;* * and by a special Bull (Eximii atque singularis) he gave permission to the Dominicans to continue their disputations on this subject. Alexander VII. at last published a Bull 'Sollicitando omnium ecclesiarum,' which Father Perrone boasts silenced the controversy. The fact is that the zeal of the combatants by a natural reaction had relaxed. Alexander's Bull, though stronger in its language, did not differ in substance from those of his predecessors. By all these Bulls it was forbidden to express the opinion that the Virgin was conceived in original sin, but it was nevertheless declared lawful to hold it, and unlawful to censure it. Shall we still hear complaints from certain English divines that our own Church speaks with the 'stammering lips of ambiguous formularies?'

And thus the matter long rested. It is hardly worth noticing the Bulls of Clement IX. and Innocent XII., by which, in compliance with the devout importunities of the faithful, they augmented the honours and privileges of the feast.† In the liberal indifference of the last century Ganganelli (Clement XIV.) and Braschi (Pius VI.) were harassed by no such importunate piety, nor would they themselves have restrained a smile of philosophical contempt had they been so solicited. Indeed it is a curious proof of the temper of the times and the pliancy of Rome that the latter Pope had prepared a gradual retreat for the Church by relaxing the obligation of attending the feast; but the triumph of revolutionary France swept away for the time his spiritual as well as temporal power, and leaves it uncertain what further measures he contemplated.

At the commencement of the present century the Papacy had sunk to a point of depression from which it seemed to human foresight impossible it should ever rise. To 'liberal' statesmen a Druidical persecution would have seemed nearly as

* Epist. ad Regem Hisp. There was a dispute raised whether in Gregory's Bull, 'immaculate' should be construed with 'Virginis,' or 'conceptionis;' and in one of the published copies of the Bull the word was transposed in order to favour the latter version, although the Pope in the Bull expressly forbade the use of the epithet immaculate as applied to the conception! Such are Romish polemics.

† A Bull of Clement XI. has been quoted by a Protestant writer to prove that that Pontiff did in fact decide the dispute. The Bull in question only enjoins attendance on the *feast of the Conception*, and we have already shown how dexterously the feast is employed to mean everything or nothing, as occasion may require.

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probable as a Papal aggression—the flamen of Jupiter as formidable as the Pope of Rome. Our wittiest writers represented Romanism as a worn-out superstition which nothing but an injudicious persecution could keep alive, and they overwhelmed in one undiscriminating torrent of contemptuous ridicule the votaries of Rome and her opponents—with this distinction only, that the one they addressed in pity, the other in anger. 'To dread the thunders of the Vatican in a remote village' was ridiculous. To 'hold the argument of divided allegiance' was worse than unreasonable—it was provincial. To suppose that Romanists believed any article of their own creed was insulting to human nature. And this language continued to be held long after a strong and steady reaction had begun. The policy of Rome was at that time little understood in this country, and her proceedings attracted little attention. Pius VII. had gained public sympathy by the dignity with which he had borne misfortune, and the firmness with which he had resisted the common tyrant. He had been schooled by adversity—could he be a bigot? he had been restored to his dominions chiefly by Protestant arms and Protestant influence—could he be ungrateful? Cardinal Consalvi was a man of talent and a man of the world; he was not in holy orders; he despised the Roman Court and his brethren of the Sacred College, and was hated by them in turn. He was civil to the English; that is to say, he frequented the 'salon' of an English lady of rank,* and he did not prevent the mob of travellers from meeting together for worship in a large room which they hired for the purpose. Less than this would have secured the character of 'liberality' from our writers of tours—a clever but careless tribe, who usually formed their opinions of the political and social state of Italy before they reached it, and wrote their descriptions after they left it. But Pius VII. and his minister, both very remarkable men, had read the lessons of adversity in a very different spirit from that which our authors imputed to them. They had deeply meditated on the means of restoring what they identified with religion and social order, the power of the Church of Rome; and to effect this they resolved as soon as possible to build up all that had been pulled down—to avoid giving the alarm by grasping at shadows, but to neglect no opportunity of seizing the substance. The early restoration of the Jesuits, while Europe was too much occupied to suspect such a project, and before it had time to remonstrate against it, was a master-stroke of dexterity, and an earnest of their future policy. By Pius VII.'s successors the reaction was

* The late Duchess of Devonshire.

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pushed

pushed on with a steady and skilful hand, and it is remarkable enough in its progress and important enough in its effects to deserve a chapter of its own in the history of the Church. But so little was all this guessed in England, that as late as 1827 Sidney Smith writes (in an essay on the 'Catholic Question')—'The fact is, there is no Court of Rome and no Pope. There is a waxwork Pope and a waxwork Court of Rome; but Popes of flesh and blood have long since disappeared.' Within two years the Relief Act passed, of which we will only say that it has disappointed every hope of the good, and falsified every prediction of the self-styled wise. Within a few years more a waxwork Pope convulsed all Germany by reviving the controversy on mixed marriages which had been settled since the Thirty years' war, and denounced the 'blasphemous folly' of toleration. Again a few years, and another waxwork Pope suspended the business of this country for a twelvemonth, overturned the administration, and has ever since added to the difficulties of forming a government by the famous Papal aggression. In the course of this reaction, conducted with so much boldness and perseverance, the violent party * have, as was natural, obtained the ascendency, and since then it has been the policy or rather the pleasure of that party to depress the moderate section of their co-religionists by promoting on all occasions the adoption of extreme opinions and violent measures. In the present case, preferring their own triumph to the permanent interests of their Church, they have for some years pressed for the dogmatical decision 'so sweet,' as their Irish organs tell us, 'to Catholic minds.' During the Pontificate of Gregory XVI. frequent petitions were addressed to him on the subject; but he was an eminent theologian, and thoroughly acquainted with all the difficulties he must encounter. He wished to gratify the zealous, without compromising the Church, and had recourse to the old subterfuge—he encouraged the doctrine, but forbore to enforce it. Besides some slighter marks of favour, he published his 'Indultum,' by which he permitted every bishop or superior of a convent to apply for the indulgence of introducing the service used by the Franciscans on the feast of the Conception into their respective dioceses and communities.†

This, however, was the commencement of the last act of

* Tout le monde n'est il pas témoin de l'existence dans l'église d'un parti agitateur avide de nouveautés et de troubles, dont le fanatisme connaît ni règle ni frein? *N'est-il pas évident que ce parti tient la cour de Rome à sa discrétion?*—Laborde, *L'Immaculée Conception*, p. 10.

† The indulgence was twofold:—to add in the preface to the Mass, 'et te in conceptione immaculatâ;' and in the litany of Loreto 'regina sine labe originali concepta.' Each of these was to be applied for separately.

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this protracted drama. In 1843 the General of the Dominicans resolved to terminate the long dispute by applying in the name of his order for permission to adopt the service, which henceforth would stamp the followers of St. Thomas as champions of the Immaculate Conception. Whether he spoke the general conviction of his brethren or only his own, what feelings, good or bad, of party spirit or of conscience, he sacrificed, can never be known. That the opinion was not unanimously entertained by the order * we may infer from the precautions which he took on the occasion. In submitting his petition he proposed the following doubts for solution to the 'Sacred Congregation of Rites.'—(*Perrone de Conceptu*, p. 262.)

Can the General accept the new office for the Virgin, on behalf of his order, without consulting the superiors of its convents (the 'superiores inferiores'), or a chapter-general?

Can he do so notwithstanding any rule which may have been established by a chapter-general to forbid the introduction of any innovation except by capitular authority?

Further still, can he do so even if such a rule has been sanctioned by the Holy See?

Will his acceptance of the service be permanently binding on the order, seeing that the service is only *permitted*, and not *enjoined*, by the Holy See?

Will all the members of the order be bound to adhere to the new service, even those who entertain opinions contrary to the doctrine, and those who conceive that they are restrained by their oath from holding any doctrines but those taught by the great light of their order, St. Thomas?

All these questions were answered triumphantly in the affirmative by the Congregation of Rites; their decision was rapturously approved by the Pope, who further smoothed all difficulties and cleared away all doubts by offering the Papal dispensation for all broken oaths—'if indeed the teaching of St. Thomas is opposed to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.' *If, indeed!* alas for the order of preachers! and if not, they have misunderstood and misinterpreted their own Angelic Doctor for more than 500 years. And thus, too, indirectly the constitution of the order is overturned (for even monks have some liberties and

* 'Une personne élevée en dignité,' says M. Laborde, 'm'a assuré que les Dominicains de la Minerve y tiennent toujours la doctrine de St. Thomas, et m'engageait même à les voir.' We think it highly probable that many Dominicans at the Minerva and elsewhere do not subscribe in their hearts to their General's decision, but it is very unlikely that at this stage of the proceedings they would have committed themselves by declaring their sentiments to a stranger whose mission was so notorious and so obnoxious to the government.

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some privileges to lose), and all power of thought and action is transferred to the General.

On the accession of the Dominicans, no matter how obtained, the last barrier that withstood the zeal of the violent party was removed. Since the publication of the 'Indultum,' the applications for the permission to use the new office had been very numerous. Perrone tells us that before the end of 1847 they amounted to 300. It is a characteristic trait of Jesuit policy that the Society of Jesus, although from its earliest infancy it had exerted its utmost energies to promote the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, did not commit itself by declaring its adhesion as a religious corporation till the year 1844, a year after the Dominicans had withdrawn their opposition. This step, on the part of that cautious body, made it clear to those who watch the signs of the times that the final triumph of the doctrine was at hand.

Pius IX. on his accession gave early indications that, notwithstanding his supposed liberality in secular matters, in all things spiritual he deferred to the ultramontane party. Though a reluctant reformer, he was a hearty zealot; and in his exile at Caëta he turned his eyes towards the heavenly patroness of Rome with all the hope and trust which he could never more repose in man. It is said that he was much influenced by the prophecies of Leonard of Porto Maurizio (a visionary canonized in the last century), which promised the cessation of wars and the extirpation of heresies on the dogmatical definition of this pious doctrine. (Laborde, Mémoire des Opposans, p. 76.) It is further believed that he was strongly impressed by a dream or vision to the same effect which he imagined to have been vouchsafed to himself. This story will perhaps be rejected hereafter as 'improbable' by the historian, who rarely allows enough for the inconsistency of human character and the littleness of human motive. But it is by no means unnatural that Pius, harassed by the vicissitudes of his stormy reign, at one time hymned as 'immortal' by street mobs from morning to night, at another escaping almost by miracle from his own capital in the disguise of a menial, should have become somewhat superstitious. It is certain that, if he was not influenced by the prophecy himself, at least he thought it important enough to impress others, for he subsequently caused it to be printed and placarded over the walls of Rome at the time of the definition.

As a preliminary step he addressed an Encyclical Letter, dated Caëta, 2nd of February, 1849, to all archbishops and bishops, desiring to know their opinion and that of their clergy and flocks on the question which he was about to decide. The answers

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answers to this appeal, 602 in number, Cardinal Wiseman tells us, have been since collected and printed in nine quarto volumes. Of these only four express any objection to the definition (Pastoral Letter, p. 2), and only fifty-two demur to its opportuneness at the present moment.* In Ireland, as we might have expected, the affirmative was maintained with prodigious unanimity: and in order to mark the feeling of the clergy on the subject by some striking demonstration, the Synod of Thurles in 1850 decided on placing the country under the especial protection of 'our Lady of the Immaculate Conception.' M. Laborde protests that the answers were not given without hope of favour, nor without fear of offence, especially in France, where the more moderate among the clergy are coerced by the violent party, and the 'insolent journal'† which is their organ. He remonstrates that the question put by the Pontiff is asked in good faith, and that his Holiness in truth desired to know whether he was about to express the unanimous wish of the Church, or to sow the seeds of discontent and schism. This is more plausible than true. The Pope and his divines must have been well assured what the answers would be, before they ventured on sending the Encyclical Letter; and at all events, after such a step, it was impossible the See could recede with dignity. The persons addressed must have perceived that candour on their parts was not desired, and would not be acceptable. The archbishop of Auch, in whose diocese M. Laborde's parish is situated, replied without delay by assuring his Holiness that all the clergy and faithful people of his fold united with their diocesan in earnest prayers for a speedy and favourable decision. Against this M. Laborde urges that 'his Grandeur' has not deigned to consult any of the clergy or faithful people of the diocese, and that he, M. Laborde himself, and, as far as he believes, most of the clergy and faithful people of his acquaintance hold a contrary opinion, and heartily deprecate a decision which will place them in the position of schismatics, and compel some of the most useful of the clergy to choose between their benefices and their consciences—to become outcasts from the Church to whose service they are dedicated, or to preserve a discontented, insincere, and incredulous allegiance.

The Abbé, having addressed a remonstrance to the Archbishop in vain, wrote a Latin letter of expostulation to the Pope on his

* M. Laborde insists on giving smaller numbers. Those in the text are taken from Dr. Wiseman, who has the volumes in his possession, and must be able to give the numbers correctly. Nearly three hundred prelates, according to M. Laborde, appear to have returned no answer.

† The 'Univers.'

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own behalf and on that of an unnamed constituency ('pro multis laicis et clericis una mecum sentientibus'). This protest, though respectful in its form and professing a firm belief in the orthodox faith, is very strong in its opposition and plain in its language. It refers to the writer's first publication, a copy of which was enclosed with it, and maintains the right of the Church to 'withstand Peter to his face.'

The author must have been aware that this address could have no other effect than to make his rupture with the Pope inevitable. Further hope he could have none—so, 'with hope, farewell fear.' When towards the close of 1854 the prelates, invited and uninvited, were drawing towards Rome to assist at the great ceremony which was announced for the approaching feast of the (henceforth to be styled '*Immaculate*') Conception, he determined to be present, and, with his cane and umbrella under one arm, and a packet of books for distribution under the other, he set out alone to protest against the despotism of the Pope in the face of all Christendom and in his own capital. There is something ludicrous in the disproportion of the means to the ends, unless the employment of them is justified by success or ennobled by some tragic result. Had the Abbé Laborde been burned in the Piazza del Popolo, as he would have been a couple of centuries ago, or had he been shut up to pine away in a solitary dungeon or unwholesome convent, as he would have been even in these days, had not his presence and his person been well known at the French legation (Mémoire des Opposans, p. 32), and had not a French officer commanded in the 'Place de Rome' (1, p. 30), he would have given a weight and dignity to his mission which the words of sense and reason that he came to speak (such, alas! is human nature) are insufficient to confer. The Pope took no notice of his remonstrances, his letters, his protests. He was too dexterous to begin a persecution which he could not carry out. No French intervention was needed; the Abbé was merely ordered to quit the town, and on his refusal his papers were seized, and he was escorted by gensdarmes to Cività Vecchia, where he was put on board a Papal brig, there to lie in durance till the steamboat could convey him back to France. He entered Cività Vecchia while the bells were all ringing to announce the great event going on at Rome. The long suspense is ended. *Roma locuta est.* She cannot withdraw her words, nor her followers dispute them.

It is a matter of controversy between those who have written on the subject, and even among those who were eye-witnesses, whether the enthusiasm attributed by the admirers of the bull to the people of Rome on this occasion was really displayed by them. It is, indeed, no wonder that the middle classes for the most part

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part stood aloof, sneering and sullen; in an ecclesiastical government disaffection implies scepticism: but no one who knows the populace of Rome can be surprised that they were eager to flock to a ceremony whither they were attracted by a holiday, a great spectacle, plenteous indulgences, and the hope of pleasing the Virgin. If indeed there were any among them sufficiently enlightened to understand the real purport of what was going on, M. Laborde is probably right in asserting that they would be hurt and scandalised by learning that a doubt had ever existed about what they had always so firmly believed. But the Roman peasant is no theologian. We should have thought it mattered little what were his simple thoughts and feelings on the occasion, but the Papal Government, relying on popular feeling as the chief proof of their favourite doctrine,* and, with a not unnatural inconsistency, desirous to create the symptom by which they profess to be guided, have spared no pains to excite enthusiasm, and by every kind of ecclesiastical entertainment and spiritual reward to attract crowds to the churches; and few indeed can have been so careless as to have failed, in spite of the facilities held out by the 'invitii sagri,' to work out their escape from Purgatory in the course of the last six months.

It is not so easy to enter into the feelings which have prompted the shout of triumph with which this decree has been received by the Romish Church in general; and it is impossible to speak of them so as to avoid the charge of misrepresentation. The theory of Romish practical divinity seems to be mainly grounded on the reciprocal interchange of homage and patronage. There are countless legends to attest the gratitude of patron saints, and more especially of the Blessed Virgin, who have requited mere acts of deference rather than of worship by miraculously rescuing the sinner at some critical moment from temporal or eternal perdition; and without attributing this idea in all its grossness to persons of education, it seems clear that, from the Priest of Westminster up to the Pope, there prevails a notion that some great claim upon the Virgin's favour has been established by the Church's decree, which she will acquit by future benefits. When the mass was over the holy father was carried into the Capella del Choro, and a richly jewelled crown was placed on the Virgin's head, in token that he had that day presented her with the only jewel (this is the favourite metaphor) that was wanting to her coronal; and in

* The 'consensus populi,' meaning merely the general prevalence of the belief, is relied on by the Roman Catholic writers on this subject to a degree which is hardly credible. The Abbé Laborde (in his first work, p. 29) asks, 'What does it signify what the faithful think? Who told the faithful? Are the faithful to lead their pastors, or ought the pastors to lead their flocks?'

reply

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reply to an address of the cardinals, he said, we are told, 'with truly filial simplicity'—

'"We have done much for her, we have prayed much, dealt and laboured much to increase her glory; we have done so much (though we should not perhaps say this) that we cannot see how more can be done on earth to enhance the glory of our tender mother—this glorious and powerful Queen." These words will never be forgotten by the bishops who had the happiness of hearing the tones of faith and love with which they were pronounced.'*—*Preface to Bull*, p. 30.

Another source of rejoicing is the expectation which many Roman Catholic writers confidently express that the 'definition will have the effect of extirpating heresy.' If they mean that the conduct of Rome on this occasion will be rewarded by a miracle which is to be wrought by Heaven to establish her dominion, this is at least intelligible; but in as far as this triumphant result is to be brought about by human means their language is inexplicable. Bossuet, in his project for the reunion of the two churches,† is eager and eloquent to explain that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception can occasion no difficulty, as *it is not an article of faith*, and its recent introduction into the creed of Rome as such is but a barrier the more against the entrance of Protestants. Moreover, the manner of its introduction, far from converting schismatics, will rather have the effect of driving into schism many of her own adherents. But the shout of exultation with which the decision has been received by the violent party throughout Europe is inspired by something more than devotion to the Virgin, or even the desire of proselytism. To some it is the triumph of a controversialist. The Generals of the different orders of St. Francis were admitted to return thanks to his Holiness for having decided in favour of the doctrine which had always been advocated by their order. (By what strange confusion of mind can this language be reconciled with the notion that God has vouchsafed a new revelation to his Church?) To all it is the 'Io Pæan' of their triumph over the more moderate of their co-religionists. For that, in this country at least, there is a moderate party, we have the evidence of a court of justice,‡ though from the submissiveness of

* The Pope has already had an earnest of his temporal reward. On the 12th March, when examining some pupils of the Propaganda, in a room adjoining the ancient Basilica of St. Agnese, he with several others was precipitated into an old cellar, by the falling in of the floor, but escaped without injury. The Senate, in gratitude for the safety of their 'Amatissimo Pontifice,' gave orders that thanks should be offered 'all' *Immacolata Santissima Consezione*, mediante un divoto triduo,' &c.

† Letter to Leibnitz, 1st January, 1700.

‡ Vide Boyle *v.* Wiseman; tried at Kingston, April 3, 1855; an extraordinary trial, well worth the reader's attention.

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their attitude we should hardly have discovered it. It is also a note of defiance to the Protestants. Credulity inflamed by party spirit desires only to show how much it can believe. The Romish Church has gained so much in power, it needs no longer seek to allure and conciliate, it may venture when it pleases to defy and repel.

Having thus traced the history of the 'pious persuasion' from the first hesitating accents with which it was ushered into the world up to the loud note of jubilee with which its triumph is celebrated, we shall proceed to consider how the position and prospects of Rome are affected by its recognition as an article of faith. M. Laborde sees with the clear-sightedness of a good logician, and deplores with the zeal of a good churchman, the danger which his Church incurs by taking up an advanced position which she cannot defend, and from which, infallible as she is, she cannot retreat. Opinions oscillate, action is succeeded by reaction. When faith is not inflamed by party spirit, it may not always set facts and logic at defiance. The time of resipiscence may be not so far distant as it seems. Even now, though the Papacy is riding on the ascending swell of the wave, may we not see the foam that fringes the crest of the billow, and denotes the impending break and fall?

It is strange that in every controversy with Rome the first stage of the dispute is to ascertain precisely what is her doctrine on the question at issue. Canons and doctors and tourists are quoted on one side, and on the other are retorted the most contemptuous charges of ignorance and misstatement; and yet Rome professes to define her creed beyond the possibility of misapprehension by infallible decrees. We are not now complaining that—'all things to all men'—she varies her teaching from the coarse priestly despotism which she imposes on the Irish or Italian peasant to the refined semi-Protestantism she presents to the enlightened and perhaps wavering citizen of the world. It is in her fundamental doctrines, and even in the very theory and conception of her nature as a Church, that we find the subjects of interminable disputes.

To a plain understanding it would appear self-evident that no authority could profess to be immutable in its system, and at one and the same time to be in a continual state of development or change. A merely human and fallible authority must make its election between these two theories. That an infallible authority should rest on both at once, incompatible as they are with each other, is contradictory to our idea of infallibility. Nevertheless, from very early times each of these theories has been maintained by Romish controversialists, and when occasion calls, as in the present

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present instance, both at once have been supported in the loftiest tone, and with that loudness of assertion which, on the whole, is Rome's best refuge against argument.

This inconsistency, though it cannot be justified, is easily explained. The Church of Rome, in defence of each innovation as it crept in, was wont to protest its absolute identity with the truth once delivered to the saints; and when her daily increasing divergency from the written word obliged her to invent the theory of an unwritten word, till at last she raised tradition to a co-ordinate authority with Scripture, she only became more loud in her protestations that no change had been made, and that none was possible.* Accordingly a mass of consistent and continuous testimony may be adduced, from the earliest times, to prove with overwhelming vehemence that Rome knows no 'variableness nor shadow of turning.' On the other hand, her divines often felt that, admitting the principle of tradition, the facts of tradition were insufficient to bear the burden placed upon them. They sighed for some more powerful and readier weapon of defence. Infallibility is an active principle, and can with difficulty repress its consciousness of creative vigour; and thus even from early times we find indications of the doctrine, which, in its full development, is thus expressed by one of the organs of the ultramontane party:—

'The essential principle for which we [Romanists] are contending is no modern invention whatever, but as old as [Roman] Catholic theology itself. The principle is that the Church [of Rome] possesses the power, and has from time to time exercised it, of *raising into the rank of doctrines* of faith propositions which previously to her definition were not such.'†

The former of these theories alone is consistent with the professions of the Roman see. The latter only is reconcileable with facts. The Council of Trent did not hesitate which to adopt: facts may be denied or may be disputed with ceaseless pertinacity. A principle once admitted by an infallible Church is established for ever. Accordingly, in confirming each litigated point, the Council, in total disregard of historical fact, asserts it to have been the unvarying doctrine of the primitive Church. In our own times, when Dr. Newman subjected his bold exposition of the theory of development to the Roman censorship, Rome, still faithful to her traditions, declined to give any opinion, on the pretext that when he wrote it he

* The Council of Trent establishes the coördinate authority of Tradition, and rigorously excludes all other source of dogma.—Concil. Trid., § iv. de Canon. Spirit.

† Dublin Review, vol. xxiii. p. 375, quoted by Dr. C. Wordsworth, 'Letters to Gondon,' p. 1.

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was

was still a heretic, and by this dexterous management she contrived to retain all the advantages which might accrue from his doctrine without incurring the danger of its adoption, or the difficulties of its defence. Now for the first time she has abandoned her cautious policy—for the first time she has taken on herself a risk, to which she was impelled by no necessity, and allured by no advantage. Or is it that, powerful as she is, she is unable to resist the onward movement of her more violent disciples? Is it, as Dr. Wiseman* tells us, that 'she was moved, and almost uplifted, by the heaving and swelling piety of her own best children'? Whether, at the present time, when a knowledge of history is so generally diffused, and in the case of a doctrine the progress of which can be traced with so much precision, it would have been advisable or possible to imitate the boldness of the Tridentine fathers, it is idle to speculate. Possibly the swelling and heaving piety of which Dr. Wiseman speaks would be satisfied with nothing less than the establishment of the principle itself of development, which has always been a favourite with the movement party, and which various circumstances combine to strip *for the present* of its aspect of danger. In the present state of a portion of the Anglican Church 'development' is found to be the only bridge to span the gulf which separates a well-educated Protestant from the errors of Rome. In the beginning of the century the convert to Rome, if such a phenomenon was then to be found, satisfied his mind with the soundness of her doctrine, and having found her, as he believed, without error, admitted as a secondary consequence she was incapable of erring. To such a disciple the theory of development is a shifting quicksand that threatens the shipwreck of his faith. But the modern convert has been first attracted by the doctrine of infallibility; nothing less will suffice to give rest to his doubts, or to complete his 'ideal of a church;' and in favour of that one doctrine he is willing to sacrifice the objections his reason raises to all the other tenets of Rome. To such a student no development, however ample, presents any difficulty; and Rome has naturally been influenced by the opinions of her adversaries and converts. She hesitates no longer, and has made development an integral part of her authoritative teaching. Tradition is degraded to the subordinate place long held by Scripture in the defence of her innovations. The Protestant controversialist who assaults that once-vaunted stronghold loses his labour. It is an abandoned outpost, the capture of which will bring him no nearer to victory.

* Pastoral Letter, by Dr. Wiseman, on the Pope's Encyclical Letter from Caëta.

But

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But the history of the disputed doctrine which we have endeavoured to sketch proves that Rome has not called in the aid of development till her need far exceeds the powers of her new weapon. Not even developed Scripture and developed tradition will answer her purpose. It will no longer be enough to admit that the acorn is identical with the doddered oak — the healthy infant with the old man tottering under years and infirmity. We must admit that something can be developed out of nothing, that the mere existence of a belief, no matter whence derived, is an evidence of its truth—a mode of argument which is just as applicable to Mohammedanism or Mormonism, or, what the Priest of Westminster tells us is worse than either, Protestantism itself.* Nay, more, we must admit that a proposition may be developed into its contradictory — that 'was' may be developed into 'was not.'

But, we shall be reminded, the process of development is safe only under the guidance of an 'infallible Church;' and under that guidance it may, indeed, go far. Father Perrone† asserts the right of the Church to define as dogma 'that which appears to contradict Scripture;' that is to say, that if two authorities, assumed to be infallible, contradict each other, we must not with the Protestant conclude that one of them is fallible, but that the contradiction is only apparent. Thus all argument ends where it might as well have begun, in the infallibility of the Church. And now that the sum of the Romanist's faith rests on the assumed infallibility of Rome, what theory of that infallibility can we frame that is consistent with facts and with itself? If God has vouchsafed an infallible living witness of the truth, what is the need of Scripture? If the present Pope is infallible, why quote authorities of far inferior pretensions? Why quote the *consensus populi*—the popular belief? Is it meant that the Pope sanctions the belief because it is held by the people, and the people must hold the belief because it is sanctioned by the Pope? Is this vicious circle all that we can obtain from infallibility? Can an

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* 'Protestantism is the last, the subtlest, and perhaps the most pernicious form of error that has appeared; and the doctrines of the Anglo-Irish (!) establishment are all the more pernicious in consequence of the disguise which it has assumed; for having borrowed certain forms and ceremonies, words and formulas, from the Church, it is capable of much greater success in its deception than other forms of Protestantism.'—p. 18.

† The following are his words:—'Potuit ac potest Ecclesia, traditioni innixa, veritatem aliquam dogmatice definire, etiamsi nulla eidem comprobandæ veritati Biblica suffragentur testimonia; *immo quamvis interdum nonnulla ipsi in speciem adversari videantur*' (p. 160). This right was claimed much more boldly by some of the mediæval divines. The bare mention of it would have scandalized Bossuet. That the claim should be revived now, in however guarded a manner, is an important fact.

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infallible judge misquote? Can he show a want of candour, which, if displayed by a fallible advocate, would be decisive against his cause? The Pope in his Bull cites half the decree of Trent, and half the constitutions of his predecessors. Does he not know, or knowing does he conceal, that the other half would supply grounds not less strong for a decision in the contrary sense? Let it not be said, as in the Jansenist dispute, that this is a matter of *fact* not of *doctrine*, and that in matters of fact he is fallible—here the fact aud the doctrine are inseparable. How, again, is infallibility to be reconciled with change and with contradiction? Previously to 1300, says Launoy, the Immaculate Conception would have been denied and condemned. Subsequently it could not have been confirmed; only now could it be made dogma. Was the Church of Rome infallibly right when the doctrine was unknown? Was she infallibly right when she hesitated to decide, and encouraged a belief she dared not confirm? Or is she infallibly right now, when she has pronounced her decision? And if right in any of these positions, how can she be right in them all? Is a belief in the new dogma necessary to salvation, or is it not? If it is, why was the doctrine so long withheld; if not, why is it enforced now?

But while the history of the question raises such unanswerable objections not merely to the conscious exercise of an infallible authority by the Church of Rome, but to the existence of a virtual infallibility, the recent decision awakens among the followers of Rome questions respecting this infallibility, to which, infallible as she is, she has never dared to give an answer. What are its nature and limits? Under what restrictions and with what precautions must it be exercised, and with whom does it reside? And whatever reply controversial ingenuity may frame to these questions, it will be found to be inconsistent with itself and irreconcileable with the history of the Church. M. Laborde denies to the Pope the power of defining a dogma, and quotes the councils of Constance and of Bâle. The Council of Constance did indeed assert the superiority of Councils over Popes, and, as it deposed three Popes and elected a fourth, the fact could not well be denied nor the confirmation of the decree withheld by the Pope so elected, Martin V. But when the Council of Bâle enforced the same doctrine, Eugenius IV. withdrew his legates, and the Pope and the Council mutually anathematised each other, and ever since the seat of infallibility and all its attributes have been disputed by the two parties, known in modern times by the names of the Gallican and the Ultramontane, whose bitter but decorous schism ever has and ever will divide the Romish Church. The Pope would not thank the 'Priest of Westminster' for his argument,

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ment, 'that on Gallican and even Anglican principles' the decree should be accepted 'because the Church had participated in the decision.' The Pope took care the Church should do no such thing. He consulted the Church and the special congregations assembled at Rome only as a despot consults his minister. He reserved to himself the absolute power of definition. We pass over as unimportant M. Laborde's objections to the bull in point of form. The Pope certainly intended to speak ex cathedrâ, and took all precautions to prove that he did so. It seems to us trifling to raise any but the question really at issue, viz., whether the exercise of the Church's infallibility rests with the Pope alone.* The sole resource of the dissentients, who will neither submit nor leave the Church, is to appeal to 'the future Council;' and here again we encounter another of the difficulties which Rome can only evade, and can never decide. The appeal to the Council has been expressly forbidden by Pius II. and other Pontiffs, who saw that it was subversive of their authority. It has been defended, on the other hand, by all who were aggrieved by Papal tyranny, on the ground that to deny the right of appeal is to deliver up the Church to the absolute rule of a despot. The problem is insoluble, because, granting the premises, the arguments on both sides are unanswerable. It was this difficulty that led Luther, after many internal struggles in the early stages of his controversy, to the only legitimate conclusion, the denial of the Pope's authority altogether.

By a considerable sacrifice of logic M. Laborde may perhaps avoid this same conclusion, from which he evidently recoils with dread. But the course of the dispute has brought him to another unsound part of Romish theology—its disregard of objective truth; and this, we think, must lead him further towards the reformation than he is at present prepared to go.

Startling as is the equivocation by which an infallible Church encourages a doctrine which she will not pronounce to be true, what can we say of the effrontery with which she promises every spiritual reward to a belief in fables which she admits to be false? M. Laborde brings forward the well-known legends

* M. Laborde objects that the Pope has taken every means on the present occasion to exalt the Papal authority. No doubt he has. Such is the policy of the best of Popes, and they have often been able to carry it into effect in the worst of times. Pius VII., when he attracted the sympathy of all Europe as the victim of military tyranny, compelled to act against his judgment and his feelings, at that very time established a precedent for deposing the hierarchy of a whole kingdom and remodelling their dioceses. The Abbé further complains that in the language of the bull (and in every phrase of Rome's official language there is always a deep meaning) the bishops and archbishops are styled only 'antistites,' reserving the title of 'Episcopus' for the œcumenical bishop, the 'servus servorum,' to whom all the others are deputies and assessors.

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with which she has overlaid the ineffably affecting incidents of the Passion; he might also have quoted the various miracles, the pictures, and the relics with which she has set history, archæology, and common sense at defiance. Partly, no doubt, she sinned in ignorance, in ignorant times; partly she sinned in subtlety, with the intention (which sooner or later is always punished) of doing evil to work out good, of teaching falsehood in support of truth. M. Laborde brings many and weighty texts from the books of Romish divines and Fathers, indignantly reprobating such a tampering with holy things. But what are these in comparison with the countless bulls and briefs inferentially confirming the truth of each of these fictions? Had it pleased his Holiness to raise the wildest of these tales into a dogma of faith, how much more conclusive would he find the testimony of his predecessors in their favour than in support of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception!

M. Laborde seems to think it would be easy to retrench the fables that offend him. But, in truth, Rome's infallibility and her interest combine to prevent her return to the right way. She dares not enlighten her flock, and she is content when pressed by the philosopher to laugh behind her mask, and confess these legends are not 'articles of faith.' Let us turn to modern Rome and watch the crowd of peasants crawling on their knees on the staircase which once belonged to Pilate—so the Church asserts—and which Christ descended. It will be well, by-the-bye, if we do not see among the devotees some English convert eager to show how entirely he has prostrated his understanding before his new creed; but our present business is with the honest and simple credulity of the ignorant peasant. Could we explain to this humble worshipper that the Church knows this staircase never belonged to Pilate, and never could have been honoured with the foot of Christ, how would the instinctive uprightness of his nature revolt from such a perversion of fact! how indignantly would he reject the excuse that the Church permitted, nay, encouraged, his error to increase his piety! Or let us watch the procession of hooded penitents as it sweeps into the Colosseum, and kneels at each of the stations in turn, to say the prayers and gain the indulgences appointed at each. Could the Abbé Laborde persuade the mistaken crowd that the subjects of the stations were fables, that Jesus did not fall three times, nor the Virgin faint, for aught the Church can tell, and that no one knows whether the blessed Veronica * be a martyr or a pocket-

* Her name is generally said by the Roman Catholic authorities to be compounded of vera and icon—the true image—one word of which is Greek, the other Latin.

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a pocket-handkerchief, how would their religion survive the shock thus given to their simple faith? M. Laborde may rest assured Rome cannot retreat. It is the penalty of her sin that she cannot cast off its burden and be honest.

But what is to become of the Abbé Laborde and other dissentients, who, like him, have been led by the forcible imposition of the new dogma to question the authority of Rome, and to examine the juggle by which she tampers with truth, and shows now one aspect, now another, to different classes of devotees? To go back is to abandon their principles, to advance is to venture 'to the brink of all they hate.' One argument which is urged by their adversaries is unanswerable. The Immaculate Conception is not more opposed to reason and to Scripture than are the various other points of Mariolatry to which they still cling with ostentatious orthodoxy. But how will this argument operate upon them? Their position is that of all the Reformers at the outset of their career. However unwilling they may be to go on, they cannot stand still. Clinging to their idol and protesting their devotion to it, they proceed to strip one false ornament from it after another, and, when they have reduced it to the nakedness of evangelical truth, they find the monster Protestantism, which has been their bugbear so long. Well may M. Laborde exclaim that the Romanists are henceforth delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the Protestants; but there is another danger which the true Christian (of whatever denomination) will consider greater still—what defence is left them against the infidel? The rejection of Romish superstitions by the thoughtless and superficial leads much more readily to rationalism and infidelity than to the religion of the Bible. Rome has already undermined the Scriptures, and when certain groundless assumptions are rejected (and to be rejected they need only to be candidly examined) no foundation of belief is left—the fabric of religion, as Blanco White tells us in his Autobiography was his own case, falls at once to the ground. What effect in creating or confirming infidelity may be wrought on individual minds by the scene recently enacted at Rome can never be known; but what may be the consequences in a time of so-called 'philosophical' reaction we may imagine by picturing to ourselves the unholy glee with which the wits and the Encyclopædists of the last century would have dwelt on such an event had they been able to refer to any such within recent memory. On the other hand, wherever the dissatisfaction produced by the arbitrary de-

Latin. The etymology appears to us most unsatisfactory; but it illustrates all we call it to prove, the uncertainty of the Church on this subject.

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cisions of Rome has the effect of sending the inquirer to the Scriptures as the foundation of all truth, we cannot doubt what the result will be. A spirit of Scriptural inquiry has for some time been awakened in several parts of Europe, and even of Italy. Its spread and its effects in Tuscany are well known. It is not in that country, as in many other parts of Europe, a political symptom or a political expedient, though the Government have been stimulated to religious persecution by the assertion that it is connected with political disaffection. It is the love of Gospel truth, and the sentiment of the rights of conscience. It cannot fail to be stimulated and extended by every fresh display of Papal arrogance, and, under God's providence, may be productive of great results.

Considered as a symptom of the condition of the Romish Church, the recent definition is the most extraordinary manifestation of power she has yet displayed. Is this violence the energy of health, or is it the delirious strength of fever? The Church of Rome of late years has changed her policy and her language. The Romish press sets forth doctrines which have never been heard north of the Alps since they were exposed by Pascal; and truth is falsified with a boldness which proves that the leaders of the Ultramontane party no longer have any respect for their adversaries, or place any bounds to the credulity and docility of their supporters. In this country the laws are fearlessly broken, and a tone of defiance to authority is assumed which, sooner or later, must lead to overt acts. On the continent the Church of Rome, availing herself of the alarm inspired by the revolutions of 1848, has sold her assistance to the governments of Europe as dearly as she could. For a time she has carried all those points which were the objects of struggle in the middle ages, and has regained an influence which has hitherto been resisted as incompatible with the due exercise of the civil power. In what is this to end? No doubt there is a want of reality in her apparent greatness; much of the support she receives is hollow. The advocates of her despotism are chiefly animated by the love of their own selfwill and the interests of their own ambition. It is very questionable whether by her alliance with the government she made her position more secure in France; and the loss of her influence in Piedmont is a most dangerous precedent. The Pope is about to raise in front of the Propaganda an antique shaft on a modern pedestal, to commemorate the definition he has just given. Will posterity view it as the monument of his triumph, or of the 'pride that precedes a fall?' As we cannot believe that Rome is again destined to subjugate the world, we must conclude that we see the symptoms of her decline; but some great struggle must

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must ensue; and whatever the end may be, there can be no doubt that the step she has just taken advances her by a mighty stride to that end.

To members of our own Church, especially to those who look with longing but doubtful eyes towards Rome, we earnestly recommend the contemplation of 'development' as it is really exhibited in the Romish Church—the growth of error out of error, and of speculation into faith; nor is it less instructive to observe the variety and magnitude of the disputes with which she is distracted; her inability to decide them by her pretended infallibility, and the real nature of the boasted unity which is its result. In the case before us, it was only when controversy had ceased that she ventured to pronounce her decision. But her despotic discipline enables her to impose silence, and her worldly tact teaches her to exercise this power with consummate dexterity. By crushing the weak and courting the strong, by dealing harshly with those who are in her power, and leniently with those who are beyond it, by proceeding to extremities in the case of none but of those who are about to leave her pale, or who advocate doctrines subversive of her authority and hostile to her vital interests, she succeeds in her great object, which is to avoid scandal and to prevent an open schism.*

The unity which results from this is merely nominal. If the convert to Romanism chooses to examine the controversies which still perplex its divinity, he will find them (as Sarpi tells us in the days of the Council of Trent) neither less numerous nor less important than those which separate the Romish from the Reformed communion. If, on the contrary, on entering the church of his adoption, he closes the volume of controversy, and, instead of excommunicating his superiors, obediently consults them as to faith and practice, he will indeed find the rest that his soul has panted after so long, but he owes his repose to his change of habits, not his change of creed, and we must tell him he need not have gone so far to seek it. The infallible certainty he has attained is such as he might have acquired by pinning his faith on any dogmatical guide of his own selection, and such as at the farthest he could not fail to have found at the nearest dissenting chapel.

Perhaps in no respect is the present controversy (especially as handled by M. Laborde) more useful than by the exposure of the contradictions and perplexities to which the Romish theory of infallibility is exposed when brought to the test of practice.

* Had anything like the Gorham controversy occurred in the Church of Rome, the disputants would have been silenced; the dispute would not have been decided.

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Admitting

Admitting the theory of an infallible Church, as he does, while he rejects the decision it has pronounced, M. Laborde is compelled to deny that in the present instance the infallible Church has spoken. In support of this denial, therefore, he endeavours to establish the tests by which we recognise her voice; and he proceeds accordingly to lay down the conditions under which an infallible decree must be pronounced. He requires nothing less than the bishops of the whole Church for judges, a mature previous examination by the council, unanimity in the verdict, a profound theologian, which he hints the present Pope is not, to preside (but why require this, if either the Pope or the council is divinely inspired?); and then, after all, he is obliged to maintain that the Church has not spoken, unless her decree be in manifest accordance with the Scriptures and the fathers; that is to say, the proof that an infallible judge has spoken is the correctness of the decision, of which correctness the fallible public are to decide (Mémoire des Opposans, p. 61). Is it possible to state more convincingly the inevitable conclusion that from no amount of fallible elements can an infallible authority be compounded? We should be glad to see M. Laborde's books translated: they are well worth the attention of a class of readers among whom a French pamphlet, little known in this country, is not likely to circulate.

ART. VII.—1. *Scottish Newspaper Directory and Guide to Advertisers. A complete Manual of the Newspaper Press.* Second Edition. Edinburgh and London.

2. *The Fourth Estate: Contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press.* By F. Knight Hunt. 2 vols. London.

IT is our purpose to draw out, as a thread might be drawn from some woven fabric, a continuous line of advertisements from the newspaper press of this country since its establishment to the present time, and, by so doing, to show how distinctly, from its dye, the pattern of the age through which it ran is represented. If we follow up to its source, any public institution, fashion, or amusement, which has flourished during a long period of time, we can gain some idea of our national progress and development, but it strikes us that in no manner can we so well obtain at a rapid glance a view of the salient points of generations that have passed, as by consulting those small voices that have cried from age to age from the pages of the press, declaring the wants, the losses,

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losses, the amusements, and the money-making eagerness of the people.

As we read in the old musty files of papers those *naïve* announcements, the very hum of bygone generations seems to rise to the ear. The chapman exhibits his quaint wares, the mountebank capers again upon his stage, we have the living portrait of the highwayman flying from justice, we see the old china auctions thronged with ladies of quality with their attendant negro boys, or those 'by inch of candlelight' forming many a Schalken-like picture of light and shade; or later still we have Hogarthian sketches of the young bloods who swelled of old along the Pall-Mall. We trace the moving panorama of men and manners up to our own less demonstrative, but more earnest times; and all these cabinet pictures are the very daguerreotypes cast by the age which they exhibit, not done for effect, but faithful reflections of those insignificant items of life and things, too small, it would seem, for the generalizing eye of the historian, however necessary to clothe and fill in the dry bones of his history.

The 'English Mercurie' of 1588, which professes to have been published during those momentous days when the Spanish Armada was hovering and waiting to pounce upon our southern shores, contains among its items of news, three or four book advertisements, and these would undoubtedly have been the first put forth in England were that newspaper genuine. Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, has however proved that the several numbers of this journal to be found in our national library are gross forgeries, and indeed the most inexperienced eye in such matters can easily see that neither their type, paper, spelling, nor composition, are much more than one, instead of upwards of two centuries and a half old. Newspapers in the strict sense of the word—that is, publications of news appearing at stated intervals and regularly paged on—did not make their appearance until the latter end of the reign of James I. The 'Weekely Newes,' published in London in 1622, was the first publication which answered to this description: it contained however only a few scraps of foreign intelligence, and was quite destitute of advertisements. The terrible contest of the succeeding reign was the hotbed which forced the press of this country into sudden life and extraordinary vigour. Those who have wandered in the vaults of the British Museum, and contemplated the vast collection of political pamphlets and the countless Mercuries which sprang full armed, on either side of the quarrel, from the strong and earnest brains which wrought in that great political trouble, will not hesitate to discover, amidst the hubbub of the rebellion, the first throes of the press of England as a political power.

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power. At such a time, when Marchmont Needham fell foul with his types of Sir John Birkenhead and the court party which he supported, with as heavy a hand and as dauntless a will as Cromwell hurled his Ironsides at the Cavaliers at Naseby, it is not likely that we should find the press the vehicle to make known the goods of tradesmen, or to offer a reward for stolen horses. The shopkeepers themselves, as well as the nobility, were too hard at it, to avail themselves of this new mode of extending their trade: they had to keep guard over the malignants, to cover the five members with the shield of their arms, to overawe Whitehall, to march to the relief of Gloucester; objects quite sufficient to account for the fact that the train-bands were not advertisers. After the king's death, however, when the Commonwealth had time to breathe, the people seem to have discovered the use of the press as a means of making known their wants and of giving publicity to their wares. The very first advertisement we have met with, after an active search among the earliest newspapers, relates to a book which is entitled—

IRENODIA GRATULATORIA, an Heroick Poem; being a congratulatory panegyrick for my Lord General's late return, summing up his successes in an exquisite manner.

To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London. Printed by Tho. Newcourt, 1652.

This appeared in the January number of the Parliamentary paper 'Mercurius Politicus.' It is evidently a piece of flattery to Cromwell upon his victories in Ireland, and might have been inserted at the instigation of the great commonwealth leader himself. Booksellers appear to have been the first to take advantage of this new medium of publicity, and for the obvious reason that their goods were calculated for the readers of the public journals, who at that time must have consisted almost exclusively of the higher orders. From this date to the Restoration, the quaintest titles of works on the political and religious views, such as were then in the ascendant, are to be found in the 'Mercurius Politicus:' thus we have 'Gospel Marrow,' 'A few Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a Damned Soul,' 'Michael opposing the Dragon, or a Fiery Dart struck through the Kingdom of the Serpent.' And in the number for September, 1659, we find an advertisement which seems to bring us face to face with one of the brightest names in the roll of English poets:—

CONSIDERATIONS touching the likeliest means to remove Hirelings out of the Church; wherein is also discours'd of Tithes, Church Fees, Church Revenues, and whether any maintenance of Ministers can be settled by Law. The author, J. M. Sold by *Livewel Chapman*, at the Crown in Pope's Head Alley.

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In juxtaposition to these illustrious initials we find another advertisement, which is the representative of a class that prevailed most extensively at this early time, the Hue and Cry after runaway servants and lost or stolen horses and dogs. Every generation is apt to praise, like Orlando, 'the antique service of the old world,' but a little excursion into the regions of the past shows us how persistent this cry has been in all ages. Employers who are in the habit of eulogising servants of the 'old school' would be exceedingly astonished to find that two hundred years ago they were a very bad lot indeed, as far as we can judge from the advertisements of rewards for the seizure of delinquents of their class. Here is a full-length portrait of apparently a runaway apprentice, as drawn in the 'Mercurius Politicus' of July 1st, 1658:—

IF any one can give notice of one *Edward Perry*, being about the age of eighteen or nineteen years, of low stature, black hair, full of pockholes in his face; he weareth a new gray suit trimmed with green and other ribbons, a light Cinnamon-colored cloak, and black hat, who run away lately from his Master; they are desired to bring or send word to *Tho. Firby*, Stationer, at Gray's Inne gate, who will thankfully reward them.

It will be observed that the dashing appearance of this runaway apprentice, habited in his gray suit trimmed with green ribbons, and furbished off so spicily with his cinnamon-coloured cloak, is rather marred by the description of his face as 'full of pockholes.' Unless the reader has scanned the long list of villanous portraits exhibited by the Hue and Cry in the old papers of the last portion of the seventeenth and first portion of the eighteenth centuries, he can form but a faint conception of the ravages committed by the small-pox upon the population. Every man seemed more or less to have been speckled with 'pockholes,' and the race must have presented one moving mass of pits and scars. Here, for instance, is a companion picture to hang with that of Edward Perry, copied from the 'Mercurius Politicus' of May 31st, 1660:—

A Black-haired Maid, of a middle stature, thick set, with big breasts, having her face full marked with the smallpox, calling herself by the name of *Nan* or *Agnes Hobson*, did, upon Monday the 28 of *May*, about six o'Clock in the morning, steal away from her Ladies house in the Pal-mall a mingle-coloured wrought Tabby Gown of Deer colour and white; a black striped Sattin Gown with four broad bone-black silk Laces, and a plain black watered French Tabby Gown; Also, one Scarlet-coloured and one other Pink-coloured Sarcenet Peticoat, and a white watered Tabby Wastcoat, plain; Several Sarcenet, Mode, and thin black Hoods and Scarfs, several fine Holland Shirts, a laced pair of Cuffs and Dressing; one pair of Pink-coloured Worsted Stockings, a Silver Spoon, a Leather bag, &c. She went away in greyish Cloth Wastcoat turned, and a Pink-coloured Paragon upper Peticoat, with a green Tammy under one. If any shall give notice of this person, or things, at one *Hopkins*, a Shoomaker's, next door to the Vine Tavern, near the Pal-mall end, near Charing Cross, or at Mr. *Ostler's*, at

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at the Bull Head in Cornhill, near the Old Exchange, they shall be rewarded for their pains.

Scarcely a week passes without such runaways being advertised, together with the list of the quaint articles of which their booty consisted. At the risk of wearying the reader with these descriptions of the 'old-fashioned' sort of servants, we give another advertisement from the 'Mercurius Politicus' of July 1st, 1658:—

ONE *Eleanor Parker* (by birth *Haddock*), of a Tawny reddish complexion, a pretty long nose, tall of stature, servant to Mr. *Ferderic Howpert*, Kentish Town, upon Saturday last the 26*th of June*, ran away and stole two Silver Spoons; a sweet Tent-work Bag, with gold and silver Lace about it, and lined with Satin; a Bugle work-Cushion, very curiously wrought in all manners of slips and flowers; a Shell cup, with a Lyon's face, and a Ring of silver in its mouth; besides many other things of considerable value, which she took out of her Mistresses Cabinet, which she broke open; as also some Cloaths and Linen of all sorts, to the value of Ten pounds and upwards. If any one do meet with her and please to secure her, and give notice to the said *Ferderic Howpert*, or else to Mr. *Malpass*, Leather-seller, at the Green Dragon, at the upper end of Lawrence Lane, he shall be thankfully rewarded for his pains.

An advertisement which appears in the same paper, of the date of August 11th, 1659, gives us the first notice we have yet found of the service of negro boys in this country. From this period, however, as we shall presently show, England, at least the fashionable part of it, seems to have swarmed with young blackamoors in a greater degree than we should have imagined even from the familiar notice made of them in the pages of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator.' These early negroes must have been imported from the Portuguese territories, as we did not deal in the article ourselves till the year 1680. The amusing point of the following advertisement, however, is the assurance it gives us that the Puritans 'polled' their negroes as well as themselves.

A Negro-boy, about nine years of age, in a gray Searge suit, his hair cut close to his head, was lost on Tuesday last, *August* 9, at night, in *S. Nicholas* Lane, *London*. If any one can give notice of him to Mr. *Tho. Barker*, at the Sugarloaf in that Lane, they shall be well rewarded for their pains.

About this time we find repeatedly advertised, the loss of horses. It is observable that during the 'troubles' such things as highwaymen were unknown. The bold, unruly characters who at a later date took to the road, were then either enlisted under the banners of the state, or had gone over the sea to Charlie. The great extent to which horse-stealing prevailed during the Commonwealth period, and, indeed, for the next half-century, might possibly be ascribed to the value of those animals consequent upon the scarcity produced by the casualties of the battle-field. We cannot account, however, for one

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one fact connected with the horse-stealing of the Commonwealth period, namely, that when at grass they were often kept *saddled*. The following advertisement, which is an illustration of this singular custom, is very far from being an uncommon one:—

A Small black NAG, some ten or eleven years old, no white at all, bob-Tailed, wel forehanded, somewhat thin behind, thick Heels, and goeth crickling and lamish behind at his first going out; the hair is beat off upon his far Hip as broad as a twelvepence; he hath a black leather Saddle trimmed with blew, and covered with a black Calves-skin, its a little torn upon the Pummel; two new Girths of white and green thread, and black Bridle, the Rein whereof is sowed on the off side, and a knot to draw it on the near side, Stoln out of a field at *Chelmsford*, 21 *February* instant, from Mr. *Henry Bullen*. Whosoever can bring tidings to the said Mr. *Bullen* at *Bromfield*, or to Mr. *Newman* at the Grocer's Arms in *Cornhil*, shall have 20*s*. for his pains.—*Mercurius Politicus*, February 24, 1659.

It could scarcely have been, in this particular case at least, that the exigencies of the time required such precautions, as the only rising that took place this year occurred six months afterwards in the county of Chester. The furniture of the nag, it must be confessed, seems remarkably adapted for service, and might, from its colour, have belonged to a veritable Ironside trooper. Another reason, perhaps, of the great value of horses at this period was the establishment of public conveyances, by which means travellers as well as letters were conveyed from one part of the kingdom to the other. Prior to the year 1636 there was no such a thing as a postal service for the use of the people in this country. The court had, it is true, an establishment for the forwarding of despatches, but its efficacy may be judged of from a letter written by one Bryan Tuke, 'master of the postes' in Henry VIII.'s time, to Cromwell, who had evidently been sharply reproving him for remissness in forwarding the King's papers:—

'The Kinges Grace hath no mor ordinary postes, ne of many days hathe had, but betweene London and Calais . . . . For, sir, ye knowe well that, except the hackney-horses betweene Gravesende and Dovour, there is no suche usual conveyance in post for men in this realme as in the accustomed places of France and other partes; ne men can keepe horses in redynes withoute som way to bere the charges; but when placardes be sent for suche cause (to order the immediate forwarding of some state packet) *the constables many tymes be fayne to take horses oute of ploues and cartes, wherein can be no extreme diligence.*'

This was in the year 1533. Elizabeth, however, established horse-posts on all the great routes for the transmission of the letters of the court, and this in 1633 was developed into a public post, which went night and day at the rate of seven miles an hour

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hour in summer, and five miles in winter,—not such bad travelling for those days. Still there was no means of forwarding passengers until the time of Cromwell, when we find stage-coaches established on all the great roads throughout the kingdom. We do not know that we have ever seen quoted so early a notice of public stage conveyances. We have evidently not given our ancestors so much credit as they deserved. The following advertisement shows the time taken and the fares of a considerable number of these journeys :—

FROM the 26 day of *April* 1658 there will continue to go Stage Coaches from the *George* Inn, without Aldersgate, *London*, unto the several Cities and Towns, for the Rates and at the times, hereafter mentioned and declared.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

To *Salisbury* in two days for xx*s*. To *Blandford* and *Dorchester* in two days and half for xxx*s*. To *Burput* in three days for xxx*s*. To *Exmaster*, *Hunnington*, and *Exeter* in four days for xl*s*.

To *Stamford* in two days for xx*s*. To *Newark* in two days and a half for xxv*s*. To *Bawtrey* in three days for xxx*s*. To *Doncaster* and *Ferribridge* for xxxv*s*. To *York* in four days for xl*s*.

Mondays and *Wednesdays* to *Ockinton* and *Plimouth* for l*s*.

Every *Monday* to *Helperby* and *Northallerton* for xlv*s*. To *Darneton* and *Ferryhil* for l*s*. To *Durham* for lv*s*. To *Newcastle* for iii*l*.

Once every fortnight to *Edinburgh* for iv*l*. a peece—*Mondays*.

Every *Friday* to *Wakefield* in four days, xl*s*.

All persons who desire to travel unto the Cities, Towns, and Roads herein hereafter mentioned and expressed, namely—to *Coventry*, *Litchfield*, *Stone*, *Namptwich*, *Chester*, *Warrington*, *Wiggan*, *Chorley*, *Preston*, *Gastang*, *Lancaster*, and *Kendal*; and also to *Stamford*, *Grantham*, *Newark*, *Tuxford*, *Bawtrey*, *Doncaster*, *Ferriebridge*, *York*, *Helperly*, *Northallerton*, *Darneton*, *Ferryhill*, *Durham*, and *Newcastle*, *Wakefield*, *Leeds*, and *Halifax*; and also to *Salisbury*, *Blandford*, *Dorchester*, *Burput*, *Exmaster*, *Hunnington*, and *Exeter*, *Ockinton*, *Plimouth*, and *Cornwal*; let them repair to the *George* Inn at *Holborn Bridge*, *London*, and thence they shall be in good Coaches with good Horses, upon every *Monday*, *Wednesday* and *Fridays*, at and for reasonable Rates.—*Mercurius Politicus*, April 1, 1658.

Other announcements about the same time prove that the Great Western road was equally provided, as well as the Dover route to the Continent. It is not a little singular, however, that regularly appointed coaches, starting at stated intervals, should have preceded what might be considered the simpler arrangement of the horse service. That the development of the postal system into a means of forwarding single travellers did not take place until some time afterwards, would appear from the following :—

The Postmasters on Chester *Road, petitioning, have received Order, and do accordingly publish the following advertisement :—*

ALL Gentlemen, Merchants, and others, who have occasion to travel between *London* and *Westchester*, *Manchester*, and *Warrington*, or any other Town upon that Road, for the accommodation of Trade, dispatch of Business, and ease of Purse, upon every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Morning,

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ing, betwixt Six and ten of the Clock, at the House of Mr. *Christopher Charteris*, at the sign of the Hart's-Horn, in West-Smithfield, and Post-Master there, and at the Post-Master of *Chester*, at the Post-Master of *Manchester*, and at the Post-Master of *Warrington*, may have a good and able single Horse, or more, furnished at Threepence the Mile, without the charge of a Guide; and so likewise at the House of Mr. *Thomas Challenor*, Post-Master at *Stone* in *Staffordshire*, upon every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturdays Morning, to go for *London*. And so likewise at all the several Post-Masters upon the Road, who will have all such set days so many Horses with Furniture in readiness to furnish the Riders without any stay to carry them to or from any the places aforesaid, in Four days, as well to *London* as from thence, and to places nearer in less time, according as their occasions shall require, they ingaging at the first Stage where they take Horse, for the safe delivery of the same to the next immediate Stage, and not to ride that Horse any further without consent of the Post-Master by whom he rides, and so from Stage to Stage to their Journeys end. *All those who intend to ride this way are desired to give a little notice beforehand, if conveniently they can, to the several Post-masters where they first take horse, whereby they may be furnished with so many Horses as the Riders shall require with expedition.* This undertaking began the 28 of *June* 1658 at all the Places abovesaid, and so continues by the several Post-Masters.

The intimation that these horses might be had without the 'charge of a guide' gives us an insight into the bad condition of the roads up to that period. We can scarcely imagine, in these days, the necessity for a guide to direct us along the great highways of England, and can with difficulty realize to ourselves the fact that as late as the middle of the seventeenth century the interior of the country was little better than a wilderness, as we may indeed gather from Pepys' journey from London to Bristol and back, in which the item 'guides' formed no inconsiderable portion of his expenses.

In turning over the musty little quarto newspapers which mirror with such vividness the characteristic lineaments of the Commonwealth period, not yet left behind us, we chanced upon an advertisement which tells perhaps more than any other of the dangerous complexion of those times. It is an advertisement for some runaway young 'sawbones,' whose love of desperate adventure appears to have led him to prefer the tossing of a pike to pounding with the pestle:—

George Weale, a Cornish youth, about 18 or 19 years of age, serving as an Apprentice at *Kingston* with one Mr. *Weale*, an Apothecary, and his Uncle, about the time of the rising of the Counties *Kent* and *Surrey*, went secretly from his said Uncle, and is conceived to have engaged in the same, and to be either dead, or slain in some of those fights, having never since been heard of, either by his said Uncle, or any of his Friends. If any person can give notice of the certainty of the death of the said *George Weale*, let him repair to the said Mr. *Graunt* his House in Drum-alley in Drury Lane, *London;* he shall have twenty shillings for his pains.—*Mercurius Politicus*, Dec. 8, 1659.

Here at least we have probably preserved the name of one of the fameless men who were 'slain in some of those fights,' a phrase which in these days opens to us a chapter in romance.

With the exception of book advertisements and quack medicines,

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cines, we have not up to this date met with a single instance of a tradesman turning the newspaper to account in making known his goods to the public. The very first announcement of this nature, independently of its being in itself a curiosity, possesses a very strong interest, from the fact that it marks the introduction of an article of food which perhaps more than all others has served to wean the nation from one of its besetting sins of old—drunkenness. Common report, Mr. Disraeli informs us, attributes the introduction of 'the cup which cheers but not inebriates,' to Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory, who are said to have brought over a small quantity from Holland in 1666. The author of the 'Curiosities of Literature' does not think this statement satisfactory, and tells us that he has heard of Oliver Cromwell's teapot being in the possession of a collector. We never knew before of these teetotal habits of the Protector, but we can so far back the story as to find chronologically correct bohea to put into his pot: for though it is true that the date of the following advertisement is three weeks after the death of his Highness, it refers to the article as a known and, by physicians, an approved drink, and therefore must have been some time previously on sale:—

THAT Excellent and by all Physitians approved *China* Drink called by the *Chineans Tcha*, by other Nations *Tay alias Tee*, is sold at the *Sultaness Head Cophee-House*, in *Sweetings* Rents, by the Royal Exchange, *London*.—*Mercurius Politicus*, September 30, 1658.

This is undoubtedly the earliest authentic announcement yet made known of the public sale in England of this now famous beverage. The mention of a 'cophee-house' proves that the sister stimulant was even then making way in the country.* It took, however, a couple of centuries to convert them, in the extended sense of the term, into national drinks; but, like many other good things, it came too early. Tea may have sufficed for fanatics, Anabaptists, Quakers, Independents, and self-denying sectaries of all kinds; and for all we know, its early introduction, had the Commonwealth lasted, might have accelerated the temperance movement a century at least; but the wheel of fortune was about to turn once more—mighty ale had to be broached, and many deep healths to be drunk by those who had 'come to their own again;' and tea, for

* This *cophee-house* in Sweeting's Rents is not alluded to by Mr. Cunningham in his Handbook of London. He mentions the first as established in 1657 in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, and the second (no date mentioned) as set up at the Rainbow in Fleet Street. We think we must make way for this new discovery between the two.

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full half a century, was washed away by brown October and the French wines that came in with the Merry Monarch.

We have now brought the reader upon the very borders of the period when Charles, with his hungry followers, landed in triumph at Dover. The advertisements which appeared during the time that Monk was temporizing and sounding his way to the Restoration form a capital barometer of the state of feeling among political men at that critical juncture. We see no more of the old Fifth-Monarchy spirit abroad. Ministers of the steeple-houses evidently see the storm coming, and cease their long-winded warnings to a backsliding generation. Every one is either panting to take advantage of the first sunshine of royal favour, or to deprecate its wrath, the coming shadow of which is clearly seen. Meetings are advertised of those persons who have purchased sequestered estates, in order that they may address the King to secure them in possession; parliamentary aldermen repudiate by the same means charges in the papers that their names are to be found in the list of those persons who 'sat upon the tryal of the late King;' the works of 'late' bishops begin again to air themselves in the Episcopal wind that is clearly setting in; and 'The Tears, Sighs, Complaints, and Prayers of the Church of England' appear in the advertising columns in place of the sonorous titles of sturdy old Baxter's works. It is clear there is a great commotion at hand; the leaves are rustling, and the dust is moving. In the very midst of it, however, we find one name still faithful to the 'old cause,' as the Puritans call it; on the 8th of March, 1660, that is, while the sway of Charles's sceptre had already cast its shadow from Breda, we find the following advertisement in the 'Mercurius Politicus:'—

THE ready and easie way to establish a free Commonwealth, and the excellence thereof compared with the inconveniences and dangers of readmitting Kingship in this Nation. The Author, J. M. Wherein, by reason of the Printers haste, the Errata not coming in time, it is desired that the following faults may be amended. Page 9, line 32, for *the Areopagus* read *of Areopagus*. P. 10, l. 3, for full Senate, true Senate; l. 4, for fits, is the whole Aristocracy; l. 7, for Provincial States, States of every City. P. 17, l. 29, for *cite, citie*; l. 30, for *left, felt*. Sold by *Livewel Chapman*, at the Crown, in Pope's-head Alley.

The calmness of the blind bard, in thus issuing corrections to his hastily-printed pamphlet on behalf of a falling cause, excites our admiration, and gives us an exalted idea of his moral courage. In two months, as might have been expected, he was a proscribed fugitive, sheltering his honoured head from the pursuit of Charles's myrmidons in some secret hiding-place in Westminster, whilst his works, by order of the House, were being burned by the common hangman.

The lawyers were not slow in perceiving the way the wind was

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was blowing, and set their sails accordingly—if we may take the action of one Mr. Nicholas Bacon, as shown in the following advertisement, as any index of the feelings of his fellows :—

WHEREAS one Capt. *Gouge*, a witness examined against the late Kings Majesty, in those Records stiled himself of the Honorable Society of *Grays* Inne. These are to give notice that the said *Gouge*, being long sought for, was providentially discovered in a disguise, seized in that Society, and now in custody, being apprehended by the help of some spectators that knew him, viewing of a Banner with his Majesties arms, set up just at the same time of His Majesties landing, on an high Tower in the same Society, by *Nicholas Bacon*, Esq., a Member thereof, as a memorial of so great a deliverance, and testimony of his constant loyalty to His Majesty, and that the said *Gouge* upon examination confessed, That he was never admitted not so much as a Clerk of that Society.—*Mercurius Politicus*, June 7, 1660.

Whilst all London was throwing up caps for the restored monarch, and England seemed so glad that he himself wondered how he could have been persuaded to stop away so long, let us catch the lost luggage of a poor Cavalier, who has just followed his royal master from his long banishment, and turn out its contents for our reader, in order to show that even ruined old courtiers carried more impedimenta than the famous 'shirt, towel, and piece of soap' of our renowned Napier. The 'Mercurius Publicus' is now our mine, in which we sink a shaft, and come up with this fossil advertisement, which bears date July 5th, 1660 :—

A Leathern Portmantle Lost at Sittingburn *or* Rochester, *when his Majesty came thither, wherein was a Suit of Camolet Holland, with two little laces in a seam, eight pair of white Gloves, and a pair of Does leather; about twenty yards of skie-colourd Ribbon twelvepenny broad, and a whole piece of black Ribbon tenpenny broad, a cloath lead-coloured cloak, with store of linnen; a pair of shooes, slippers, a Montero, and other things; all which belong to a Gentleman (a near servant to His Majesty) who hath been too long Imprisoned and Sequestered to be now robbed when all men hope to enjoy their own. If any can give notice, they may leave word with* Mr. Samuel Merne, *His Majesties Book-binder, at his house in Little Britain, and they shall be thankfully rewarded.*

The King had not been 'in' a month ere his habits appear through the public papers. The 'Mercurius Politicus' is now turned courtier, and has changed its name to the 'Mercurius Publicus.' Its columns indeed are entirely under the direction of the King, and, instead of slashing articles against malignants, degenerates into a virulent oppressor of the Puritans and a vehicle for inquiries after his Majesty's favourite dogs that have been stolen. In the number for June 28th, 1660, for instance, we find the following advertisement :—

☞ A Smooth Black DOG, less than a Grey-hound, with white under his breast, belonging to the Kings Majesty, was taken from Whitehall, the eighteenth day of this instant *June*, or thereabouts. If any one can give notice to *John Ellis*, one of his Majesties servants, or to his Majesties Back-Stairs, shall be well rewarded for their labour.

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It is evident that 'the smooth black dog' was a very great favourite, for the next publication of the journal contains another advertisement with respect to him, printed in larger Italic type, the diction of which, from its pleasant raillery, looks as though it had come from the King's own hand:—

☞ *We must call upon you again for a Black Dog, between a Grey-hound and a Spaniel, no white about him, onely a streak on his Brest, and Tayl a little bobbed. It is His Majesties own Dog, and doubtless was stoln, for the Dog was not born nor bred in* England, *and would never forsake his Master. Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitehal, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing His Majesty? must he not keep a Dog? This Dogs place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg.*

Pepys, about this time, describes the King with a train of spaniels and other dogs at his heels, lounging along and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, and on occasions still later he was often seen talking to Nelly, as she leaned from her garden-wall that abutted upon the Pall-Mall, whilst his canine favourites grouped around him. On these occasions perhaps the representatives of those gentlemen to be seen in Regent-street, with two bundles of animated wool beneath their arms, were on the look-out, as we find his Majesty continually advertising his lost dogs. Later we find him inquiring after 'a little brindled grey-hound bitch, having her two hinder feet white;' for a 'white-haired spaniel, smooth-coated, with large red or yellowish spots,' and for a 'black mastiff dog, with cropped ears and cut tail.' And when royalty had done, his Highness Prince Rupert, or Buckingham, or 'my Lord Albemarle,' resorted to the 'London Gazette' to make known their canine losses. We think the change in the temper of the age is more clearly marked by these dog advertisements than by anything else. The Puritans did not like sporting animals of any kind, and we much question whether a dog would have followed a fifth-monarchy-man. Hence the total absence of all advertisements bearing upon the 'fancy.' Now that the King had returned, the old English love of field-sports spread with fourfold vigour. We chance upon the traces too of a courtly amusement which had been handed down from the middle ages, and was then only lingering amongst us—hawking. Here is an inquiry after a lost lanner:—

Richard Finney, Esquire, of Alaxton, in Leicestershire, about a fortnight since lost a LANNER from that place; she hath neither Bells nor Varvels; she is a white Hawk, and her long feathers and sarcels are both in the blood. If any one give tidings thereof to Mr. Lambert at the golden Key in Fleet-street, they shall have forty shillings for their pains.—*Mercurius Publicus*, September 6, 1660.

As London was the only place in which a newspaper was published

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lished during the reign of Charles, and indeed for nearly fifty years afterwards, the hue and cry after lost animals always came to town as a matter of course. It sounds strange to read these advertisements of a sport the very terms of which are now unintelligible to us. What ages seem to have passed since these birds, in all the glory of scarlet hoods, were carried upon some 'faire lady's' wrist, or poised themselves, with fluttering wing, as the falconer uncovered them to view their quarry. We have skipped a few years, in order to afford one or two more examples of these picturesque advertisements, so different from anything to be seen at the present day:—

LOST on the 30 of October, 1665, an Intermix'd Barbary Tercel Gentle, engraven in Varvels, Richard Windwood, of Ditton Park, in the County of Bucks, Esq. For more particular marks—if the Varvels be taken off—the 4th feather in one of the wings Imped, and the third pounce of the right foot broke. If any one inform Sir William Roberts, Knight and Baronet (near Harrow-on-the-Hill, in the County of Middlesex), or Mr. William Philips, at the King's Head in Paternoster Row, of the Hawk, he shall be sufficiently rewarded. —*The Intelligencer*, Nov. 6, 1665.

The next paper contains an inquiry for a goshawk belonging to Lord William Petre, and two years later a royal bird is inquired after in the 'London Gazette,' as follows:—

A Sore ger Falcon of His Majesty, lost the 13 of August, who had one Varvel of his Keeper, Roger Higs, of Westminster, Gent. Whosover hath taken her up and give notice Sir Allan Apsley, Master of His Majesties Hawks at St. James's, shall be rewarded for his paines. Back-Stairs in Whitehall.

This Sir Allan Apsley is the brother of Mrs. Hutchinson, who has given us such a vivid picture, in the memoir of her husband, of the Commonwealth time. The 'London Gazette,' from which we quote, is the only paper still in existence that had its root in those days. It first appeared in Oxford, upon the Court taking up its abode in that city during the time of the Great Plague, and was therefore called the 'Oxford Gazette.' On the return of Charles to London it followed in his train, and became the 'London Gazette,' or Court and official paper, and the latter character it has retained to the present hour. The gazettes of the seventeenth century were widely different from those of our day. They contain foreign news, as well as state papers, royal proclamations, &c., and, stranger still, miscellaneous advertisements are mixed up with those upon the business of the Court. The quack doctors, with an eye, we suppose, to the 'quality,' were the first to avail themselves of its pages to make known their nostrums. It will astonish our readers to find what an ancestry some of the quack medicines of the present day have had. 'Nervous powders,' specifics for gout, rheumatism, &c., seized

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upon

upon the columns of the newspapers almost as early as they were published. Here is a specimen which might still serve as a model for such announcements :—

Gentlemen, you are desired to take notice, That Mr. *Theophilus Buckworth* doth at his house on *Mile-end Green* make and expose to sale, for the publick good, those so famous *Lozenges* or *Pectorals* approved for the cure of Consumptions, Coughs, Catarrhs, Asthmas, Hoarness, Strongness of Breath, Colds in general, Diseases incident to the Lungs, and a sovoraign Antidote against the Plague, and all other contagious Diseases, and obstructions of the Stomach: And for more convenience of the people, constantly leaveth them sealed up with his coat of arms on the papers, with Mr. *Rich. Lowndes* (as formerly), at the sign of the White Lion, near the little north door of *Pauls Church*; Mr. *Henry Seile*, over against *S. Dunstan's* Church in Fleet Street; Mr. *William Milward*, at *Westminster* Hall Gate; Mr. *John Place*, at *Furnivals Inn Gate* in Holborn; and Mr. *Robert Horn*, at the Turk's-head near the entrance of the Royal Exchange, Booksellers, and no others.

This is published to prevent the designs of divers Pretenders, who counterfeit the said Lozenges, to the disparagement of the said Gentleman, and great abuse of the people.—Mercurius Politicus, Nov. 16, 1660.

The next is equally characteristic :—

MOST Excellent and Approved *Dentifrices* to scour and cleanse the Teeth, making them white as Ivory, preserves from the Toothach; so that, being constantly used, the parties using it are never troubled with the Toothach: It fastens the Teeth, sweetens the Breath, and preserves the Gums and Mouth from Cankers and Imposthumes. Made by *Robert Turner*, Gentleman; and the right are onely to be had at *Thomas Rookes*, Stationer, at the Holy Lamb at the east end of St. Pauls Church, near the School, in sealed papers, at 12*d.* the paper.

The reader is desired to beware of counterfeits.
(*Mercurius Politicus*, Dec. 20, 1660.)

Other advertisements about this time profess to cure all diseases by means of an 'antimonial cup.' Sir Kenelm Digby, the same learned knight who feasted his wife upon capons fattened upon serpents, in order to make her fair, advertises a book in which he professes to show a method of curing wounds by a powder of sympathy; and here is a notification of a remedy which shows still more clearly the superstitious character of the age :—

SMALL BAGGS to hang about Children's necks, which are excellent both for the *prevention and cure* of the *Rickets*, and to ease children in breeding of Teeth, are prepared by Mr. Edmund Buckworth, and constantly to be had at Mr. Philip Clark's, Keeper of the Library in the Fleet, and nowhere else, at 5 shillings a bagge.—*The Intelligencer*, Oct. 16, 1664.

It was left, however, to the reign of Anne for the mountebank to descend from his stage in the fair and the market-place, in order to erect it in the public newspapers. But we have yet to mention one, who might appear to some to be the greatest quack of all, and who about this time resorted to an advertisement in the newspapers to call his patients to his doors;—the royal charlatan,

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charlatan, who touched for the evil, makes known that he is at home for the season to his people through the medium of the 'Public Intelligencer' of 1664:—

WHITEHALL, May 14, 1664. His Sacred Majesty, having declared it to be his Royal will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the Month of May, and then to give over till Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to Town in the Interim and lose their labour.

No doubt there was much political significance in this pretended efficacy of the royal touch in scrofulous afflictions; at the same time there is reason to believe that patients did sometimes speedily recover after undergoing the regal contact. Dr. Tyler Smith, who has written a very clever little book on the subject, boldly states his belief that the emotion felt by these poor stricken people who came within the influence of 'that divinity which doth hedge a king,' acted upon them as a powerful mental tonic; in a vast number of cases, however, we might impute the tonic to the gold coin which the king always bestowed upon his patient. Be that as it may, the practice flourished down to the time of Anne, at whose death it stopped; the sovereigns of the line of Brunswick never pretending to possess this medicinal virtue, coming as they did to the throne by only a parliamentary title. The reaction from the straightlaced times of the Commonwealth, which set in immediately upon the Restoration, seems to have arrived at its height about the year 1664, and the advertisements at that period reflect very truly the love of pleasure and excitement which seized hold of the people, as if they were bent on making up for the time that had been lost during the Puritanic rule. They are mostly taken up in fact with inquiries after 'lost lace-work;' announcements of lotteries in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall, of jewels, tapestry, and lockets of 'Mr. Cooper's work,' of which the following is a fair specimen:—

LOST on the 27th of July, about Boswell Yard or Drury Lane, a Ladyes Picture, set in gold, and three Keys, with divers other little things in a perfumed pocket. Whosoever shall give notice of or bring the said picture to Mr. Charles Coakine, Goldsmith, near Staples Inne, Holborn, shall have 4 times the value of the gold for his payns.—*The News*, August, 4, 1664.

The love of the people also for the strange and marvellous is shown by announcements of rare sights: for instance we are told that—

AT the Mitre, near the west end of St. Paul's, is to be seen a rare Collection of Curiosityes, much resorted to and admired by persons of great learning and quality; among which a choyce Egyptian Mummy, with hieroglyphicks; the Ant-Beare of Brasil; a Remora; a Torpedo; the Huge Thigh-bone of a Giant; a Moon Fish; a Tropic Bird, &c.—*The News* of June 2, 1664.

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A rather scanty collection of articles, it is true, but eked out monstrously by the 'huge thigh-bone of a giant;' which in all probability belonged to some huge quadruped. The ignorance of those times with respect to natural history must have been something astonishing, as about the same date we find the following print of what were evidently considered very curious animals advertised in the 'London Gazette:'—

A True Representation of the Rhonoserous and Elephant, lately brought from the East Indies to London, drawn after the life, and curiously engraven in Mezzotinto, printed upon a large sheet of paper. Sold by PIERCE TEMPEST, at the Eagle and Child in the Strand, over against Somerset House, Water Gate.—The *London Gazette*, Jan. 22, 1664.

In the succeeding year all advertisements of this kind stop; amusements, from some great disturbing cause, have ceased to attract; there is no more gambling under the name of lotteries at Whitehall, no more curiosities are exhibited to a pleasure-loving crew, no more books of amorous songs are published, no more lockets or perfumed bags are dropped, all is stagnation and silence, if we may judge as much from the sudden cessation of advertisements with reference to them in the public papers; Death now comes upon the stage and rudely shuts the box of Autolicus, crops the street with grass, and marks a red cross on every other door. It is the year of the Great Plague. Those who could, fled early from the pest-stricken city; those who remained until the malady had gained irresistible sway were not allowed to depart for fear of carrying the contagion into the provinces, the Lord Mayor denying to such a clean bill of health, in consequence of which they were driven back by the rustics as soon as discovered. A singular instance also of the vigilance of the authorities, in confining, as they imagined, the mischief within the limits of the metropolis is afforded by the succeeding advertisement:—

Nicholas Hurst, an Upholsterer, over against the Rose Tavern, in Russell-street, Covent-Garden, whose Maid Servant dyed lately of the Sickness, fled on Monday last out of his house, taking with him several Goods and Household Stuff, and was afterwards followed by one Doctor Cary and Richard Bayle, with his wife and family, who lodged in the same house; but Bayle having his usual dwelling-house in Waybridge, in Surrey. Whereof we are commanded to give this Public Notice, that diligent search may be made for them, and the houses in which any of their persons or goods shall be found may be shut up by the next Justice of the Peace, or other his Majesty's Officers of Justice, and notice immediately given to some of his Majesty's Privy Councill, or to one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.—*London Gazette*, May 10, 1666.

Antidotes and remedies for the plague are also commonly advertised, just as the visitation of the cholera in 1854 filled the columns of the 'Times' full of all sorts of specifics. Thus, for example, the 'Intelligencer' of August the 28th, 1665, announces 'an excellent

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excellent electuary against the plague, to be drunk at the Green Dragon, Cheap-side, at sixpence a pint.' The great and only cure, however, for this fearful visitation, which carried off a hundred thousand persons in London alone, was at hand—the purgation of fire. The conflagration, which burst out on the 2nd of September, and destroyed thirteen thousand houses, gave the final blow to its declining attacks. Singularly enough, but faint traces of this overwhelming calamity, as it was considered at the time, can be gathered from the current advertisements. Although the entire population of the city was rendered houseless, and had to encamp in the surrounding fields, where they extemporised shops and streets, not one hint of such a circumstance can be found in the public announcements of the period. No circumstance could afford a greater proof of the little use made by the trading community of this means of publicity in the time of Charles II. If a fire only a hundredth part so destructive were to occur in these days, the columns of the press would immediately be full of the new addresses of the burnt-out shopkeepers; and those who were not even damaged by it would take care to 'improve the occasion' to their own advantage. We look in vain through the pages of the 'London Gazette' of this and the following year for one such announcement: not even a tavern-keeper tells us the number of his booth in Goodman's-fields, although quack medicine flourished away in its columns as usual. In 1667 we see a notification, now and then, of some change in the site of a government office, or of the intention to build by contract some public structure, such as the following notice relative to the erection of the old Royal Exchange:—

ALL Artificers of the several Trades that must be used in Rebuilding the Royal Exchange may take notice, that the Committee appointed for Management of that Work do sit at the end of the long gallery in Gresham Colledge every Monday in the forenoon, there and then to treat with such as are fit to undertake the same.

The remainder of the reign of Charles is unmarked by the appearance of any characteristic advertisements, which give a clue to the peculiar complexion of the time. If we go back two or three years, however, we shall find one which bears upon the introduction of those monstrous flowing wigs which continued in fashion to the middle of the succeeding century:—

WHEREAS *George Grey*, a Barber and Perrywigge-maker, over against the *Greyhound Tavern* in *Black Fryers*, *London*, stands obliged to serve some particular Persons of eminent Condition and Quality in his way of Employment: It is therefore Notifyed at his desire, that any one having long flaxen hayr to sell may repayr to him the said *George Grey*, and they shall have 10*s*. the ounce, and for any other long fine hayr after the Rate of 5*s*. or 7*s*. the ounce.—*The Newes*, February 4, 1663.

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Pepys describes, with amusing minuteness, how Chapman the periwig-maker cut off his hair to make up one of these portentous head-dresses for him, much to the trouble of his servants, Jane and Bessy, and on the Lord's day, November 8th, 1663, he relates, with infinite naïveté, his entrance into church with what must evidently have been the perruquier's latest fashion. 'To church, where I found that my coming in a periwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me, but I find no such thing.' Ten shillings the ounce for long flaxen hair shows the demand for this peculiar colour by 'persons of eminent condition and quality.' We have shown, from the advertisements of the time of Charles II., what was indeed well known, that the age was characterised by frivolous amusements, and by a love of dress and vicious excitement, in the midst of which pestilence stalked like a mocking fiend, and the great conflagration lit up the general masquerade with its lurid and angry glare. Together with the emasculate tone of manners, a disposition to personal violence and a contempt of law stained the latter part of this and the succeeding reign. The audacious seizure of the crown jewels by Blood; the attack upon the Duke of Ormond by the same desperado, that nobleman actually having been dragged from his coach in St. James's Street in the evening, and carried, bound upon the saddle-bow of Blood's horse, as far as Hyde Park Corner, before he could be rescued; the slitting of Sir John Coventry's nose in the Haymarket by the king's guard; and the murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey on Primrose Hill, are familiar instances of the prevalence of this lawless spirit.

We catch a glimpse of one of these street outrages in the following announcement of an assault upon glorious John :—

WHEREAS *John Dryden, Esq.*, was on Monday, the 18th instant, at night, barbarously assaulted and wounded, in Rose Street in Covent Garden, by divers men unknown; if any person shall make discovery of the said offenders to the said Mr. Dryden, or to any Justice of the Peace, he shall not only receive Fifty Pounds, which is deposited in the hands of Mr. Blanchard, Goldsmith, next door to Temple Bar, for the said purpose, but if he be a principal or an accessory in the said fact, his Majesty is graciously pleased to promise him his pardon for the same.—*The London Gazette*, Dec. 22, 1679.

And here is another of a still more tragic character :—

WHEREAS a Gentleman was, on the eighteenth at night, mortally wounded near Lincoln's Inn, in Chancery Lane, in view as is supposed of the coachman that set him down: these are to give notice that the said coachman shall come in and declare his knowledge of the matter; if any other person shall discover the said coachman to John Hawles, at his chamber in Lincoln's Inn, he shall have 5 guineas reward.—*London Gazette*, March 29th, 1688.

To this period also may be ascribed the rise of that romantic felon,

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felon, the highwayman. The hue and cry after these genteel robbers is frequently raised during the reign of James II. In one case we have notice of a gentleman having been stopped, robbed, and then bound, by mounted men at Islington, who rode away with his horse; another time these daring gentry appeared at Knightsbridge; and a third advertisement, of a later date it is true, offers a reward for three mounted Macheaths, who were charged with stopping and robbing three young ladies in South Street, near Audley Chapel, as they were returning home from visiting. The following is still more singular, as showing the high social position of some of these gentlemen who took to the 'road' for special purposes:—

WHEREAS Mr. Herbert Jones, Attorney-at-Law in the town of Monmouth, well known by being several years together Under-Sheriff of the same County, hath of late divers time robbed the Mail coming from that town to London, and taken out divers letters and writs, and is now fled from justice, and supposed to have sheltered himself in some of the new-raised troops. These are to give notice, that whosoever shall secure the said Herbert Jones, so as to be committed in order to answer these said crimes, may give notice thereof to Sir Thomas Fowles, goldsmith, Temple-bar, London, or to Mr. Michael Bohune, mercer, in Monmouth, and shall have a guinea's reward.

The drinking tendencies of these Jacobite times are chiefly shown by the numberless inquiries after lost or stolen silver tankards, and by the sales of claret and canary which constantly took place. The hammer was not apparently used at that time, as we commonly find announcements of sales by 'inch of candle,' a term which mightily puzzled us until we saw the explanation of it in our constant book of reference, the Diary of Pepys:—

'After dinner we met and sold the Weymouth, Successe and Fellowship hulkes, where pleasant to see how backward men are at first to bid; and yet, when the candle is going out, how they bawl, and dispute afterwards who bid the most. And here I observed one man cunninger than the rest, that was sure to bid the last man and to carry it; and inquiring the reason he told me that, just as the flame goes out, the smoke descends, which is a thing I never observed before, and by that he do know the instant when to bid last' (Sept. 3rd, 1662).

The taste for auctions, which became such a rage in the time of Anne, had its beginning about this period. Books and pictures are constantly advertised to be disposed of in this manner. The love of excitement born in the gaming time of the Restoration might be traced in these sales, and in the lotteries, or 'adventures' as they were sometimes termed, which extended to every conceivable article capable of being sold. The rising taste of the town was, however, checked for the time by the Revolution, which

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which was doubtless hastened on by such announcements as the following, which appeared in the 'Gazette' of March 8, 1688:—

CATHOLIC LOYALTY, or upon the Subject of Government and Obedience, delivered in a SERMON before the King and Queen, in His Majesties Chapel at Whitehall, on the 13 of June, 1687, by the Revnd. Father Edward Scaraisbroke, priest of the Society of Jesus. Published by His Majesty's Command. Sold by Raydal Taylor, near Stationers Hall, London.

Up to this time advertisements only appeared in threes and fours, and rarely, if ever, exceeded a dozen, in any newspaper of the day. They were generally stuck in the middle of the diminutive journal, but sometimes formed a tail-piece to it. They were confined in their character, and gave no evidence of belonging to a great commercial community. Now and then, it is true, sums of money were advertised as seeking investment; more constantly a truss for a 'broken belly,' or an 'excellent dentifrice,' appeared; or some city mansion of the nobility is advertised to let, showing the progress westward even then, as witness the following:—

THE EARL of BERKELEY'S HOUSE, with Garden and Stables, in St. John's Lane, not far from Smith Field, is to be Let or Sold for Building. Enquire of Mr. Prestworth, a corn chandler, near the said house, and you may know further.—*London Gazette*, August 17, 1685.

Here is an instance of the singular manner in which fire-insurances were conducted in that day:—

THERE having happened a fire on the 24th of the last month by which several houses of the friendly society were burned to the value of 965 pounds, these are to give notice to all persons of the said society that they are desired to pay at the office Faulcon Court in Fleet Street their several proportions of their said loss, which comes to five shillings and one penny for every hundred pounds insured, before the 12th of August next.—*London Gazette*, July 6th, 1685.

Sometimes it is a 'flea-bitten grey mare' stolen out of 'Mary-le-bone Park,' or a lost lottery-ticket, or a dog, that is inquired after, but they contained no hint that England possessed a commercial marine, or that she was destined to become a nation of shopkeepers. As yet too there was no sign given of that wonderful art of ingenious puffing which now exists, and which might lead a casual observer to imagine that the nation consisted of only two classes—cheats and dupes.

From the settlement of 1688 the true value of the advertisement appears to have dawned upon the public. The country evidently began to breathe freely, and with Dutch William and Protestant ascendancy the peculiar character of the nation burst forth with extraordinary vigour. Enterprise of all kinds was called

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called forth, and cast its image upon the advertising columns of the public journals, now greatly increased both in size and in numbers, no less than twenty-six having been set up within four years after the Revolution. It is observable, too, that from this political convulsion dates a certain rough humour, which, however latent, was not before expressed in the public papers, especially on matters political. Let us further elucidate our meaning by quoting the following from the 'New Observator' of July 17, 1689, setting forth a popular and practical method of parading the Whig triumph :—

ORANGE CARDS, representing the late King's reign and expedition of the Prince of Orange: viz. The Earl of Essex Murther, Dr. Otes Whipping, Defacing the Monument, My Lord Jeferies in the West hanging of Protestants, Magdalen College, Trial of the Bishops, Castle Maine at Rome, The Popish Midwife, A Jesuit Preaching against our Bible, Consecrated Smock, My Lord Chancellor at the Bed's feet, Birth of the Prince of Wales, The Ordinare Mass-house pulling down and burning by Captain Tom and his Mobile, Mortar pieces in the Tower, The Prince of Orange Landing, The Jesuits Scampering, Father Peter's Transactions, The Fight at Reading, The Army going over to the Prince of Orange, Tyrconnel in Ireland, My Lord Chancellor in the Tower. With many other remarkable passages of the Times. To which is added the effigies of our Gracious K. William and Q. Mary, curiously illustrated and engraven in lively figures, done by the performers of the first Popish Plot Cards. Sold by Dunan Newman, the publisher and printer of the New Observator.

The editor of the 'New Observator' was Bishop Burnet, and these political playing-cards were sold by his publisher; perhaps the great Protestant bishop knew something of their 'performers.' In the year 1692 an experiment was made which clearly shows how just an estimate was getting abroad of the value of publicity in matters of business. A newspaper was set up, called 'The City Mercury, published gratis for the Promotion of Trade,' which lasted for two years, and contained nothing but advertisements. The proprietor undertook to distribute a thousand copies per week to the then chief places of resort,—coffee-houses, taverns, and bookshops. Even in these days of the 'Times' double supplement such an experiment has often been made and failed; our wonder, therefore, is not that the 'City Mercury' went to that limbo which is stored with such countless abortive journals, but that the interest felt in advertisements should, at that early period, have kept it alive so long.

If the foregoing scheme proves that an attempt was then made to subdivide the duties of a newspaper—that of keeping its readers informed of the news of the day, and of forming a means of publicity for the wants and losses of individuals—the advertisement we are about to quote clearly shows that at the same time there was a plan in existence for combining the printed newspaper with the more ancient written newsletter. It is well known that long

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long after the institution of public journals the old profession of the newsletter-writer continued to flourish. We can easily account for this fact when we remember that during the heat of a great rebellion it was much more safe to write than to print the intelligence of the day. Many of these newsletters were written by strong partisans, and contained information which it was neither desirable nor safe that their opponents should see. They were passed on from hand to hand in secret, and often endorsed by each successive reader. We are told that the Cavaliers, when taken prisoners, have been known to eat their newsletters; and some of Prince Rupert's, which had been intercepted, are still in existence, and bear dark red stains which testify to the desperate manner in which they were defended. It is pretty certain, however, that, as a profession, newsletter-writing began to decline after the Revolution, although we find the editor of the 'Evening Post,' as late as the year 1709, reminding its readers that 'there must be three or four pounds a year paid for written news.' At the same time the public journals, it is clear, had not performed that part of their office which was really more acceptable to the country reader than any other—the retailing the political and social chitchat of the day. We have only to look into the public papers to convince ourselves how woefully they fell short in a department which must have been the staple of the newswriter. This want still being felt, John Salusbury devises a scheme to combine the old and the new plan after the following manner, as announced in the 'Flying Post' of 1694:—

IF any Gentleman has a mind to oblige his country friend or correspondent with the Account of Public Affairs, he may have it for twopence of J. Salusbury at the Rising-Sun in Cornhill, on a sheet of fine paper, half of which being blank, he may thereon write his own private business or the material news of the day.

It does not say much for the energy with which the journals of that day were conducted that the purchasers are invited to write therein 'the material news of the day;' that, we should have thought, was the editor's business to have supplied; but it was perhaps a contrivance by which the Jacobites might circulate information, by means of the post, without compromising the printer. We have seen many such papers, half-print half-manuscript, in the British Museum, which had passed through the post, the manuscript portion of which the Home Secretaries of our time would have thought sufficiently treasonable to justify them in having broken their seals.

As advertisements, from their earliest introduction, were used to make known the amusements of the day and the means of killing time at the disposal of persons of quality, it seems strange that it

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it was not employed sooner than it was to draw a company to the theatres. We have looked in vain for the announcement of any theatrical entertainment before the year 1701, when the advertisement of the Lincoln's Inn Theatre makes its appearance in the columns of the 'English Post.' The lead of this little house was, however, speedily followed by the larger ones, and only a few years later we have regular lists of the performances at all the theatres in the daily papers. The first journal of this description was the 'Daily Courant,' published in 1709. In this year also appeared the celebrated 'Tatler,' to be speedily followed by the 'Spectator' and 'Guardian,' the social and literary journals of that Augustine age. The first edition of the 'Tatler,' in the British Museum, contains advertisements like an ordinary paper, and they evidently reflect, more than those of its contemporaries, the flying fashions of the day, and the follies of the 'quality.' In them we notice the rage that existed for lotteries, or 'sales,' as they were called. Every conceivable thing was put up to raffle. We see advertisements headed 'A Sixpenny Sale of Lace,' 'A Hundred Pounds for Half-a-crown,' 'A Penny Adventure for a Great Pie,' 'A Quarter's Rent,' 'A Freehold Estate,' 'Threepenny Sales of Houses,' 'A fashionable Coach;' gloves, looking-glasses, chocolate, Hungary water, Indian goods, lacquered ware, fans, &c., were notified to be disposed of in this manner, and the fair mob was called together to draw their tickets by the same means. This fever, which produced ten years later the celebrated South Sea Bubble, was of slow growth. It had its root in the Restoration, its flower in the reign of Anne, and its fruit and dénouement in the reign of George I. Before passing on from the pages of the 'Tatler,' we must stop for a moment to notice one or two of those playful advertisements which Sir Richard Steele delighted in, and which, under the guise of fun, perhaps really afforded him excellent matter for his Journal. Here is an irresistible invitation to his fair readers:—

ANY Ladies who have any particular stories of their acquaintance which they are willing privately to make public, may send 'em by the penny post to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., enclosed to Mr. John Morpheu, near Stationers' Hall.—*Tatler*, May 8, 1709.

An excellent lion's-mouth this wherein to drop scandal. A still more amusing instance of the fun that pervaded Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., is to be found in the series of advertisements in which he ought to have convinced John Partridge, the Astrologer, that he really had departed this life: an assertion which the latter persisted in denying with the most ludicrous earnestness. Of these we give one from the 'Tatler' of August 24th, 1710:—

WHEREAS

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WHEREAS an ignorant Upstart in Astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 28 of March 1718, these are to certify all whom it may concern, that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to the present day. Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

The pleasant malice of the above is patent enough, but we confess we are puzzled to know whether the following is genuine or not. We copied it from among a number of others, from which it was undistinguishable by any peculiarity of type :—

The Charitable Advice Office, where all persons may have the opinion of dignified Clergymen, learned Council, graduate Physicians, and experienced Surgeons, to any question in Divinity, Morality, Law, Physic, or Surgery, with proper Prescriptions within twelve hours after they have delivered in a state of their case. Those who can't write may have their cases stated at the office. * * The fees are only 1*s.* at delivery, or sending your case, and 1*s.* more on re-delivering that and the opinion upon it, being what is thought sufficient to defray the necessary expense of servants and office-rent.—*Tatler*, December 16, 1710.

To pass, however, from the keen weapons of the brain to those of the flesh, it is interesting to fix with some tolerable accuracy the change which took place in the early part of the eighteenth century in what might be called the amusements of the fancy. The 'noble art of defence,' as it was termed, up to the time of the first George seems to have consisted in the broad-sword exercise. Pepys describes in his Diary several bloody encounters of this kind which he himself witnessed; and the following advertisement, a half century later, shows that the skilled weapon had not at that time been set aside for the more brutal fist :—

A *Tryal of Skill* to be performed at His Majesty's Bear Garden in Hockley-in-the-Hole, on Thursday next, being the 9th instant, betwixt these following masters:—Edmund Button, master of the noble science of defence, *who hath lately cut down* Mr. Hasgit and the Champion of the West, *and* 4 *besides*, and James Harris, an Herefordshire man, master of the noble science of defence, who has fought 98 prizes and never was worsted, to exercise the usual weapons, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon precisely.—*Postman*, July 4, 1701.

The savage character of the time may be judged from this public boast of Mr. Edmund Button that he had cut down six men with a murderous weapon. We question, however, if the age which could tolerate such ruffianism was not exceeded by the change, which substituted the fist for the sword, and witnessed women entering the ring in the place of men. Some of the earliest notices of boxing-matches upon record, singularly enough, took place between combatants of the fair sex. In a public journal of 1722, for instance, we find the following gage of battle thrown down, and accepted :—

CHALLENGE.—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for three guineas; each woman holding

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holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.

ANSWER.—I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows, and from her no favour: she may expect a good thumping!

The half-crowns in the hands was an ingenious device to prevent scratching! A still more characteristic specimen of one of these challenges to a fisticuff between two women is to be found in the 'Daily Post' of July 7th, 1728:—

AT *Mr. Stokes' Amphitheatre* in Islington Road, this present Monday, being the 7 of October, will be a complete Boxing Match by the two following Champions:—Whereas I, Ann Field, of Stoke Newington, ass-driver, well known for my abilities in boxing in my own defence wherever it happened in my way, having been affronted by Mrs. Stokes, styled the European Championess, do fairly invite her to a trial of her best skill in Boxing for 10 pounds, fair rise and fall; and question not but to give her such proofs of my judgement that shall oblige her to acknowledge me Championess of the Stage, to the entire satisfaction of all my friends.

I, Elizabeth Stokes, of the City of London, have not fought in this way since I fought the famous boxing-woman of Billingsgate 29 minutes, and gained a complete victory (which is six years ago); but as the famous Stoke Newington ass-woman dares me to fight her for the 10 pounds, I do assure her I will not fail meeting her for the said sum, and doubt not that the blows which I shall present her with will be more difficult for her to digest than any she ever gave her asses. —*Note.* A man, known by the name of Rugged and Tuff, challenges the best man of Stoke Newington to fight him for one guinea to what sum they please to venture. N.B. Attendance will be given at one, and the encounter to begin at four precisely. There will be the diversion of Cudgel-playing as usual.

Other advertisements about this time relate to cock-matches, sometimes 'to last the week,' to bull-baiting, and, more cruel still, to dressing up mad bulls with fire-works, in order to worry them with dogs. The brutal tone of manners, which set in afresh with the Hanoverian succession, might be alone gathered from the so-called sporting advertisements of the day, and we now see that Hogarth, in his famous picture, had no need to, and probably did not, draw upon his imagination for the combination of horrid cruelties therein depicted.

The very same spirit pervaded the gallantry of the day, and we print two advertisements, one of the time of Anne, and the other of the age we are now illustrating, in order to contrast their spirit. We give the more polished one precedence:—

A GENTLEMAN who, the twentieth instant, had the honour to conduct a lady out of a boat at Whitehall-stairs, desires to know where he may wait on her to disclose a matter of concern. A letter directed to Mr. Samuel Reeves, to be left with Mr. May, at the Golden Head, the upper end of New Southampton Street, Covent Garden.—*Tatler*, March 21, 1709.

A certain courtly style and air of good breeding pervades this advertisement,

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advertisement, of which Sir Richard Steele himself need not have been ashamed; but what a falling off is here!—

WHEREAS a young lady was at Covent Garden playhouse last Tuesday night, and received a blow with a square piece of wood on her breast: if the lady be single, and meet me on Sunday, at two o'clock, on the Mall in St. James's Park, or send a line directed for A. B., to Mr. Jones's, at the Sun Tavern in St. Paul's Churchyard, where and when I shall wait on her, to inform her of something very much to her advantage on honourable terms, her compliance will be a lasting pleasure to her most obedient servant.—*General Advertiser*, Feb. 8, 1748.

It would seem as though the beau had been forced to resort to a missile to make an impression, and then felt the necessity of stating that his intentions were 'honourable,' in order to secure the interview with his innamorata. Imagine too the open unblushing manner in which the assignation is attempted! We are far from saying that such matters are not managed now through the medium of advertisements, for we shall presently show they are, but in how much more carefully concealed a manner. The perfect contempt of public opinion, or rather the public acquiescence in such infringements of the moral law, which it exhibits, proves the general state of morality more than the infringements themselves, which obtain more or less at all times. Two of the causes which led to this low tone of manners with respect to women were doubtless the detestable profligacy of the courts of the two first Georges, and the very defective condition of the existing marriage law. William and Mary, and Anne, had, by their decorous, not to say frigid lives, redeemed the Crown, and, in some measure, the aristocracy, from the vices of the Restoration. Crown, court, and quality, however, fell into a still worse slough on the accession of the Hanoverian king, who soiled afresh the rising tone of public life by his scandalous connexion with the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Darlington; whilst his son and successor was absolutely abetted in his vicious courses by his own queen, who promoted his commerce with his two mistresses, the Countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth. The degrading influence of the royal manners was well seconded by the condition of the law. Keith's chapel in May-fair, and that at the Fleet, were the Gretna-greens of the age, where children could get married at any time of the day or night for a couple of crowns. It was said at the time that at the former chapel, six thousand persons were annually married in this off-hand way; the youngest of the beautiful Miss Gunnings was wedded to the Duke of Hamilton, at twelve o'clock at night, with a ring off the bed-curtain, at this very 'marriage-shop.' The fruits of such unions may be imagined. The

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The easy way in which the marriage bond was worn and broken through is clearly indicated by the advertisements which absolutely crowd the public journals from the accession of the House of Brunswick up to the time of the third George, of husbands warning the public not to trust their runaway wives.

We have referred, in an early part of this paper, to the taste for blackamoors, which set in in the reign of Charles II., and went on increasing until the middle of the next century, at which time there must have been a very considerable population of negro servants in the metropolis. At first the picturesque natives of the East were pressed into the service of the nobility and gentry, and colour does not appear to have been a *sine quâ non*. Thus we have in the 'London Gazette' of 1688 the following hue and cry advertisement:—

RUN away from his master, Captain St. Lo, the 21st instant, Obdelah Ealias Abraham, a Moor, swarthy complexion, short frizzled hair, a gold ring in his ear, in a black coat and blew breeches. He took with him a blew Turkish watch-gown, a Turkish suit of clothing that he used to wear about town, and several other things. Whoever brings him to Mr. Lozel's house in Green Street shall have one guinea for his charges.

The next advertisement we find also relates to what we must consider an East Indian. The notion of property in these boys seems to have been complete; their masters put their names upon their collars, as they did upon their setters or spaniels:—

A BLACK boy, an Indian, about thirteen years old, run away the 8th instant from Putney, with a collar about his neck with this inscription: 'the Lady Bromfield's black in Lincoln's Inn Fields.' Whoever brings him to Sir Edward Bromfield's at Putney shall have a guinea reward.—*The London Gazette*, 1694.

The traffic in African blacks, which commenced towards the end of the seventeenth century, seems to have displaced these eastern servitors towards the end of the century, for henceforth the word negro, blackamoor, or black boy, is invariably used. No doubt the fashion for these negroes, and other coloured attendants, was derived from the Venetian Republic, the intercourse of whose merchants with Africa and India naturally led to their introduction. Titian and other great painters of his school continually introduced them in their pictures, and our own great bard has for ever associated the Moor with the City in the Sea. In England the negro boys appear to have been considered as much articles of sale as they would have been in the slave-market at Constantinople. In the 'Tatler' of 1709 we find one offered to the public in the following terms:—

A BLACK boy, twelve years of age, fit to wait on a gentleman, to be disposed of at Denis's Coffee-house in Finch Lane, near the Royal Exchange.

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Again,

Again, in the 'Daily Journal' of September 28th, 1728, we light upon another:—

TO be sold, a negro boy, aged eleven years. Enquire of the Virginia Coffee-house in Threedneedle Street, behind the Royal Exchange.

These were the overflowings of that infamous traffic in negroes, commenced by Sir John Hawkins in the year 1680, which tore from their homes, and transferred to Jamaica alone, no less than 910,000 Africans between that time and the year 1786, when the slave-trade was abolished.

We have brought the reader up to the date of the final battle which extinguished the hopes of the Stuarts and settled the line of Brunswick firmly on the throne. The year 1745 witnessed the commencement of the General Advertiser, the title of which indicates the purpose to which it was dedicated. This paper was the first successful attempt to depend for support upon the advertisements it contained, thereby creating a new era in the newspaper press. From the very outset its columns were filled with them, between fifty and sixty, regularly classified and separated by rules, appearing in each publication; in fact, the advertising page put on for the first time a modern look. The departure of ships is constantly notified, and the engravings of these old high-pooped vessels sail in even line down the column. Trading matters have at last got the upper hand. You see 'a pair of leather bags,' 'a scarlet laced-coat,' 'a sword,' still inquired after; and theatres make a show, for this was the dawning of the age of Foote, Macklin, Garrick, and most of the other great players of the last century; but, comparatively speaking, the gaieties and follies of the town ceased gradually from this time to proclaim themselves through the medium of advertisements. The great earthquake at Lisbon so frightened the people, that masquerades were prohibited by law, and the puppet-shows, the rope-dancing, the china-auctions, and public breakfasts henceforth grow scarcer and scarcer as the Ladies Betty and Sally, who inaugurated them, withdrew by degrees, withered, faded, and patched, from the scene.

The only signs of the political tendencies of the time to be gathered from the sources we are pursuing, are the party dinners, announcements of which are now and then to be met with as follows:—

TO THE JOYOUS.—The Bloods are desired to meet together at the house known by the name of the Sir Hugh Middleton, near Saddler's Wells, Islington, which Mr. Skeggs has procured for that day for the better entertainment of those Gentlemen who agreed to meet at his own house. Dinner will be on the Table punctually at two o'clock.—*General Advertiser*, Jan. 13, 1748.

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Or

Or the following still more characteristic example from the same paper of April 12:—

HALF-MOON TAVERN, CHEAPSIDE.—Saturday next, the 16 of April, being the anniversary of the Glorious Battle of Colloden, the Stars will assemble in the Moon at six in the evening. Therefore the Choice Spirits are desired to make their appearance and fill up the joy.—ENDYMION.

Within five-and-twenty years from this date most of the existing morning journals were established, and their advertising columns put on a guise closely resembling that which they now present; we need not therefore pursue our deep trenching into the old subsoil in order to turn up long-buried evidences of manners and fashions, for they have ceased to appear, either fossil or historical; we therefore boldly leap the gulf that intervenes between these old days and the present.

The early part of the present century saw the commencement of that liberal and systematic plan of advertising which marks the complete era in the art. Princely ideas by degrees took possession of the trading mind as to the value of this new agent in extending their business transactions. Packwood, some thirty years ago, led the way by impressing his razor-strop indelibly on the mind of every bearded member of the empire. Like other great potentates he boasted a laureat in his pay, and every one remembers the reply made to the individuals curious to know who drew up his advertisements: 'La, Sir, we keeps a poet!'

By universal consent, however, the world has accorded to the late George Robins the palm in this style of commercial puffing. His advertisements were really artistically written. Like Martin, he had the power of investing every landscape and building he touched with an importance and majesty not attainable by meaner hands. He did perhaps go beyond the yielding line of even poetical license, when he described one portion of a paradise he was about to submit to public competition as adorned, among other charms, with a 'hanging wood,' which the astonished purchaser found out meant nothing more than an old gallows. But then he redeemed slight manœuvres of this kind by touches which really displayed a genius for puffing. On one occasion he had made the beauties of an estate so enchanting, that he found it necessary to blur it by a fault or two, lest it should prove too bright and good 'for human nature's daily food.' 'But there are two drawbacks to the property,' sighed out this Hafiz of the Mart, 'the litter of the rose-leaves and the noise of the nightingales!' Certainly the force of exquisite puffing could no further go, and when he died the poetry of advertising departed. Others, such as Charles Wright of Champagne celebrity, have attempted to strike the strings, and Moses does, we believe,

 veritably

veritably keep a poet; but none of them have been able to rival George the Great, and we yawn as we read sonnets which end in the invariable 'mart,' or acrostics which refer to Hyam and Co.'s superior vests. Twenty years ago some of the daily newspapers admitted illustrated advertisements into their columns; now it would be fatal to any of them to do so. Nevertheless, they are by far the most effective of their class, as they call in the aid of another sense to express their meaning. All but the minors of the present generation must remember George Cruikshank's exquisite woodcut of the astonished cat viewing herself in the polished Hessian, which made the fortune of Warren. But in those days tradesmen only tried their wings for the flight. It was left to the present time to prove what unlimited confidence in the power of the advertisement will effect, and a short list of the sums *annually* spent in this item by some of the most adventurous dealers will perhaps startle our readers.

'Professor' Holloway, Pills, etc. .	£30,000
Moses and Son	10,000
Rowland and Co. (Macassar oil, etc.)	10,000
Dr. De Jongh (cod-liver oil) . .	10,000
Heal and Sons (bedsteads and bedding)	6,000
Nicholls (tailor)	4,500

It does seem indeed incredible that one house should expend upon the mere advertising of quack pills and ointment a sum equal to the entire revenue of many a German principality. Can it possibly pay? asks the astonished reader. Let the increasing avenue of assistants, to be seen 'from morn to dewy eve' wrapping up pills in the 'professor's' establishment within the shadow of Temple Bar, supply the answer.* Vastly as the press of this country has expanded of late years, it has proved insufficient to contain within its limits the rapid current of puffing which has set in. Advertisements now overflow into our omnibusses, our cabs, our railway carriages, and our steamboats. Madame Tussaud pays 90*l.* monthly to the Atlas Omnibus Company alone for the privilege of posting her bills in their vehicles. They are inked upon the pavement, painted in large letters under the arches of the bridges and on every dead wall. Lloyd's weekly newspaper is stamped on the 'full Guelph cheek' of the plebeian penny; the emissaries of Moses shower perfect libraries through the windows of the carriages which ply from the railway stations; and, as a crowning fact, Thackeray, in his Journey from Cornhill to Cairo, tells us that Warren's blacking is painted up over an obliterated inscription to Psammetichus on Pompey's Pillar!

* A furniture broker made his fortune by an advertisement headed 'Advice to Persons about to Marry.' Our witty friend Punch followed up this prelude with the single word *Don't*, as the substitute for the lists of four-posted beds.

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Having

Having shown the reader the slow growth of the advertising column; having climbed, like 'Jack in the Bean-stalk,' from its humble root in the days of the Commonwealth up its still increasing stem in the succeeding hundred years, we now come upon its worthy flower in the shape of the sixteen-paged 'Times' of the present day. Spread open its broad leaves, and behold the greatest marvel of the age—the microcosm in type. Who can recognise in its ample surface, which reflects like some camera obscura the wants, the wishes, the hopes, and the fears of this great city, the news-book of the Cromwellian times with its leash of advertisements? Herein we see how fierce is the struggle of two millions and a half of people for dear existence. Every advertisement writhes and fights with its neighbour, and every phase of society, brilliant, broken, or dim, is reflected in this battle-field of life. Let us tell off the rank and file of this army of announcements. On the 24th of May, 1855, the 'Times,' in its usual sixteen-paged paper, contained the incredible number of 2575 advertisements. Amazing as this total appears, we only arrive at its full significance by analysing the vast array. Then, indeed, we feel what an important power is the great British public. Of old the antechambers of the noble were thronged with poets, artists, publishers, tradesmen, and dependants of all kinds, seeking for the droppings of their favour: but what lordly antechamber ever presented such a crew of place-hunters, servitors, literary and scientific men, schemers, and shopkeepers as daily offer their services to the humblest individual who can spare a penny for an hour's perusal of the 'Times'? Let us take this paper of the 24th of May and examine the crowd of persons and things which cry aloud through its pages, each attempting to make its voice heard above the other. Here we see a noble fleet of ships, 129 in number, chartered for the regions of gold, for America, for India, for Africa—for every port, in fact, where cupidity, duty, or affection holds out an attraction for the British race. Another column wearies the eye with its interminable line of 'Wants.' Here in long and anxious row we see the modern 'mop' or statute-fair for hiring; 429 servants of all grades, from the genteel lady's-maid or the 'thorough cook,' who will only condescend to accept service where two footmen are kept, to the humble scullery-maid, on that day passed their claims before us for inspection. Another column is noisy with auctioneers; 136 of whom notify their intention of poising their impatient hammers when we have favoured them with our company. Here we see a crowd of booksellers offering, hot from the press, 195 new volumes,

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volumes, many of which, we are assured by the appended critique, 'should find a place in every gentleman's library.' There are 378 houses, shops, and establishments presented to us to select from; and 144 lodging-house keepers, 'ladies having houses larger than they require,' and medical men who own 'Retreats,' press forward with genteel offers of board and lodging. Education pursues her claims by the hands of no less than 144 preceptors, male and female; whilst the hair, the skin, the feet, the teeth, and the inward man are offered the kind attention of 36 professors who possess infallible remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to. The remainder is made up of the miscellaneous cries of tradesmen, whose voices rise from every portion of the page like the shouting of chapmen from a fair. In the midst of all this struggle for gold, place, and position which goes on every day in this wonderful publication, outcries from the very depths of the heart, passionate tears, bursts of indignation, and heart-rending appeals, startle one as they issue from the second column of its front page. Here the father sees his prodigal son afar off and falls upon his neck; the heartbroken mother implores her runaway child to return; or the abandoned wife searches through the world for her mate. It is strange how, when the eye is saturated with the thirst after mammon exhibited by the rest of the broadsheet, the heart becomes touched by these plaintive but searching utterances, a few of which we reproduce:—

THE one-winged Dove must die unless the Crane returns to be a shield against her enemies.—*Times* of 1850.

Or here is another which moves still more:—

B. J. C. how more than cruel not to write. Take pity on such patient silence.—*Times*, 1850.

The most ghastly advertisement which perhaps ever appeared in a public journal we copy from this paper of the year 1845. It is either a threat to inter a wrong body in the 'family vault' or an address to a dead man:—

TO THE PARTY WHO POSTS HIS LETTERS IN PRINCE'S STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.—Your family is now in a state of excitement unbearable. Your attention is called to an advertisement in Wednesday's Morning Advertiser, headed, 'A body found drowned at Deptford.' After your avowal to your friend as to what you might do, he has been to see the decomposed remains, accompanied by others. The features are gone; but there are marks on the arm; so that, unless they hear from you to-day, it will satisfy them that the remains are those of their misguided relative, and steps will be directly taken to place them in the family-vault, as they cannot bear the idea of a pauper's funeral.

Sometimes

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Sometimes we see the flashing eyes of indignation gleaming through the very words. The following is evidently written to an old lover with all the burning passion of a woman deceived:—

IT is enough; one man alone upon earth have I found noble. Away from me for ever! Cold heart and mean spirit, you have lost what millions—empires—could not have bought, but which a single word truthfully and nobly spoken might have made your own to all eternity. Yet are you forgiven: depart in peace: I rest in my Redeemer.—*Times*, Sept. 1st, 1852.

Sometimes it is more confiding love 'wafting a sigh from Indus to the pole,' or, finger on lip, speaking secretly, and as he thinks securely, through the medium of cipher advertisements to the loved one. Sweet delusion! There are wicked philosophers abroad who unstring the bow of harder toil by picking your inmost thoughts! Lovers beware! intriguers tremble! Many a wicked passage of illicit love, many a joy fearfully snatched, which passed through the second column of the first page of the 'Times' as a string of disjointed letters, unintelligible as the correspondents thought to all the world but themselves, have we seen fairly copied out in plain if not always good English in the commonplace-books of these cunning men at cryptographs. Here, for instance, we give an episode from the life of 'Flo,' which appeared in the 'Times' of 1853-54, as a proof:—

FLO.—Thou voice of my heart! Berlin, Thursday. I leave next Monday, and shall press you to my heart on Saturday. God bless you!—*Nov.* 29, 1853.

FLO.—The last is wrong. I repeat it. Thou voice of my heart. I am so lonely, I miss you more than ever. I look at your picture, every picture, every night. I send you an Indian shawl to wear round you while asleep after dinner. It will keep you from harm, and you must fancy my arms are around you. God bless you! how I do love you!—*Dec.* 23, 1853.

FLO.—My own love, I am happy again; it is like awaking from a bad dream. You are, my life, to know that there is a chance of seeing you, to hear from you, to do things to enough. [There is some error here.] I shall try to see you soon. Write to me as often as you can. God bless you, the voice of my heart!—*Jan.* 2, 1854.

FLO.—Thou voice of my heart! How I do love you! How are you? Shall you be laid up this spring? I can see you walking with your darling. What would I give to be with you! Thanks for your last letter. I fear nothing but separation from you. You are my world, my life, my hope. Thou more than life, farewell! God bless you!—*Jan.* 6, 1854.

FLO.—I fear, dearest, our cipher is discovered: write at once to your friend 'Indian Shawl' (P.O.), Buckingham, Bucks.—*Jan.* 7, 1854.

The advertisement of January 7th is written in a great fright, and refers to the discovery and exposure of the cipher in the 'Times' newspaper; for whenever the aforesaid philosophers perceive that a secret correspondence has arrived at a critical point

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point they charitably insert a marplot advertisement in the same cipher. The 'Flo' intrigue was carried on in figures, the key to which is as follows:—

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
y.	u.	o.	i.	e.	a.	d.	k.	h.	f.
s.	t.	n.	m.	r.	l.	d.	g.	w.	p.
x.							c.	b.	
								v.	

The reader will perhaps remember another mad-looking advertisement which appeared in the year 1853, headed 'Cenerentola.' The first, dated Feb. 2nd, we interpret thus:—

CENERENTOLA, I wish to try if you can read this, and am most anxious to hear the end, when you return, and how long you remain here. Do write a few lines, darling, please: I have been very far from happy since you went away.

One of the parties cannot frame an adequate explanation of some delicate matter clearly, as we find on the 11th the following:—

CENERENTOLA, until my heart is sick have I tried to frame an explanation for you, but cannot. Silence is safest, if the true cause is not suspected; if it is, all stories will be sifted to the bottom. Do you remember our cousin's first proposition? think of it.

The following, which appeared on the 19th of the same month, is written in plain language, and is evidently a specimen of the marplot advertisement before alluded to:—

CENERENTOLA, what nonsense! Your cousin's proposition is absurd. I have given an explanation—the true one—which has perfectly satisfied both parties—a thing which silence never could have effected. So no more such absurdity.

The secret of this cipher consisted in representing each letter by the twenty-second onward continually. One more specimen of these singular advertisements and we have done. On Feb. 20, 1852, there appeared in the 'Times' the following mysterious line:—

TIG tjohw it tig jfhiirvola og tig psgvw.—F. D. N.

The general reader, doubtless, looked upon this jumble of letters with some such a puzzled air as the mastiff gives the tortoise in a very popular French bronze; but not being able to make anything out of it, passed on to the more intelligible contents of the paper. A friend of ours, however, was curious and intelligent enough to extract the plain English out of it, though not without much trouble, as thus:—If we take the first word of the sentence, Tig, and place under its second letter i the one which alphabetically

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alphabetically precedes it, and treat the next letters in a similar manner, we shall have the following combination:

T i g
h f
e

Reading the first letters obliquely we have the article 'The;' if we treat the second word in the same manner, the following will be the result:—

T j o h w
i. n. g. v.
m. f. u.
e. t.
s.

which, read in the same slanting way, produces the word 'Times,' and the whole sentence, thus ingeniously worked out, gives up its latent and extraordinary meaning, thus—

'THE Times is the Jefferies of the press.'

What could have induced any one to take so much trouble thus to plant a hidden insult into the leading journal, we cannot divine. 'East,' 'He Blew,' 'Willie and Fanny,' 'Dominoes,' and 'my darling A,' need not feel uncomfortable, although we know their secrets. We have said quite enough to prove to these individuals that such ciphers as they use are picked immediately by any cryptographic Hobbs; indeed all systems of writing which depend upon transmutations of the letters of the alphabet, or the substitution of figures for letters, such as we generally find in the 'Times,' are mere puzzles for children, and not worthy of the more cunning and finished in the art.

It is not to be expected, with all the caution exhibited by the morning papers to prevent the insertion of swindling advertisements, that rogues do not now and then manage to take advantage of their great circulation for the sake of forwarding their own nefarious schemes. Sir Robert Carden has just done good service by running to earth the Mr. Fynn, who for years has lived abroad in splendour at the expense of the poor governesses he managed to victimise through the advertising columns of the 'Times.' One's heart sickens at the stream of poor young ladies his promises have dragged across the Continent, and the consequences which may have resulted from their thus putting their reputation as well as their money into his power. Such scandalous traps as these are, of course, rare; but the papers are full of minor pitfalls, into which the unwary are continually falling, sometimes with their eyes wide open. Of the latter class

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class are the matrimonial advertisements; here is a specimen of one of the most artful of its kind we ever remember to have seen:—

TO GIRLS OF FORTUNE—MATRIMONY. A bachelor, young, amiable, handsome, and of good family, and accustomed to move in the highest sphere of society, is embarrassed in his circumstances. Marriage is his only hope of extrication. This advertisement is inserted by one of his friends. Ingratitude was never one of his faults, and he will study for the remainder of his life to prove his estimation of the confidence placed in him.—Address, post paid, L. L. H. L., 47, King Street, Soho.—N.B. The witticisms of cockney scribblers deprecated.

The air of candour and the taking portrait of the handsome bachelor, whose very poverty is converted into a charm, is cleverly assumed. An announcement of a much less flattering kind, but probably of a more genuine and honourable nature, was published in 'Blackwood' some time ago, which we append, as, like Landseer's Dog pictures, the two form a capital pair illustrative of high and low life.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT. I hereby give notice to all unmarried women, that I, John Hobnail, am at this writing five and forty, a widower, and in want of a wife. As I wish no one to be mistaken, I have a good cottage, with a couple of acres of land, for which I pay 2*l.* a-year. I have five children, four of them old enough to be in employment; three sides of bacon, and some pigs ready for market. I should like to have a woman fit to take care of her house when I am out. I want no second family. She may be between 40 and 50 if she likes. A good sterling woman would be prefered, who would take care of the pigs.

The following is also matter of fact, but it looks suspicious:

MATRIMONY TO MILLINERS AND DRESS-MAKERS.—A young man about to EMIGRATE to SOUTH AUSTRALIA would be happy to form an alliance with a young woman in the above line possessing 60*l.* or 100*l.* property. Any one so disposed, by applying by letter (post-paid) to T. Hall, 175, Upper Thames Street, till Saturday next, appointing an interview, may depend on prompt attention and strict secrecy.—*Times*, 1845.

The matrimonial bait is so obviously a good one, that of late years we see advertisements of institutions, at which regular lists of candidates for the marriage state, both male and female, are kept, together with portraits, and a ledger in which pecuniary and mental qualifications are neatly posted. Such springes are only suited, however, for the grossest folly; but there is another class of advertisements which empties the pockets of the industrious and aspiring in a very workman-like manner: we allude to such as the following:

GENTLEMEN having a respectable circle of acquaintance may hear of means of INCREASING their INCOME without the slightest pecuniary risk, or of having (by any chance) their feelings wounded. Apply for particulars, by letter, stating their position, &c., to W. R., 37, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

Gentlemen

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Gentlemen whose feelings are so delicate that they must not be injured on any consideration, who nevertheless have a desire for lucre, we recommend not to apply to such persons, unless they wish to receive for their pains some such a scheme as was forwarded to a person who had answered an advertisement (enclosing, as directed, 30 postage stamps) in Lloyd's Weekly Journal, headed 'How to make 2*l.* per week by the outlay of 10*s.*:'—

'First purchase 1 cwt. of large-sized potatoes, which may be obtained for the sum of 4*s.*, then purchase a large basket, which will cost say another 4*s.*, then buy 2*s.* worth of flannel blanketing, and this will comprise your stock in trade, of which the total cost is 10*s.* A large-sized potato weighs about half a pound, consequently there are 224 potatoes in a cwt.

'Take half the above quantity of potatoes each evening to a baker's, and have them baked; when properly cooked put them in your basket, well wrapped up in the flannel to keep them hot, and sally forth and offer them for sale at one penny each. Numbers will be glad to purchase them at that price, and you will for certain be able to sell half a cwt. every evening. From the calculation made below you will see by that means you will be able to earn 2*l.* per week. The best plan is to frequent the most crowded thoroughfares, and make good use of your lungs; thus letting people know what you have for sale. You could also call in at each public-house on your way, and solicit the patronage of the customers, many of whom would be certain to buy of you. Should you have too much pride to transact the business yourself (though no one need be ashamed of pursuing an honest calling), you could hire a boy for a few shillings a-week, who could do the work for you, and you could still make a handsome profit weekly.

'The following calculation proves that 2*l.* per week can be made by selling baked potatoes:—

'1 cwt., containing 224 potatoes, sold in two evenings, at 1*d.* each	£0	18	8
Deduct cost	0	4	0
	£0	14	8
			3
Six evenings' sale	2	4	0
Pay baker at the rate of 8*d.* per evening for baking potatoes	0	4	0
Nett profit per week . .	£2	0	0'

One more specimen of these baits for gudgeons, and we have done. We frequently see appeals to the benevolent for the loans of small sums: some of these are doubtless written by innocent persons in distress, who confide in the good side of human nature, and

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and we have been given to understand that in many cases this blind confidence has not been misplaced; for there are many Samaritans who read the papers now-a-days, and feel a romantic pleasure in answering such appeals: at the same time we are afraid that the great majority of them are gross deceptions. The véritable whine of 'the poor broken down tradesman' who makes a habit of visiting our quiet streets and appealing in a very solemn voice to 'my brethren' for the loan of a small trifle, whilst he anxiously scans the windows for the halfpence, is observable, for instance, in the following cool appeal:—

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—A Young Tradesman has, from a series of misfortunes, been reduced to the painful necessity of asking for a trifling SUM to enable him to raise 10*l.* to save himself from inevitable ruin and poverty; or if any gentleman would lend the above it would be faithfully repaid. Satisfactory references as to the genuineness of this case. Direct to A. Z., Mr. Rigby's, Post-Office, Mile-end Road.

The receipt of conscience-money is constantly acknowledged in advertisements by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day, and the sums which in this manner find their way into the Exchequer are by no means inconsiderable. It is honourable to human nature, amid all the roguery we have exposed, to find that now and then some conscience is touched by a very small matter, and that great trouble and no little expense is often gone to in order that others may not suffer through the inadvertency or carelessness of the advertiser. The following is a delicate example:—

TO HACKNEY-COACHMEN.—About the month of March last a gentleman from the country took a coach from Finsbury Square, and accidentally broke the Glass of one of its windows. Being unwell at the time, the circumstance was forgotten when he quitted the coach, and it would now be a great relief to his mind to be put in a situation to pay the coachman for it. Should this meet the eye of the person who drove the coach, and he will make application to A. B., at Walker's Hotel, Dean Street, Soho, any morning during the next week, before eleven o'clock, proper attention will be paid to it.—*Times*, 1842.

The more curious advertisements which from time to time appear in the public journals, but particularly in the Times, do not admit of classification; and they are so numerous, moreover, that if we were to comment upon one tithe of those that have appeared within these last six years we should far exceed the limits of this article. We make no apology, therefore, for stringing together the following very odd lot:—

DO YOU WANT A SERVANT? Necessity prompts the question. The advertiser OFFERS his SERVICES to any lady or gentleman, company, or others, in want of a truly faithful confidential servant in any capacity not menial, where a practical knowledge of human nature, in various parts of the world, would be available. Could undertake any affair of small or great importance, where talent, inviolable secresy, or good address would be necessary. Has moved in

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in the best and worst societies without being contaminated by either; has never been a servant; begs to recommend himself as one who knows his place; is moral, temperate, middle-aged; no objection to any part of the world. Could advise any capitalist wishing to increase his income, and have the control of his own money. Could act as secretary or valet to any lady or gentleman. Can give advice or hold his tongue, sing, dance, play, fence, box, or preach a sermon, tell a story, be grave or gay, ridiculous or sublime, or do anything from the curling of a peruke to the storming of a citadel, but never to excel his master. Address A. B. C., 7, Little St. Andrew Street, Leicester Square.—*Times*, 1850.

THE MIGHTY ANGEL'S MIDNIGHT ROAR. 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.' This awful cry, as is demonstrated, will very shortly be heard, viz.: at the commencement of 'the great day (or year) of God's wrath,' or the last of the 2300 days (or years) in Daniel's prophecy. By the authors of 'Proofs of the Second Coming of Messiah at the Passover in 1848.' Price 6*d*. Fourth Edition.

This is a Muggletonian prophecy of the destruction of the world at a certain date. The prediction failed, however, and the prophet found it necessary to explain the reason:—

THE MIGHTY ANGEL'S MIDNIGHT ROAR. The authors, owing to their disappointment, most sedulously investigated its cause, and instantly announce its discovery. Daniel's vision, in chap. 8, was for 2300 years, to the end of which (see 5-12) the 'little horn' was to practise and prosper, after which comes the year of God's wrath, which was erroneously included in the 2300 years, and thus the midnight cry will be a year later than stated.—*Times*, 1851.

TO P. Q. HOW IS YOUR MOTHER? I shan't inquire further, and must decline entering upon the collateral branches of the family.—*Times*, 1842.

TO WIDOWERS and SINGLE GENTLEMEN.—WANTED, by a lady, a SITUATION to superintend the household and preside at table. She is agreeable, becoming, careful, desirable, English, facetious, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, keen, lively, merry, natty, obedient, philosophic, quiet, regular, sociable, tasteful, useful, vivacious, womanish, xantippish, youthful, zealous, &c. Address X. Y. Z., Simmond's library, Edgeware-road.—*Times*.

THE TITLE OF AN ANCIENT BARON. Mr. George Robins is empowered to SELL the TITLE and DIGNITY of a BARON. The origin of the family, its ancient descent, and illustrious ancestry, will be fully developed to those and such only as desire to possess this distinguished rank for the inconsiderable sum of 1000*l*. Covent-garden Market.—*Times*, 1841.

POSTAGE STAMPS. A young lady, being desirous of covering her dressing-room with cancelled POSTAGE STAMPS, has been so far encouraged in her wish by private friends as to have succeeded in collecting 16,000! these, however, being insufficient, she will be greatly obliged if any good natured persons who may have these (otherwise useless) little articles at their disposal would assist in her whimsical project. Address to E. D., Mr. Butt's, glover, Leadenhall Street, or Mr. Marshall's, jeweller, Hackney.—*Times*, 1841.

TO THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.—WANTED, for a Summer Theatre and Circuit, a Leading Lady, Singing Chambermaid, First Low Comedian, Heavy Man, Walking Gentleman, and one or two Gentlemen for Utility. To open July 9th.

Address (enclosing Stamp for reply) to Mr. J. WINDSOR, Theatre Royal, Preston, Lancashire.—*Era*, July 1, 1855.

WANTED

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WANTED a Man and his Wife to look after a Horse and Dairy with a religious turn of mind without any incumbrance.

The variety is perhaps as astonishing as the number of advertisements in the Times. Like the trunk of an elephant, no matter seems too minute or too gigantic, too ludicrous or too sad, to be lifted into notoriety by the giant of Printing-house Square. The partition of a thin rule, suffices to separate a call for the loan of millions from the sad weak cry of the destitute gentlewoman to be allowed to slave in a nursery 'for the sake of a home.' Vehement love sends its voice imploring through the world after a graceless boy, side by side with the announcement of the landing of a cargo of lively turtle, or the card of a bug-killer. The poor lady who advertises for boarders 'merely for the sake of society' finds her 'want' cheek-by-jowl with some Muggletonian announcement gratuitously calculated to break up society altogether, to the effect that the world will come to an end by the middle of the next month. Or the reader is informed that for twelve postage stamps he may learn 'How to obtain a certain fortune,' exactly opposite an offer of a bonus of 500*l.* to any one who will obtain for the advertiser 'a Government situation.' The Times reflects every want and appeals to every motive which affects our composite society. And why does it do this? Because of its ubiquity: go where we will, there, like the house-fly or the sparrow, we find it. The porter reads it in his beehive-chair, the master in his library; Green, we have no doubt, takes it with him to the clouds in his balloon, and the collier reads it in the depths of the mine; the workman at his bench, the lodger in his two-pair back, the gold-digger in his hole, and the soldier in the trench, pores over its broad pages. Hot from the press, or months old, still it is read. That it is, *par excellence*, the national paper, and reflects more than any other the life of the people, may be gathered from its circulation. They show in the editor's room a singular diagram, which indicates by an irregular line the circulation day by day and year by year. On this sheet the gusts of political feeling and the pressure of popular excitement are as minutely indicated as the force and direction of the wind are shown by the self-registering apparatus in Lloyd's Rooms. Thus we find that in the year 1845 it ran along at a pretty nearly dead level of 23,000 copies daily. In 1846—for one day, the 28th of January, that on which the report of Sir Robert Peel's statement respecting the Corn Laws appeared—it rose in a towering peak to a height of 51,000, and then fell again to its old number. It began the year 1848 with 29,000, and rose to 43,000 on the 29th of February—the morrow of the French revolution. In 1852

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1852 its level at starting was 36,000, and it attained to the highest point it has yet touched on the 19th of November, the day of the Memoir of the Great Duke, when 69,000 copies were sold. In January, 1853, the level had risen to 40,000; and at the commencement of the present year it stood at 58,000, a circulation which has since increased to 60,000 copies daily! Notwithstanding all the disturbing causes which make the line of its circulation present the appearance of hill and dale, sometimes rising into Alp-like elevations, its ordinary level at the beginning of each year for some time past has constantly gone on advancing, insomuch that within ten years its circulation has more than doubled by 7000 daily.

This vigorous growth is the true cause of that wonderful determination of advertisements to its pages, which have overflowed into a second paper, or Supplement, as it was formerly called. That this success has been fairly won, we have never ourselves doubted, but a fact has come to our knowledge which will pretty clearly prove that this great paper is conducted on principles which are superior to mere money considerations; or rather its operations are so large that it can afford to inflict upon itself pecuniary losses, such as would annihilate any other journal, in order to take a perfectly free course. In the year 1845, when the railway mania was at its height, the Times advertising sheet was overrun with projected lines, and many a guess was made, we remember, at the time as to their probable value, but high as the estimates generally were, they came far short of the truth. We give the cash and credit returns of advertisements of all kinds for nine weeks:—

Sept. 6	£2839	14	0
„ 13	3783	12	0
„ 20	3935	7	6
„ 27	4692	7	0
Oct. 4	6318	14	0
„ 11	6543	17	0
„ 18	6687	4	0
„ 25	6025	14	6
Nov. 1	3230	3	6

During the greater part of the time that the proprietors were reaping this splendid harvest from the infatuation of the people, the heaviest guns were daily brought to bear from the leading columns upon the bubbles which rose up so thickly in the advertising sheet. The effect of their fire may be measured by the falling off of nearly three thousand pounds in the returns for a single week. A journal which could afford to sacrifice such a revenue to its independence, certainly deserved some consideration from the

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the Government; but, on the contrary, it appears to have been singled out for annoyance by the New Act which relates to newspapers. We see certain trees on our lawns whose upshooting branches are by ingenious gardeners trained downwards, and taught to hold themselves in a dependent condition by the imposition of weights upon their extremities. The State gardeners have lately applied the same treatment to the journal in question, by hanging an extra halfpenny stamp upon every copy of its issue—a proceeding which, in our opinion, is as unfair as it is injudicious: and this they will find in the future, when the crowd of mosquito-like cheap journals called forth by the measure, and supported by the very life-blood of the leading journal, begin to gather strength and to attack Whiggery with their democratic buz.

We have dwelt chiefly upon the advertising sheet of the 'Times,' because it is the epitome of that in all the other journals. It must be mentioned, however, that some of the morning and weekly papers lay themselves out for class advertisements. Thus the 'Morning Post' monopolizes all those which relate to fashion and high life; and the 'Morning Advertiser,' the paper of the Licensed Victuallers, aggregates to itself every announcement relating to their craft. 'Bell's Life' is one mass of advertisements of various sports; the 'Era' is great upon all theatricals; the 'Athenæum' gathers to itself a large proportion of Book Advertisements. The 'Illustrated News' among the weeklies, like the 'Times' among the dailies, towers by the head above them all. A hebdomadal circulation of 170,000 draws a far more cosmopolitan collection of announcements to its pages than any of its contemporaries can boast. We have said nothing of the advertisements in the provincial journals, but it is gratifying to find that they have more than kept pace with those which have appeared in the Metropolitan papers. Their enormous increase is best shown by the returns of the advertisement duty, from which it appears that in 1851, no less than 2,334,593 advertisements were published in the journals of Great Britain and Ireland—a number which has vastly augmented since the tax upon them has been repealed.

It is curious to see the estimate which the different journals place upon themselves as mediums of publicity, by comparing their charges for the same advertisement. Thus the contents of the 'Quarterly Review,' for January, 1855, precisely similar as far as length is concerned, to that which the reader will see upon turning to the cover of the present number—was charged for insertion as an advertisement by the different Papers as follows:—'Times,' 4*s.*; 'Illustrated News,' 1*l.* 8*s.*; 'Morning Chronicle, 5*s.* 6*d.*; 'Morning Post,' 6*s.*; 'Daily News,' 5*s.* 6*d.*; 'Spectator,'

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tator,' 7*s.* 6*d.*; 'Morning Herald,' 6*s.*; 'Punch,' 15*s.*; 'Observer,' 9*s.* 6*d.*; 'English Churchman,' 5*s.* 6*d.*; 'Examiner,' 3*s.* 6*d.*; 'John Bull,' 5*s.* 6*d.*; 'Athenæum,' 10*s.* 6*d.* Now the 'Times' did not 'display' the advertisement as all the others did, it is true, and therefore squeezed it into half the space, but with this difference, its charge was absolutely the lowest in the list with the single exception of that of the 'Examiner;' how this moderation on the part of the Leading Journal is to be accounted for we know not, but the apparent dearness of the 'Illustrated News,' meets a ready solution, and affords us an opportunity of showing how vastly the prime cost of an advertisement, during the present high price of paper especially, is augmented by a great increase of the circulation of the paper in which it appears, and what the Advertiser really gets for his money. If we take the Advertisement of our Contents, it will be found to measure about one inch in depth; it is obvious then that we must multiply this measure by 170,000, the number of separate copies in which it appeared. Now 170,000 inches yields a strip of printed paper the width of a newspaper column —*upwards of two miles and three-quarters long!* Thus we have at a glance the real amount of publicity which is procurable in a great journal, and with so remarkable a statement it will be well to close our paper.

ART. VIII.—1. *Nouveau Manuel Complet du Marchand Papetier et du Régleur.* Paris. 1853.

2. *Objects in Art-Manufacture:* No. 1. *Paper.* Edited by Charles Tomlinson. Issued to Schools by the Board of Trade Department of Science and Art. London. 1854.

3. *Journal of the Society of Arts.* 1853-54.

4. *The Fibrous Plants of India fitted for Cordage, Clothing, and Paper. With an Account of the Cultivation and Preparation of Flax, Hemp, and their Substitutes.* By J. Forbes Royle, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London. 1855.

THE literary world is just opening its eyes to an impending evil of no little magnitude—even a scarcity of intellectual food. Stubborn facts and figures warn us that, unless extraordinary efforts are made to avert the calamity, we shall soon experience all the inconveniences arising from the deficient supply and consequent high price of *Paper.* Already a rise in price of one halfpenny per pound in that article has seriously affected our public

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public journalists, causing a loss, it is said, to the 'Times' newspaper alone of 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* per annum, and inducing the proprietors of that journal to offer a reward of 1000*l.* to any one who can discover a new and readily available material.

The cause of our present dilemma is the increased consumption of paper without a corresponding increase in the supply of rags. In the five years from 1830 to 1834, both inclusive, the amount of paper manufactured in Great Britain was on an average 70,988,131 lbs. per annum. This was prior to the reduction of duty on first-class papers from 3*d.* to its present equalized rate of 1½*d.* per lb. Taking the five years from 1849 to 1853, we find that the average annual quantity produced had risen to 151,234,175 lbs. The production of the year 1853 was 177,633,009 lbs., being above 23,000,000 *lbs.*, *or* 10,000 *tons more than in the preceding year*, and requiring for its production an excess of not less than 13,000 tons of raw material. The return for the year 1854 continues to show an increase, caused by an increased export demand; but the amount does not greatly exceed that of 1853. The figures are 177,896,224 lbs. Taking into account the higher price of papermaking materials, it is estimated that the cost of production to our manufacturers during the present year will exceed that which the same weight of paper would have cost in 1852, by no less a sum than 1,000,000*l.* sterling!

This increased consumption of paper in Great Britain is due to the vast demands of our periodical literature, the more widespread ability to read and write among the lower classes, the cheapness of books and newspapers, and the facilities of communication by post. The amount of paper absorbed daily by the 'Times' newspaper alone is worth consideration. Of that journal there are published 60,000 copies a-day, and on extraordinary occasions the number reaches 70,000. The paper, as it is received dry from the mill, or rather from the *three* mills which feed this enormous consumption, weighs 82 lbs. per ream. Now, in the 60,000 copies there are 240 reams, weighing 19,680 lbs., or nearly 9 tons!—a quantity of paper which, the sheets being laid open and piled upon each other, would rise to a height of 50 feet, so that the supply for eight days would exactly equal the height of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The progress of our colonies in newspaper literature is almost as surprising as our own. Few of our English daily papers, except the 'Times,' have a circulation of more than 3000 or 4000 copies, whereas at our antipodes the activity of the press is such that one paper in Victoria circulates 12,000 copies daily. So much on the increase also is the number of newspaper-readers at

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at Sydney, that the proprietors of a journal there have recently offered by advertisement a high price for paper suitable for their use. Colonial newspapers of all sizes, shapes, and colours (those from California of an appropriate gold colour), now reach this country for our edification and amusement. There is much to learn from their pages of the doings and feelings of young countries struggling into civilization. The *naïve* advertisements, the feeble attempts at literature in the shape of moral tales and essays, the old jokes of the mother country, and, alas! the old quackeries and nostrums which are almost out of date here, but which seem to spring up vigorously in a new soil,—all these are interesting; but at the present time, and in connexion with our present subject, we are especially led to notice the prevailing *want of paper* which is beginning to be felt, and the paragraphs diligently copied from one journal to another which express that want or suggest a remedy. In a paper now lying before us, called the 'Nassau Guardian and Bahama Islands Advocate and Intelligencer,' Nov. 25, 1854, the device of making paper from 'a weed which grows in great profusion, and which is known by the generic name of *Gnaphalium*, in the vulgate Cudweed, or Life Everlasting,' is copied from the Montreal 'Pilot,' and announced under the heading of '*The Pressing Demand: another rumoured Supply.*'

This pressing demand is also making itself evident in the Western Continent by the avidity with which our American brethren are buying up paper material in the markets of Europe. They are competing with us, and bidding severely against us in the markets of Hamburg and of the Mediterranean, and even in those of our own country, bearing off in triumph, to feed the demands of their enormous literature, the rags of the old world. What the amount of that literature is we cannot describe better than in the words, we presume, of the celebrated editor of 'Household Words,' in a recent article entitled 'How to get Paper:'—

'The reason,' he says, 'why people are put to their shifts in the more thickly inhabited parts of the United States is, that the inhabitants use three times as much paper per head as we British do—three times as many pounds weight per head, even though the three millions of slaves are included who cannot write or read. Except idiots, the blind, and slaves, everybody in that country reads and writes, and more persons appear in print than in any country since the alphabet was made. There every child has its copybook in its place at school; there every log house on the prairie has its shelf of books. Next to the church and the tavern, the printing-press is set up in every raw settlement, and a raw newspaper appears, probably on whity-brown paper, and in mixed type, with Italics and Roman letters, capitals and diphthongs

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thongs thrown together very curiously, but still a newspaper. Books are printed in the great cities, not by the thousand or fifteen hundred, but by the five or ten thousand, for the readers are reckoned by millions. The Americans have cheapened their postage as we have done, and the increase of correspondence is in yet larger proportion, because families are more widely separated, and all are able to write.'

To the same effect is a passage from the New York 'Tribune' of October 13, 1853, which states,—

'Our improved methods of making paper have been closely pressed upon by the immense and increasing consumption of the article; and nowhere is so much of it used as in the United States. In France, for example, with its 35,000,000 of inhabitants, only 70,000 tons of paper are produced yearly (of which one-seventh part is for exportation), giving only 4 lbs. per head; and in England, for its 28,000,000, the production is 66,000 tons, giving 4½ lbs. per head; while in this country (America) the production may be calculated, although there are no precise documents, at very nearly the same amount as in England and France put together, no part of it being exported, yielding for the 20,000,000 of free Americans very nearly 13½ lbs. per head as the yearly consumption. This can be accounted for only by our liberal institutions, the circulation of the journals, and the vast use of books in common schools.'

From these extracts, and from what has been stated of the rapid strides which our Australian colonists are making in literature and in the consequent consumption of paper, it will be seen that the increased demand for this article arises from no temporary cause; but from one which may be expected and hoped to have a steady continuance throughout the world for ages to come, namely, *the development of civilisation.* Therefore the manufacture of paper cannot keep at its present point; the ten thousand tons of increase in one year will not be the limit of British progress; nor will the consumption of the United States, vast as it is, continue to satisfy the demands of a growing population and an extending civilisation. The demand for paper will go on multiplying in all parts of the world with the growing intelligence of the people and with their improved capacities for intellectual enjoyment; and if we are embarrassed already by the rise in the price of paper, it behoves us at once to seek the reasons and the remedy; for most assuredly the evil is one which is not likely to owe its diminution to any decline in the demand for this rapidly consumed bread-stuff of the intellectual world.

This brings us to the second branch of our dilemma, *the deficient supply of rags.* Hitherto we have been comparatively but little dependent on other countries for the direct supply of material for

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paper-making: our own population has furnished a large amount of rags, and the waste of our cotton and other spinning mills, once considered nearly worthless but now turned to economical account, has brought enormous stores to the paper-mill. Yet we have had to import a certain quantity every year—in former years about five thousand tons, and latterly about eight or nine thousand—to supply our own deficiency. The importation of rags during fifty-three years averages six thousand five hundred and thirty-nine tons annually. This rate of importation, though small in itself, is yet absolutely necessary to us. It is therefore a serious matter to find that the foreign supply is becoming annually less available, and that a considerable rise in price has already taken place. The comparative prices of rags of four different qualities in the years 1852 and 1854 were as follows:—

	1852.	1854.
First quality	26*s.*	32*s.* to 34*s.* per cwt.
Second „	16*s.*	20*s.* „
Third „	11*s.* 6*d.*	15*s.* „
Fourth „	7*s.*	10*s.* „

Corresponding with this increase, there has also been a large rise in the price of other articles concerned in the making of paper, such as bleaching-salts, alkali, alum, and hide-pieces for size, the last at the rate of 50 per cent. With respect to the principal material, the fact of increased prices must be accounted for mainly by the *competition* which now exists for rags in the European markets open to us. Those of France, Holland, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal are closed under heavy penalties; but the ports of Germany and of Italy (formerly those of Russia) pour out their stores to the merchants in this commodity. Not only in these countries, but in our own, we now find American bidders actively competing with us. They buy up in our markets large quantities of rags, both imported and indigenous. It has been said that they are too busy a people to be careful in so apparently trivial a matter; that the sources of employment open to the public in that country are too numerous and too profitable to leave much time or inclination among the lower classes for collecting rags, except in a hasty and improvident way; and that consequently the internal resources of America are neglected, while her merchants scour the seas in search of a supply from abroad. Their purchases in the markets of England are plainly indicated by a recent increase in our exportation of rags. In the ten years, from 1841 to 1850, our exports were only 2950 tons for the whole period; while in the subsequent three years, from 1851 to 1853, they reached 4762 tons.

Among

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Among the existing causes of deficiency in the supply, we must not leave out of the question the effect which the present war has had, and is likely to have, on the trade in those important articles hemp and flax, the raw materials of some of our textile manufactures, and thus the original sources of a large portion of our home stock of rags. The importation of foreign flax has been, for the three years ending in 1853, as follows:

	From Russia. Tons.	All other parts. Tons.	Total. Tons.
In 1851	40,934	18,775	59,709
In 1852	47,426	22,703	70,129
In 1853	64,399	29,770	94,169
Total in 3 years	152,759	71,248	224,007
Average per annum	50,920	23,749	74,669

We here remark the great increase in the imports from Russia in the year 1853, amounting to 16,973 tons more than those of the year preceding, and to 13,479 tons beyond the average of the three years. The quantities of hemp received from Russia are not so proportionally great as those of flax, being

	From Russia. Tons.	All other parts. Tons.	Total Importation. Tons.
In 1851	33,229	31,442	64,671
In 1852	27,198	26,516	53,714
In 1853	41,819	21,323	63,142
Total in 3 years	102,246	79,281	181,527
Average per annum	34,082	26,427	60,509

Nevertheless it appears that Russia has furnished considerably more than half our entire importation of hemp. In time of peace the price of hemp was about 35*l.* per ton, thus realizing to Russia in 1853, on 42,000 tons, nearly 1,500,000*l.* The total value of the flax and hemp received from Russia in that year was 3,395,635*l.*, which at the present war price would be worth upwards of 6,500,000*l.* Taking into account therefore the loss to our manufactures of this large Russian supply, and the increased production and consequent consumption of material in our paper manufacture, our deficiency of raw material has been reckoned at 119,218 tons, comparing our position in 1854 with that of the previous year. After every due and liberal allowance for the quantity of fibrous material which Russia may find means to convey to us by circuitous routes, our deficiency is still estimated at from 80,000 to 100,000 tons.

What is to be done in this emergency? Can any amount of economy in the use of paper, or any amount of diligence in the collection of rags, avail to stave off for a time the coming scarcity?

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scarcity? It is worth the trial, however comparatively small the result may be. When there was an alarm in France some years ago because the supply was becoming inadequate, this was the remedy proposed and acted upon, notwithstanding that a more thorough gathering of rags appeared hardly possible in a country where the work of the *chiffonnier* seems always to be carried to the last point of economy. Several attempts were likewise made to introduce other fibrous materials as substitutes; patents were taken out, and considerable activity was displayed in forwarding new inventions; but the panic soon passed away, and with it the zeal of the inventors. There was no drain on their markets, as in our case, from foreign purchasers; although in spite of prohibitions we find that a certain limited contraband trade in rags does actually exist among them. So confident are the French manufacturers of the present day, however, in the extent of their resources that they appear to consider the production of paper from straw, hay, beet-root, &c. in the light of mere scientific curiosities. '*Tenons-nous-en au chiffon*,' is their language: '*laissons les autres substances tenir leur place dans les recueils académiques, où elles honorent leurs auteurs, et tendent au perfectionnement des connaissances humaines.*'

But this must not be our language. After all that can be done in the way of economy (and we are glad to see that some eminent firms are already taking the initiative in this respect), and after all the efforts that may be made to promote the saving of every morsel of linen, cotton, woollen, or silk rags, there will still remain an imperative necessity for larger measures. New materials must be sought for, and the resources of science must be put in requisition. That our government is alive to this duty we find from a communication made in the early part of last year by the Lords of the Treasury to the Board of Trade, on the subject of the deficient supply and high price of rags, and the necessity which exists for seeking substitutes. Circular letters, it was suggested, might be sent to all British consuls abroad, requesting them to collect information, and to bear in mind that the great essential in a succedaneum must be *cheapness*, so as to cover the high freights now prevailing, and likely to prevail. Reeds and rushes, the inner bark of many trees, and several kinds of vegetable fibre in warm or tropical climates, are named as substances likely to be of service, especially if they could be imported as dunnage among the cargo, or in compressed bales, and if the steady supply of the article could be ensured. In a reply to this communication, on the part of the Board of Trade,

Dr.

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Dr. Lyon Playfair alluded to certain facts in connexion with the present scarcity which might not at first sight appear to bear upon the subject. The long-continued strikes and disturbances among the operatives at Preston and elsewhere, by lessening the quantity of cotton worked up at the mills, lessened also the amount of cotton waste, which usually furnishes enormous masses of material to the paper-mills. Again, the demands made on this refuse, by the railway companies for oiling and wiping their machinery, have been so large as to increase the evil. The competition of the American merchants in the markets of London and Liverpool, again, in consequence of the absence of paper duty and stamp-duty in the United States, enables these buyers to give a higher price than can be afforded by our own manufacturers. All these facts seem to point imperatively to the duty of finding other available materials in lieu of rags; but, in order to be profitably used, they must be obtainable at a cost not exceeding one penny or a penny halfpenny per pound, and they must be free from the three great sources of failure which have hitherto stood in the way of substitutes—namely, too much expense required in the preparation of the fibre, too much loss of weight in the conversion of the same into paper, or too much difficulty in the bleaching.

The search after new materials for paper is not by any means a novelty. The industrial world of France has been on the alert since the commencement of the present century. In 1801 Seguin patented his 'paper made of straw mixed with other vegetable substances;' in 1817 Beretta made paper with potato-refuse, after the starch had been extracted; in 1820 Podenzac manufactured both paper and pasteboard from straw only; in 1821 Jaubert of Marseilles made paper of hempstalks and liquorice-root; in 1825 Laforest proposed to make paper from hempstalks, flax, nettles, hops, and maize. In 1828 Bernardet brought out a paper made from the cuttings of hides, and Brard another made from rotten wood. In 1829 Rondeaux and Henne made pasteboard from leather, while Jullien prepared it from hay only. In 1830 Bany of St. Omer made paper from the pulp of beet root. Prior even to all these, an industrious German, who had a special mania for paper-making, exhausted almost every imaginable material within his reach, and published an account of his performances in a book* containing no less than sixty specimens of paper formed of different substances. He manufactured paper from the bark of the willow,

* Sämmtliche Papierversuche von Jacob Christian Schäffers, Prediger zu Regensburg.—*Regensburg*, 1772.

beech,

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beech, aspen, hawthorn, lime, and mulberry; from the down of the asclepias, the catkins of black poplar, and the tendrils of the vine; from the stalks of nettle, mugwort, dyer's-weed, thistle, burdock, briony, clematis, willow-herb, and lily; from cabbage-stalks, fir-cones, moss, potatoes, wood-shavings, and sawdust. These random attempts were so far valuable that they proved the fact that paper can be made from almost anything; but they were fruitless in producing what their author intended, namely, a commercial substitute for linen rags. The discovery of that powerful bleaching agent, chlorine, which took place in 1774, sufficed, indeed, to relieve manufacturers from a difficulty, and to ward off for a time the threatened scarcity. By means of chlorine many varieties of coloured linen, as well as of discoloured papers and manuscripts, are restored to their original whiteness, thus giving a large increase of material suitable for the better classes of paper; material which would have been otherwise available only for the inferior sorts.

At the present time the scarcity is felt most in papers of a low class, and this is a difficulty from which no chemical agent can set us free. The very *material* of manufacture is deficient, and this must be sought for in a more systematic manner, and in a much wider field, than has yet been attempted. The great difficulty connected with the subject appears to be this: in the case of rags the raw material has already gone through several of the stages necessary for its conversion into paper. The fibres have been cleaned and carded, spun and woven into a fabric of more or less delicacy; and this fabric has again been further advanced towards its ultimate destination by the alternate wearings and washings which have softened and reduced it to the state of rags. But, in the case of any herbaceous substance newly appropriated to the purpose, the preparation of the fibre must be gone through at main cost, and a considerable outlay must be incurred before the raw matter can be brought so far on its road towards the state of pulp as to equal the condition of ordinary rags. Therefore the new succedaneum, whatever it may be, should, if possible, form the refuse of some previous manufacture, so that the cost of production may have been already partially defrayed. In India, indeed, there is an abundant supply of native plants capable of being cheaply converted into paper *on the spot*, and there is also our own familiar plant the flax, largely cultivated for the sake of the oil furnished by its seed (linseed), which oil is both consumed and exported in large quantities, while the plant itself is entirely neglected as a source of fibrous material. Dr. Forbes Royle, well known for his botanical researches

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researches in India, admits that the climate does not favour the formation of soft flexible fibre in this plant, but he considers that the short fibre which *is* formed would be valuable for paper-making, and might add to the agriculturist's profits without much additional outlay. On this point also Dr. Buist of Bombay remarks,—'In India we have short staple flax and cotton to any amount, almost worthless for the purposes of ordinary manufacture, but perfectly fitted for the paper-market. We have cheap, neat-handed, and ingenious workmen, abundance of pure water, smokeless skies, and sunshine of unsurpassable brightness; the means, in short, of providing the world with unlimited supplies of paper, if we were only taught how to make it.'

It does not appear to have entered into the minds of any of our inquirers to transfer the trade of the world in paper to the 'neat-handed' workpeople of India; but, although we are not prepared for such a result, very many judicious and intelligent men are of opinion that the *early stages* of the manufacture might be carried on in that country where alone are combined the essential conditions of low-priced and intelligent labour with an abundance of raw material admirably suited to the work. This roughly prepared to our hand, out of the almost endless substances in India which yield suitable vegetable fibre, might be transported to this country in a convenient form, and converted by our superior processes and beautiful machinery into the finished product.

A long list of Indian plants might be given without much information to the reader, but let him recall the Indian collection of the Great Exhibition of 1851, where, in the rear of the gorgeous productions of the looms of India, were heaped up the less generally attractive but highly important stores of timber and of fibrous substances. Strange names for the most part were attached to those bundles; but there were some that had already become familiar (as the jute, sunn, rhea-grass, &c.) for their value as materials for ropes and canvas.

An objection which must prove fatal to the employment of some of the fibrous plants of India is that they grow in parts remote from the sea, and from which there are either very bad roads or no roads at all: but, again, there are other plants, and those the most prolific, which are of extensive growth in places where they might be conveniently prepared for exportation. One of the most remarkable and the most universally recommended as yielding a valuable fibre, is the Plantain, extensively cultivated in all tropical countries on account of its abundant fruit, which furnishes the prime necessary of life to a large proportion

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portion of the population. This fruit is furnished in clusters of 30, 60, or 80 lbs. weight, and immediately after its gathering the stem is cut down and allowed to rot on the ground as useless, while a young and abundant growth springs up to supply its place. The fibrous stem of the plantain is therefore in the condition of *refuse;* its culture has been paid for by the value of the fruit, the farinaceous portions of which abound in all the nutritious properties of meal, and are to the torrid zone what rice is to Bengal and China. By cutting down the plantains at different times, and thus securing a young and successive growth, this food can be procured in a fresh state nearly all the year round. From each stock there spring up eight or ten suckers, which in the course of the year become as large and as fruitful as the parent stem. In this way the productiveness of the plantain is enormous, and Humboldt's statement, once thought exaggerated, that one acre of good land in the tropics planted with this tree would yield as much nutritious food as 144 acres of wheat, is no longer denied or doubted. There are as many varieties of plantain as there are of apple, and as many delicate shades of nicety in the ripe fruit, and while some sorts are mild, mealy, and insipid, others rival the most exquisite pear or apple in flavour. Three dozen of the fruit are said to be sufficient to maintain a person for a week, and to be better suited to the constitution than bread in warm climates. It is eaten raw and cooked in various ways.

The several varieties of plantain, then, are already used to a prodigous extent by the inhabitants of the torrid zone, and the stem, containing a large amount of tough fibre, is invariably thrown away as refuse. It has been ascertained that each plant yields from three to four pounds of fibre, capable of being used for a variety of fabrics coarse and fine. The supply from this source would not be a doubtful one, or liable to fail in the course of a few years; for in the tropical world the lowest and meanest inhabitant, however destitute in other respects, has the plantain springing up around his hovel. Dr. Royle informs us that if we increased its cultivation we should be at the same time increasing the food of the world to an indefinite extent—to an extent that could not be consumed on the spot. 'But this,' he says, 'need not alarm us, for, as it contains a large quantity of saccharine matter, it might be eaten after the lapse of many years. In the Exhibition of 1851 some of the fruit was exhibited that had been in this country thirty years, and it was still in an eatable state, and had much the taste and attraction of dried figs.'

There is, however, another point to be noticed with respect to the plantain. The fibre, it appears, is largest in quantity and finest

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finest in quality *before* the ripening of the fruit, and it is a question whether, in the case of this extremely prolific plant, plantations might not be advantageously cultivated for the fibre alone, the stems being cut down more frequently, and without respect to the crop. This would have the disadvantage of removing the material at once from the condition of a refuse product; but if it can be shown that even without that condition the culture of the plantain could be made profitable as a paper-making article, then we have a strong argument in favour of its selection, above and beyond all other substances which have been offered to our notice among the treasures of the tropical regions. On this subject the estimate of an extensive proprietor in British Guiana (Mr. A. D. Netscher) is to the following effect:—The cost of keeping up a plantain estate in that colony would be about 6*l.* per acre, and the produce of the trees, if grown and cut down every eight months for the stem *alone*, would be 1400 or 1500 good stems every cutting, or 4500 in two years; the average quantity of fibre from each stem may be reckoned at 4 lbs. An acre of land will thus produce 9000 lbs. of fibre per annum at the cost of 6*l.*, and if 4*l.* be added as the expense of drying, carrying, and preparing for market, the cost need not exceed a farthing a pound. If the plantain-trees are cultivated for food, and allowed to stand in the ground until the fruit is sufficiently full to be gathered, they must have more space and time, and then the quantity of available fibre will not be so large.

The valuable and elegant substance known as Manilla hemp, which has of late years attracted so much attention as a substitute for Russian hemp, belongs to the same family as the Plantain, and, if equally abundant, would furnish an admirable material for paper. Dr. Forbes Royle informs us that—

'Some yachts, as well as many American vessels, have the whole of their rigging composed of Manilla hemp, and this cordage, when worn out, can be converted into an excellent quality of paper. Though the plant yielding this fibre is not indigenous to India, nor extensively cultivated, it is yet extremely interesting, not only because it may easily be cultivated there, but because there are other species of the same genus which may be turned to the same useful account. The plant which yields Manilla hemp is called *Abaca* by the natives of the Philippine Islands, who are said to apply the same name to its fibre. The plant is sometimes called a tree, but it is in fact only a large herbaceous plant, which belongs to the same genus, and is in fact a kind of plantain or banana, which is named *Musa textilis* by botanists.'—*The Fibrous Plants of India*, p. 64.

Attention having been once awakened and directed to our present

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present need, we shall doubtless have suggestions and expedients without end pressed upon our notice. When the German experimentalist Schäffer was exploring the vegetable kingdom in search of paper-making material, he was delighted to observe the labours of a bird, which, in extracting the seed of fir-cones for its food, discarded a quantity of fibre which surrounded the seed. He began joyfully to imitate the labours of the bird in converting the harsh fir-cone into a cottony substance, and in the course of time he was successful in producing from it an extremely strong and serviceable paper fit for packing purposes. Similar labours are now going on near Breslau, in Silesia, in a domain called the Prairie of Humboldt. A manufactory is in operation there for the conversion of pine-leaves into a sort of cotton or wool. The long sharp leaves or spines of the fir tribe consist of little more than bundles of very fine and tough fibres held together by a resinous pellicle. When by decoction and the use of chemical agents the resinous substance is dissolved, the fibres are easily released, and can be washed and freed from foreign substances. According to the mode of preparation afterwards adopted, the fibres are either formed into a fine cottony substance or wadding, or into a coarse stuffing for mattresses, &c. The cotton or wool has been also manufactured into blankets, which appear to be much approved in hospitals and barracks on account of the aromatic odour of the pine which still adheres to them, and which is said to be repugnant to insects. These blankets have been adopted in several public establishments in Vienna and Breslau, and are described as cheap and efficient. Rugs and horsecloths are made from the same material, which of course would be equally available for the inferior kinds of paper. In this manufacture advantage is taken of an ethereal oil and other products obtained in the course of the processes. The oil is used in lamps and in perfumery, and the liquid left by the decoction of the pine-leaves is employed as a curative bath for invalids afflicted with rheumatic disorders. Should the Breslau manufactory continue to flourish, the attempt may perhaps be made to turn to similar account the pine-forests of other regions, but we must learn the nature and amount of the chemical agents employed before we can judge of the degree of profit likely to accrue from the manufacture.

Attention has been likewise drawn to a waste material which could be supplied to us in great abundance by our West Indian colonies, should it prove capable of being profitably converted to use in the paper manufacture. This material is the refuse ot the sugar-cane. Specimens of sugar-cane paper were prepared by

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by Dr. Cumin, of Bath, at the close of the year 1858, and submitted to the notice of the Duke of Newcastle. Favourable opinions of the paper were given by several manufacturers, and it was naturally concluded that, as the cane refuse is used for fuel in our sugar colonies, and great quantities of it from the plantations on the Mississippi are annually thrown into the river, the article could be imported into this country at a very low rate. Its bulk would form an obstacle, but 'if the canes were cut into short pieces by a machine, provided with a trough to save such juice as might ooze out, and the pieces then placed in a hydraulic press, a much greater amount of saccharine juice would be obtained than by the present process, and the refuse would be converted into solid blocks fit without any further operation to be immediately exported.'

A formidable obstacle, however, occurs in the bleaching. We are not informed whether Dr. Cumin had found means on a small scale of overcoming this objection, but, when the experiment was tried in paper-mills at Chesham and at Maidstone, the attempt to bleach this substance was in one case entirely given up on account of its difficulty, and in the other it was found to be so very costly and troublesome as to make the effort commercially useless. It may be said that unbleached paper would answer our present purpose extremely well, seeing that our deficiency is most felt in low-class papers; but would it be desirable to import a bulky material of this kind, the pulp of which would probably be not more in amount than half the weight of fibre, so that we should have to pay carriage at the rate of two tons of fibre for one ton of paper produced? Undoubtedly not; and two of our leading manufacturers, though not unwilling to superintend further trials, are evidently of opinion that the manufacture would prove unprofitable.

The presence of fibrous material suitable for the paper-manufacture, in whatever degree of profusion it may be found in the colonies or elsewhere, is obviously of little avail, unless there exist in the same localities some cheap and ready method of reducing and preparing it for exportation. With respect to India the means appear to be already amply possessed by the native population of reducing the vegetables in which the country abounds to the state of crude pulp, which, when dried in the form of blocks or bricks, could be conveniently transmitted to this country. In a recent communication to the Journal of the Society of Arts, Mr. Henley describes a simple paper-mill, as being in general use among the people, and found in almost every house, where it is employed not only in the manufacture of paper, but in many ordinary domestic arts, such as the cleaning

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cleaning and husking of rice, the preparation of drugs, dye-stuffs, brickdust (for building purposes) tobacco, tan, and a multitude of other uses. This machine is called a *Dhenkee*, and resembles in principle our European tilt hammer:—

'Its cost would be—erected in place (engineers, foundations, and all charges included), three shillings; and this charge supposes the more than usually heavy machine employed for paper-making. It consists of a log of any heavy wood, about eight inches square, and nine or ten feet long, shod with iron, striking on a block of wood or stone. Two women placed at the tail of the lever raise it about sixty times per minute. One woman seated at the head of the machine, turns over the substances being operated on. The mill occasionally stops, in order that a child may be suckled, or to take a smoke, but nevertheless its daily work might be estimated (depending of course on the description of stuff) at about 20 lbs. or 30 lbs. reduced to the state of a crude half stuff. The three women would be remunerated (if paid labourers and not members of a family) at one ana, or one and a half, each. An additional male hand would be requisite (probably the master or contractor), whose business it would be to wash and pass the crushed material through a simple search or sieve into a vessel of water, returning the insufficiently prepared portion to the Dhenkee; and to form the pulp into blocks or bricks in a 12-inch brick-mould, and drying them in the sun. His wages would be two anas or three pence per day of ten hours, so that the total wages for the preparation of 20 to 30 lbs. of such material would amount to sevenpence halfpenny. In the event of employing such fibres as the plantain-leaf stalk, a small pair of hard-wood grooved rollers, such as they employ for squeezing sugar-cane, would be very useful: their cost is two shillings.'

The plantain, in common with all other endogenous plants, has no true bark, therefore simple pressure between rollers, and washing, might perhaps suffice for the separation of the fibres. Specimens of fine linen, and of very useful and tough kinds of paper, prepared from this material, have been exhibited, some of the latter having been manufactured by prisoners in the gaols of Madras. These are unbleached; but there are specimens made in France, which are white, and of close texture, resembling parchment in tenacity and durability.

'Of the value of the plantain fibre for paper-making,' says Dr. Royle, 'there can, I conceive, be no doubt. Some paper, though unbleached, but excellent as far as substance and tenacity are concerned, was sent from India by Dr. Hunter in 1851. In the year 1846 Mr. May showed the author some beautiful specimens of note and letter paper made from plantain fibre. He was at that time anxious to establish a manufactory for plantain paper in Calcutta, but subsequently went to one of the British colonies in South America; and we have also noticed the fact of a gentleman having shown specimens of paper made from plantain fibre

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fibre in Demerara. Mr. Routledge subsequently made some excellent paper both of a tough and of a fine quality from the fibres of species of Musa—sheets of which he has presented to the author, who has lately seen specimens of similar paper in the hands of Mr. Sharp. Besides which, excellent paper has for some time been made from the refuse of or from worn out Manilla rope.'—*Fibrous Plants of India*, p. 87.

The opinion is gaining ground among persons who have paid close attention to the subject, that from this one source, abundantly presented to us in both the East and West Indies, there may be obtained without difficulty any required quantity of fibre. In Calcutta alone it has been reasonably calculated that the refuse of the consumption of the fruit of the plantain by a million and a half of people might be gathered together on very economical terms. There is scarcely a substance presenting itself in equal profusion, and we are glad to learn, that it is intended to give it a fair and full trial; that machinery has been devised and patents secured for the various processes, at a cost which, under any conceivable rise in the price of the raw material in India, must still command a profit. It is fully believed that the fibre will be found applicable to every species of cloth or article usually made from flax or hemp, as well as to paper pulp, thus offering a comprehensive remedy for our present evils, which arise, as we have seen, partly from the loss of Russian supplies of hemp and flax, and partly from the want of refuse material for the paper manufacture.

Such are the resources which open to us as we look abroad among the luxuriant vegetable growths of India and of the West India islands. But there are individuals among us who are yet disposed, in consideration of the enormous rate of freight and other drawbacks existing at the present time, to seek their remedy nearer home, and to defer, at least until a more favourable opportunity, the development of these oriental treasures. They conceive that material coming under the denomination of refuse lies around us in sufficient profusion to make any immediate appeal to the colonies unnecessary. Straw for instance, although there are many important uses for it at present, especially the manufacture of straw-plat, may, it is thought, be made to serve a still more valuable end, by being applied to the purposes of the paper manufacture. Some of the earliest attempts to find a substitute for rags were connected with trials of straw; and these have been the most frequently and perseveringly repeated; proving that the availability of this material has been recognised by numerous persons, and at different periods. Among French experimentalists, M. Schinz succeeded in making very fine white paper from wheaten straw, which he pronounced to be quite equal to paper

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paper made from rags; but this might be called a fancy paper, and the processes employed were too costly to be advantageously used in the general manufacture. He also produced a very fair paper by an equal admixture of straw and coarse rags in the following manner. He placed in a vat fifty pounds weight of chopped wheaten straw, and added to it forty pounds of quicklime, with enough water to form a sort of paste. The mixture was stirred up every day, and transferred from one vat to another. After being thus dealt with for a fortnight, the straw was triturated by being subjected to the action of stampers, which were found preferable to the usual grinding-machine known as the *roll*. The straw, thus reduced to pulp, was mixed with an equal quantity of rag-pulp, and the mixture went through the subsequent stages in the usual manner. Seventy pounds weight of very strong paper, of an agreeable straw tint, was the result of this process.

Patents have been taken out from time to time in England for improved methods of producing straw-paper; and there are sundry straw-paper mills, we believe, still in operation—as Tovil Mills, Maidstone, Kent; Quenington Mills, Fairford, Gloucestershire; Burnside Mills, Kendal, Westmoreland; and Golden Bridge Mills, near Dublin. The 'Weekly Times' newspaper, we are informed, was formerly printed on straw-paper, and still has a certain admixture of straw with the rags. In pure straw-paper, or in paper where that material preponderates, inconvenience is experienced from *brittleness*, and the paper breaks on being repeatedly doubled. This defect appears, however, to be nearly overcome by the skill and ingenuity of the manufacturer; for some recent specimens of paper advertised as 'straw note-paper,' are of so superior a character as to leave little to be desired. The advocates of straw urge that it requires less power in its preparation than many other substances, the processes being chemical rather than mechanical by which it is converted into pulp, while its disadvantage is stated to be the large quantity of alkali required to be combined with its resinous and siliceous matters. The alkali thus becomes a more important element of cost in the manufacture than the straw itself. A suggestion has been made that this alkaline solution might be used as the raw material of some other manufactures, such as soap-making, or for common glass, instead of being recovered by an expensive mode of evaporation, as is now the case. It must also be understood that the product from straw in the shape of pulp is small compared with the quantity of material used, certainly not more than half the weight of the straw.

It appears that the preparation of paper from common flax is also

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also about to be undertaken on a large scale. In the 'Times' newspaper of February 27, 1855, we find the following announcement:—

'A Bill for the incorporation of an undertaking to be called the Fibre Company, for supplying the serious want of a cheap material for paper by means of the fibre of common flax, was introduced into Parliament this morning, after vain endeavours to avoid that trouble and expense by obtaining a charter of limited liability.'

Other materials have engaged attention, and patents have been recently taken out for the manufacture of paper from wood, from hop-bines, from couch-grass, water-broom, &c. The reduction of wood into paper-pulp is a process which would appear to be too costly for success. It is performed by cutting up the timber of Scotch fir and other trees into blocks of convenient length, and submitting each block to the action of a grinder which revolves at the rate of two hundred times per minute. The wood is wetted and ground at the same time; and the particles removed by the grinding are very much in the state of pulp. This is mixed with rag-pulp in proportions of from 10 to 90 per cent., and serves to form different varieties of paper. The preparations now being made to manufacture paper from hop-bines are very laudable, and we heartily wish them success. This is a thoroughly waste material, and can be obtained in immense quantities, ten thousand tons being said to be available annually. The rind of the potato was employed by Schäffer, and from the potato itself he made a valuable drawing-paper, extremely smooth and soft to the touch, while its tenacity approached nearer to that of parchment than any other vegetable substance. The designation of the French patent taken out by Beretta in 1817 relates to the rind and refuse-pulp, 'les résidus de pommes de terre après l'extraction de la fécule.' The strength and tenacity of potato-stalks would, however, lead us to imagine that the whole plant may be sufficiently productive of fibre to be profitably employed. Experiments have been tried with couch-grass; and the pasteboard made with it has proved to be of excellent quality. This manufacture is about to be undertaken on a large scale at Stamford. The differences of opinion among manufacturers and experimentalists as to the relative values of different materials, domestic and foreign, will doubtless lead to a thorough investigation of the whole subject, and there can be little question that we shall before long obtain the desired end through some of the various experiments.

To what degree the matter is affected by the duty on paper is a subject which it is needless just now to discuss at length. Opinions

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Opinions are strongly expressed on both sides; one party vehemently urging its repeal, and another, including, strange as it may appear, many paper-manufacturers, being favourable to its retention. The duty on paper being at the uniform fixed rate of three halfpence per pound, without distinction of quality, it necessarily follows that on the cheaper kinds the duty is much higher in proportion to their intrinsic value than on the better qualities. In fact, it is affirmed that before some of the inferior descriptions can be brought into the market more than *half* the value of the manufactured article, and three times the value of the raw material, must have been paid in cash to the Government. Thus it appears that for every 1000*l.* paid for materials the maker must estimate a further expenditure for duty varying from 1000*l.* to 2000*l.* before he can realise his result. This is not only a heavy tax upon capital, but it is complained of as a source of false competition in the trade. The paper-maker, unless a large capitalist, does not always find it convenient to meet the heavy demand for cash entailed by the visit of the excise-collector, although he may have stock greatly exceeding the value of the duty required. He therefore sells at a disadvantage, sometimes at a great loss. This might doubtless occur from other causes in the case of a man who has embarked in trade without sufficient capital; yet these causes, we may imagine, could not be so constantly recurring, or so imperative in their operation, as the periodical visits of the excise. Various inconveniences also arise to the paper-maker from the mode of collection. Forty-eight hours' notice must be given to the excise officer to attend and *charge* the duty, and after *charging*, the paper must be left in a packed state in the mill for a certain number of hours longer previous to its removal. This interferes with the rapid execution of orders. When once removed, it is not allowed to be brought back into the mill, under any circumstances, even of accident to it, without sending for an officer to inspect it and grant a certificate; and should it be worked over again, a second duty is charged. The knowledge, on the part of the buyer, that paper cannot be returned to the manufactory, gives rise, it is said, to frivolous objections, with a view to lower the price. The disadvantage of these arrangements would be much more severely felt, were it not for certain devices of the paper-makers, such as giving frequent, perhaps daily notices to *charge*, on the chance of such notices being necessary.

As one instance out of many which might be given of the unexpected way in which the duty on paper interferes with our success in certain branches of manufacture and throws the

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balance

behalf on the side of our French neighbours, we may name the trade in figured silks, which is a very active one at the present moment. It may perhaps be known that in the process a certain number of cards are indispensable, the quantity varying according to the size and nature of the pattern. On the statement of Messrs. Carter, Vavasseur, and Bis, it appears that a figured silk manufactured by that firm (as it was understood) for the use of Her Majesty required *eight thousand cards*. Now, these cards with the draw-back which is at present allowed by Government, can be purchased at 18*s.* 6*d.* per thousand: 8000 cards therefore cost the English manufacturer 7*l.* 8*s.* For cards of the same description and quality the French manufacturer pays only 2*s.* per pound, thus obtaining his 8000 cards for 4*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* The difference, small as it may seem, has a considerable effect in the close competition which now prevails; and it would be difficult to show the cause why the English maker, if delivered from the burden of the duty and from the interference of the excise officer, should not make as good a card for 2*d.* as the French maker. As it respects goods, therefore, the English manufacturer of figured silk stuffs is at a disadvantage. He must either make a larger quantity of silk than his rival, in order to get back his money paid in cards, or he must ask a higher price for his goods. The French manufacturer, on the other hand, by the low price of his cards is enabled to get a greater variety of pattern for the same outlay. 'It is this variety of design which constitutes his strength; he is able by this to meet all tastes, and there are almost as many shades of taste as there are wearers. Then the demand for a great variety of patterns calls forth the taste and stimulates the ingenuity of artists, who see a larger field opening for their genius than we can show. This one instance must suffice as the general key to the difficulties and disadvantages of which manufacturers are now complaining loudly, and which the public is not allowed to forget, owing to the exertions of a society specially constituted for the consideration of grievances connected with the paper-duty.

The reason why some of the chief objectors to the remission of the duty are to be found among the wholesale paper-dealers themselves, is that they consider the payment of the duty in the light of an investment of capital, and the larger the capital embarked in the trade the less liable are they to suffer from the competition of fresh parties engaging in it. Such individuals incline to think that the collection of the duty helps to keep order and regularity in a paper-mill; they do not find that the excise regulations affect, to any material extent, the rapid execution

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duction of their orders, because they are always able to know prospectively the time at which paper will be ready to be charged; and they assert that the manufacturer is at no disadvantage in the London markets, now in the power of customers who are capitalists. They urge again that the immediate reduction of duty owing to the supply of the raw material being limited, and already falling very far below the requirements of the trade, would produce a great rise in the price of that article, and a consequent increase in the price of paper. This, however, is a matter which would soon 'right itself.' The opinion of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject was thus given in the report of the debate on the advertisement duty, July 1, 1853. 'The paper-duty, he was quite ready to admit, was an inexpedient and impolitic tax altogether, because it imposed on the trade of the country a burden totally disproportioned to the amount of the revenue received. It interfered with employment throughout the country in a most inconvenient form, because the paper trade, if free, would not be confined to the great centres of population, but would find its way to other localities throughout the country, and diffuse employment among a different class of the population. Therefore the paper-duty was a tax essentially bad in itself, and, so soon as the state of the treasury would allow, it ought to be repealed.' But as the state of the treasury will allow nothing of the kind, all argument on the subject is useless at present. It is not now that we can dispense with a tax which, in 1853, yielded to Government the sum of 1,148,116*l.*

ART. IX.—1. *Parliamentary Papers relating to the Negotiation at Vienna on the Eastern Question. Presented to both Houses of Parliament.* Part XIII. London, 1855.

2. *Le Parti de la Paix au Parlement Anglais; Discours prononcés à la Chambre des Communes, par MM. Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, Sydney Herbert, et Sir James Graham. Traduction Complète.* Par Louis Hymans. Bruxelles. 1855.

A WAR undertaken without a policy, and without a well-defined object, cannot lead either to useful or beneficial results. Such, as regards those who undertook it, has been the case with this war in which we are now engaged. 'The independence and integrity' of a kingdom are vague terms; their very use almost implies that they mean nothing. To no country are they

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they less applicable than to Turkey. We shall show that the first conditions we, the defenders and protectors of Turkey, propose for her acceptance as a basis of peace impose a direct violation of both. If a war involving vast sacrifices of men and money should end in establishing the very state of things which it was entered upon to prevent, no one will deny that it will have been an unnecessary war, and that those who embarked their country in it have been guilty of a great public crime. We believe that we have barely escaped the terrible responsibility which such a result would have entailed upon us. Had the negotiations opened during the spring at Vienna ended in a peace, based upon the conditions now known as 'the four points,' we do not hesitate to declare that not only would the war have utterly failed in attaining the objects which it is pretended it was undertaken to effect, but we should have placed Turkey in a position which must either have led to the complete loss of her independence, and have threatened her real integrity, or must have plunged us before long in a contest even more terrible than that in which we are now involved and far more doubtful in its results.

We shall have little difficulty in proving what we have asserted. So palpable was the utter worthlessness of the conditions proposed at Vienna, as a satisfactory solution of the great question at issue, and as the French Emperor has himself declared so 'vaguely were the bases formulated,' that the Government, when pressed in a late debate upon the subject, seems to have summarily disclaimed any further countenance of them. Indeed it would almost appear that Count Nesselrode was justified in asserting, when reviewing Count Walewski's explanatory account of the conferences, that from the commencement the English and French Governments had no intention whatever of concluding a peace upon those terms, which were merely put forward as a pretence and to make a show of a desire to bring the war to a termination.

Whether such may have been the case or not, we cannot but state our conviction that the affairs of this country have rarely been transacted in a more unstatesmanlike fashion, its national character exposed to more grave injury, and its very existence as a great power more seriously jeopardised, than during the prosecution, under successive Administrations, of this war. Whilst an amount of incapacity and neglect almost unequalled has characterised the conduct of the war, a similar amount of incompetency and ignorance has marked the attempts made in the first instance to direct it and afterwards to bring it to a conclusion. The history of the first negotiations, ending in the failure of the celebrated

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celebrated Vienna note, will remain a lasting reproach to our Foreign Office and our diplomacy; the protocols of the second conferences of Vienna will not tend to remove it.

We do not wish to recapitulate the history of the present war, nor to investigate afresh the causes which gave rise to it. We have in articles written during the course of events placed before our readers both a narrative of the war and our own views as to its origin and the principles involved in it. We can turn with peculiar satisfaction to those articles as containing opinions and anticipations which have been fully borne out and verified by subsequent occurrences, and the justice and truth of which are now generally recognised. We wish merely to call to the recollection of our readers that which we have always considered to be the immediate objects of the war as distinct from its possible results. 'The independence and integrity of Turkey,' as we have already observed, convey no definite meaning. They are terms which may be interpreted in a thousand different ways, according to the opinions and views of those who use them. The real objects of our armed interference were to save Turkey from the immediate danger of a Russian invasion, to secure her for the future from a sudden attack by superior forces always held in menace over her, to put an end to that assumed right of protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Sultan professing the Greek faith, which gave Russia a virtual sovereignty over the greater part of the population of European Turkey, and to protect the Principalities against future occupation and that undue interference of Russia which was equally fatal to their prosperity and dangerous to the Ottoman Empire. We will now proceed to inquire how far the conditions upon which we professed ourselves ready to make peace—that is to say, 'the four points'—would have secured either of these objects.

The sense which the Allies attached to the principles laid down in the four points was conveyed in an official memorandum to Prince Gortchakoff by the Plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, and Great Britain, as early as the 28th of December, 1854. It is not stated by whom this document was drawn up. We presume that Turkey was consulted, but this does not appear. In some respects, as we shall hereafter show, it was modified, and an essential part of it appears to have been rejected altogether by some parties to the conference, namely that which reserved to the allied Governments the power to put forward such final conditions as might seem to them to be required beyond the four guarantees by the general interests of Europe; a reservation which, if anything were intended by it, was one of very considerable importance.

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The first conference was held on the 15th March, and was attended by Plenipotentiaries of the five Powers, including Lord John Russell, who had been sent on a special mission to Vienna. Whether the selection of that eminent statesman to take part in those discussions was an earnest of the sincerity of the British Government in its desire to bring the negotiations to a successful issue, or whether to get rid of one generally dreaded for his political activity, and whose presence was considered inconvenient at a time when his rival was forming a new and not very strong Administration, we shall not stop to discuss. We do not think the choice, on many accounts, a fortunate one. The results of his mission have neither established his reputation as a diplomatist, nor added to it as a statesman. Neither is he versed in Eastern affairs, or with the real merits of the questions at issue.

M. de Bourqueney, the French Minister at the Austrian Court and one of the French Plenipotentiaries, represented his Government for some years at Constantinople during the reign of Louis Philippe. Long experience has given him a considerable acquaintance with the internal affairs of Turkey, but his reputation as a diplomatist is not very great, nor is his sagacity remarkable. During the last conferences M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who had been specially sent from Paris, was the colleague of M. de Bourqueney. The state papers, which had from time to time been published by the French Government upon the Eastern question, were, by common report, attributed to him, and judged by their masterly composition and the bold and straightforward tone, established his reputation as a statesman and diplomatist. The share he had taken in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, in the Iran, and the knowledge which those documents seemed to show that he possessed upon the subject, ought to have well fitted him for taking a prominent share in the discussions at Vienna.

Both M. de Titoff, the coadjutor of Prince Gortchakoff, and M. de Bourqueney, filled the post of Minister during a long period at Constantinople, and had been engaged in some of the most critical negotiations which have arisen of late years between Russia and the Porte. He had been especially concerned in questions connected with the Principalities, Servia, and the rights of the Greek Church, questions which formed the element of the matters to be discussed at the Conference. For, although the Russian Government, with its usual tact, had always found some excuse for withdrawing M. de Titoff from his post when the questions at issue began to assume a threatening aspect, and to demand other language than that of mere diplomacy, the initiative

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initiative had always been taken by him, and he had skilfully prepared the ground for the ultimate pressure upon the Turkish Government. The task of menacing and intimidating was confided to some one who could venture far in his bearing toward the Sultan and his Minister without being held in check by the consideration that he was compromising his personal influence and those friendly feelings so necessary to the success of a diplomatist in the usual dealings with a foreign Court. M. de Titoff thus brought to bear a large amount of personal and local knowledge especially connected with the subject submitted to the Conference. Added to this source of superiority over his colleagues, he was a diplomatist of considerable ability and experience: whilst Prince Gortchakoff, from his lofty, assumed the lead, it is evident that M. de Titoff had the real conduct of the negociations.

Of Aarif Effendi, the Turkish Plenipotentiary, little was known as a diplomatist, with his position seems to have been altogether a subordinate one. Although matters of the most vital importance to the interests of the country which he represented were at issue, forming indeed the very basis of the conditions of peace, he seems to have been merely consulted, and scarcely to have been allowed a voice in the discussions. His colleagues appear to have agreed to treat him with indifference, if not contempt, and he contented himself with reserving the rights of the Porte, and accepting, under kind of protest, the decisions which dealt so summarily and so unjustly with the sovereign power of the Sultan. It was not until nearly the close of the Conference that Aarif Pasha, who had held some of the highest posts in the Turkish empire, and who by his experience of European diplomacy was better fitted to take a share in the deliberations, and to watch over the interests of the Porte, arrived at Vienna.

Both M. de Buol and Baron Prokesch were entitled to represent the Austrian Government. The first had acquired high distinction both as a diplomatist and a statesman; the second was intimately acquainted with Eastern affairs. They were both well versed in that tortuous and double policy which has ever distinguished the Austrian Cabinet. Count Buol, as minister during the course of events which led to the war, and to the author of that policy which had rendered Austria, in some degree, the arbitress of the question without compromising her position as a neutral state, was now to complete his work. He now assumed the supreme direction of the conferences. From the commencement he appears to have taken the lead, and to have contrived with consummate ability to secure the initiative

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terests of his country, and to turn to her advantage the differences of the belligerent powers. We shall see how far Austria would have profited by the solution proposed by Count Buol, and, to a certain extent, adopted by the Allies. Baron Prokesch could supply his colleague with such local information and details as were necessary to the discussion of the questions under consideration, and to this able diplomatist appears to have been confided the task of drawing up the principal documents which formed the bases of the proposals submitted at the conferences. It need create no surprise that Lord John Russell, Lord Westmoreland, and M. de Bourqueney should have fallen an easy prey to such antagonists as M. de Titoff, Count Buol, and Baron Prokesch, and that the Turkish plenipotentiary should have been, without ceremony, put aside altogether.

The first conference commenced by a recapitulation, on the part of Count Buol, of the four articles containing the principles upon which alone peace could be concluded, and by a few vague generalities and professions of the sincerity of Austria. The French, English, and Turkish plenipotentiaries concurred in the sentiments expressed by their Austrian colleagues, and insisted upon the right which their Governments had reserved to themselves of making, in addition to and beyond the four guarantees, such special conditions as might appear to be called for by the general interests of Europe. Prince Gortchakoff recorded his adherence to the principles contained in the four articles, and, without contesting the right of belligerent powers to add other demands, according to the chances of war, declared the obligation he was under to keep within the limits of the four points; a declaration to which it would appear the Austrian plenipotentiaries, although in ambiguous language, assented. . .

These preliminaries having been settled, the Conference entered upon the discussion of the first point, which declared that 'the protectorate exercised by Russia over Moldavia and Wallachia should cease, and the privileges conferred by the Sultan on those Principalities, as well as on Servia, should henceforward be placed under the collective guarantee of the contracting Powers.' A paper was read by Baron Prokesch containing what was termed the 'development of the first point.' This document, discussed during three conferences and somewhat modified, was ultimately accepted.

In examining the protocols of the conferences relating to this first point, it is evident that, whilst the rights both of the Porte and of the Principalities themselves were either summarily dealt with or altogether overlooked, the real question at issue was the degree of influence to be hereafter exercised by Austria and Russia

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Russia in those provinces. The three days assigned to the discussion of Baron Prokesch's memorandum were occupied by little more than a struggle artfully carried on between the plenipotentiaries of those two Powers for supremacy in this part of the Sultan's dominions. The English and French plenipotentiaries appear to have looked on, equally ignorant of the objects of their Austrian and Russian colleagues and of the real interests at stake. Aarif Effendi, at the conclusion, reserved a liberty of action with regard to every point of importance agreed upon by the other plenipotentiaries,—a reservation which would probably have profited him little had the other points been settled and the bases of peace been consequently secured.

The document proposed by the Austrian plenipotentiaries as the development of the first point is one of a very remarkable nature. It most conclusively proves the policy of Austria as regards Turkey, the objects she proposes to herself to attain whilst preserving an armed neutrality during the war, and the advantages she gains by holding the balance between the belligerent powers. The first article declares that 'no exclusive protection shall in future be exercised over' Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia. These few words lead to two important conclusions which are totally at variance with facts, viz. that Russia had a right of protection over the three provinces, and that her treaty relations with the Porte, as regards Servia, were similar to those affecting the Danubian Principalities. The object of the Austrian plenipotentiaries in using these words was evident, and did not escape Prince Gortchakoff. In the first Conference he objected to the word 'protectorate,' which had been introduced into the original draft, as conveying the idea that it had been enjoyed by virtue of a distinct treaty right. Nevertheless, when it suited the ends of Russia, the same term had been used in documents issued by her. 'Protection' was then substituted, as inferring a less positive right. In the second Conference, the Russian plenipotentiary pointed out that the relations of Servia to Russia were different from those of Wallachia and Moldavia; this distinction, however, having apparently not been recognised in 1842 and 1843, when Russia interfered in the internal affairs of that province, and claimed the exercise of rights similar to those which she arrogated to herself in the other Principalities. Prince Gortchakoff perceived that it was the intention of Count Buol to extend as much as possible the right of interference in the affairs of the Danubian provinces when that right was to be enjoyed by the four Powers. He knew that such a claim once conceded would enable Austria to establish an influence hostile to that of Russia in Wallachia and Moldavia, and to its exclusion

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exclusion in Servia. Although similar privileges might be extended to France and England, yet these powers, from their distance and their want of political connexion with the Principalities, could scarcely avail themselves of them. They would virtually be exercised in their name by Austria, who had already insinuated that it would be her duty hereafter to represent the Western Powers in the three provinces. It is true that the four Powers professed merely to '*guarantee*' the rights and immunities of the Principalities, but by the terms of the explanatory act not only was the right of continual supervision and interference conferred upon Austria, but she obtained the means of finding at all times an excuse to intermeddle in the internal affairs of Moldavia and Wallachia, and even, as we shall show, to invade and occupy their territories.

The Russian plenipotentiaries proposed some modifications of the Austrian draft, which were discussed during the second and third conferences, and were partially adopted. The development of the first point, thus amended, was agreed to by the Plenipotentiaries of the four Powers; Aarif Effendi, however, accepting it under reservation. Much of the most objectionable part of the original Austrian proposal was retained, and we believe that, so far from the rights of the Porte having been better established than they previously were, or the Principalities guarded from the danger of future invasion, and their internal tranquillity and progress secured, the very reverse would have been the case had the terms of that agreement been hereafter carried out.

The three Principalities were still treated as standing in the same relation to Russia. This blunder, for blunder it undoubtedly was on our part, would have been fatal to the liberties of Servia and to the development of its institutions. Prince Gortchakoff, as we have already observed, had himself pointed out that a distinction existed between that province and Wallachia and Moldavia, and in two memorandums communicated to the Conference he detailed the rights and immunities which they respectively enjoyed. But the distinction did not consist in this alone. The Servians, after a long and bloody struggle against the Turks, carried on without foreign aid, had acquired their own independence, subject only to the suzerainty of the Sultan. The Porte, by the Convention of Akerman, had engaged to *regulate with the Servian deputies the measures which affected the rights and immunities of the Principalities*, and which were afterwards to be embodied in an Imperial Firman, to be issued within eighteen months of the date of the Convention, and to be moreover communicated to Russia.

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The Porte, not having been able to carry into execution this stipulation, undertook, by the sixth article of the Treaty of Adrianople, in the most solemn manner to fulfil it without the least delay, and with the most scrupulous exactitude. The firman furnished with the Hatti-Sherif (*i. e.* an imperial order) *containing the execution of the said clauses*, was to be determined and officially communicated to the Imperial Court of Russia within the term of one month, reckoning from the signature of the treaty. It is evident, then, by this article, that all Russia stipulated with regard to Servia was the carrying out of certain concessions made to that province, the terms of which, conferring internal self-government, when once fulfilled by the Porte, the right of Russia to interfere really ceased, except as virtually guaranteeing to Servia those concessions she could interpose, *on the demand of the inhabitants*, to prevent the Porte hereafter from either withdrawing or violating them. The treaty gave her no power whatever to interfere in the internal affairs of the Principality. But Russia endeavoured gradually to extend this guarantee as against the Porte to a right of interposition as against the inhabitants. She sought to exercise a direct control over the administration. Her Consul-General arrogantly dictated to the Servian government; and when, in 1842, the Servians, exasperated by bad government and by the continual intermeddling of Russia in their affairs, expelled Prince Michael and substituted the present reigning Prince Alexander, Russia insisted upon the revocation of the acts of the popular party, and the expulsion of the popular leaders. Although every enlightened statesman of Europe was of opinion that Russia far exceeded the powers conferred upon her by treaty, yet Lord Aberdeen, as it is well known, and Austria, influenced by a selfish policy, supported her pretensions, and compelled the Porte to acknowledge her claim to exercise the same control over the affairs of Servia as she arrogated to herself in Wallachia and Moldavia. Although Austria, unwilling to see a revolutionary movement successfully carried out in an adjoining state, and dreading the growth of liberal institutions, backed the demands of Russia, yet she equally fears the establishment of Russian influence in Servia. A struggle ensued between the two Powers for the supremacy, whilst both united in checking progress and in impeding the free development of internal prosperity. The Servians were thus made the victims of the jealousies and suspicions of two Powers which claimed to be their protectors.

To understand the importance of Servia to Europe as well as to Austria and Russia, it must be borne in mind that the pri-

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vince is inhabited by a Sclavonian population, forming the nucleus of similar races not only inhabiting the Turkish dominions, but the adjacent Austrian territories. As she has obtained for herself an almost independent nationality, and has made rapid progress in developing her institutions and strengthening her government, the Sclavonians of the south naturally look to her as their representative, and as a rallying-point hereafter when a Sclavonian state shall be formed in southern Europe. The Austrian cabinet has viewed with deep jealousy and distrust this progress, and the tendency shown by the Servians towards a free and liberal government. Whilst Russia has endeavoured to enlist the national feeling in Servia in her favour, and to direct and control what has been termed the 'Panslavonic' movement in the South, Austria has done her utmost to check and to crush it. Through her frontier authorities and her diplomatic agents in Belgrade she has waged a continual struggle with the Servian government, thrown every impediment in the way of improvement, and by her intrigues has fomented dissension and disunion amongst the leading men of the province. The Servians have resolutely opposed to the best of their power this interference in their national affairs, and have, with remarkable courage and perseverance, defeated, by more than one public act, the attempt which Austria has long been making to obtain a direct influence and control over the administration of their affairs and their public officers. When Austria endeavoured to induce the Sultan to sanction an armed occupation of Servia as well as of the Danubian Principalities — an occupation to which England would probably have given a ready consent—the Servians indignantly protested against such a violation of their national independence by a Power upon which they looked even with more jealousy and fear than they did upon Russia. The language of the protest which they at that time addressed to the Porte proves the depth and vehemence of the national feeling against Austria. The Government declared that

'they saw in the threatened occupation of the Servian territory an isolated action of Austria, who, under the pretext of acting in co-operation with the general policy of Europe in support of the Ottoman Empire, created for herself the means of invading Servia, and of causing in that principality, by her unjust and oppressive behaviour, that very disorder, that very confusion, and that very desolation, which it is particularly the interest of the Ottoman Empire, as it is that of the powers allied to it, to prevent, and the dangers of which the government and nation of Servia would devote themselves with all their efforts to keep off from their country.'

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How well founded were the apprehensions of the Servians has been abundantly proved by the recent conduct of the Austrian authorities in Wallachia and Moldavia.

'The Servian nation,' the protest goes on to declare, 'has so decided a mistrust, if not hatred, of Austria, that the entrance of the Austrians into Servia would be immediately considered by every one as so imminent a danger, so great a misfortune, that all the proceedings of the Servians would be directed against the Austrian troops, all the energy of the nation would be employed in resisting those enemies, in whom is always supposed to be personified that cupidity which urges Austria to seek to exercise in Servia, no matter under what patronage, an egotistic influence.'

That interference on the part of Austria which the Servians have so long and so energetically resisted, and which has hitherto only been attempted by indirect and illegal means, would have been authorised by treaty had the four points been accepted by Russia. But even greater injury and injustice would have been done to Servia. Hitherto her right of self-government has been admitted. An hereditary succession has been established, whilst in Moldavia and Wallachia the princes are named by the Porte in conjunction with Russia for seven years only. Her administration has been organised upon a very efficient basis, and has been gradually improving. She has to a certain extent representative institutions. The changes and reforms which have taken place in the government have resulted from the acts of the Servian people, and have not been brought about by the interference, nor have required, as similar changes in Wallachia and Moldavia have done, the sanction, of Russia or the Porte. Nevertheless, by the agreement come to at the conferences with regard to the first point, the Porte, 'considering that the three Principalities are very nearly connected with the general interests of Europe,'—that is to say, that Austria and Russia dread in them a well-established, progressive, and liberal government,—binds itself to make arrangements for modifications in their legislation, and to communicate to the contracting Powers for their approval and guarantee the Imperial act recording 'the whole of the regulations relative to the rights and immunities of the said Principalities.' It is, indeed, provided that the Porte should 'consult the wishes of the country,' but any one acquainted with the mode in which a similar condition has been hitherto fulfilled with regard to Wallachia and Moldavia will know how far the real wants and opinions of the Servians would have been consulted, and how far they would have been allowed the free expression of them. Moreover, it is stipulated that, in case of any doubt arising as to the interpretation of the imperial act, it is to be

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referred to the guaranteeing powers. The amount of the national armed force is even to be a matter of consideration with Austria and Russia, and an armed intervention on the part of those two Powers is actually sanctioned by the ambiguity of the term, that it cannot take place 'without being or *becoming* the subject of agreement between the High Contracting Parties'—which we presume means that the agreement is to be come to *after* the occupation may have taken place.

The remarks we have made as to the bearing of the first point upon the liberties and progress of Servia, are equally applicable to Wallachia and Moldavia, the injustice being only less palpable because it would appear to be warranted by precedent. These unfortunate provinces have been for nearly a century the battle-field of Russia and Turkey. Exposed from their position to continual invasion and occupation on the part of Russia, they have suffered the double calamities of war and oppression. On the first suspicion of war Russian armies have been poured into them, whether hostilities had actually commenced or not. By gradual encroachments Russia had succeeded in establishing a right of interference in all their internal affairs, and in exercising almost a direct sovereign authority over them. The mode in which by successive steps this power was obtained strikingly exemplifies the political action of Russia upon Turkey, and the sureness and steadiness of her progress. By the 16th article of the Treaty of Kainarji (1774) she obtained a right to 'remonstrate in favour' of Wallachia and Moldavia; the Porte promising to listen to her remonstrances 'with all the attention which is due to friendly and respected powers'—a moderate concession, but one which has too frequently been the foundation of very different pretensions. By the convention of Akerman, in 1826, this right of representation and remonstrance was extended to a guarantee of internal regulations affecting the government and privileges of the Principalities. The Treaty of Adrianople converted this guarantee into a direct power of supervision, and virtually of temporary occupation. By the organic statute of 1834 Russia arrogated to herself the protectorate of the Principalities; and by the convention of Balta Liman, in 1849, the right of armed intervention. Whilst, therefore, the claims put forward by Russia before the war would not have been materially curtailed by the new arrangement, the most objectionable of them would have been actually sanctioned by treaty; for, with the exception of the right of interference, disguised under the term 'guarantee,' being extended to four powers, we can see little or no real distinction in principle, and in the probable results, between the provisions of the agreement come to at Vienna on the first point and those of the separate act of the

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the Treaty of Adrianople. The latter document is indeed more explicit in the description of the privileges and immunities secured to the Principalities; but, in fact, all it contains may be included in the more vague and general terms of 'the development of the first point.'

But the extension of the right of interference to Austria, France, and England would be most mischievous, and would inevitably lead to fatal results. As in the case of Servia, it is quite evident that neither France nor England would be in a position to intermeddle with the internal affairs of the Principalities, although perhaps their diplomatic or consular agents might be too ready to engage in those intrigues which, whilst they indulge self-importance, and gratify personal ambition, are most detrimental to the interests of a rising state. Austria, on the other hand, would arrogate to herself the right of representing these two powers, and under their sanction would prosecute the designs which she has always entertained, if not upon the actual territories of the Principalities, most undoubtedly upon their political independence and prospects. A continual struggle for supremacy between her and Russia would be the result. To their jealousies, and their united determination to prevent all liberal self-government, the true interests of the Principalities would be sacrificed, and their internal prosperity would be entirely destroyed. Already the results of an Austrian occupation have sufficiently shown her policy. Our own diplomatic agents have officially reported the outrages which have been committed upon the unfortunate inhabitants; how taxes and impositions of every description have been imposed upon them; how martial law has been proclaimed to compel them to submit to a tyranny even more oppressive than that to which they were subjected during the Russian occupation. Representations and remonstrances have, it is said, been made on this subject by the British Government to the Court of Vienna. Evasive answers or direct contradictions have no doubt been given; but although they may be accepted, they cannot blind us to the real condition of the Principalities, or prevent the inevitable results of this most unjust and oppressive invasion.

We do not wish at present to enter upon the strategical considerations connected with the Austrian occupation of Wallachia and Moldavia. That the issue has proved most favourable to Russia no one can doubt. The forces with which she previously defended her frontiers on the Pruth against aggression have been released, and have been poured into the Crimea, where they have contributed to the long and successful defence of Sebastopol. We have been unable to avail ourselves of the feelings

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of the Moldo-Wallachian population against the Russians, and have been prevented raising a most efficient force of from sixty to a hundred thousand men, partly trained to military exercises, and willing to enter the field in our cause. It is argued that a considerable portion of the Turkish army has been at the same time released from the defence of the Danube for service in the Crimea; but it appears to be forgotten that they have only been removed to meet those very troops which would otherwise have remained, perhaps inactive, in Bessarabia.

There is one article (the seventh) in the agreement relating to the *three* Principalities which we cannot read without feelings of surprise and indignation. However repugnant to English feelings an extradition clause for political offences, and directed against political refugees, may be, we are nevertheless willing to admit that there may be circumstances under which such a clause in a treaty might be to a certain extent necessary, although we should at all times be loth to see it officially sanctioned by the British Government. We will even go farther in this specific case, and admit that the peculiar position of the Principalities with regard to Austria and Russia might have authorised a demand on their part for the expulsion of those who were known to be engaged in intrigues dangerous to the interests of the neighbouring states, although we should have regretted the insertion of an article conferring that power in any treaty to which we were parties. But that a British statesman, and that British statesman Lord John Russell, should have put his name to an engagement calling upon the Sublime Porte 'to enjoin on the Principalities *not to allow the local inhabitants to meddle with matters dangerous to the tranquillity of their own country*,' would seem to us an incredible supposition had we not the fact presented to us in the most authentic form—the official records of the Conferences of Vienna. No reasonable man could entertain for one moment any doubt as to the object and results of such a clause. The vagueness of its language would enable Austria and Russia to place any construction upon it they might think fit. By insisting upon its execution they could interfere in every change, however advantageous to the prosperity and progress of the Principalities. It forbids every expression of public opinion. It prevents every reform, however consistent with the wants of the people and the spirit of the age. Its insertion in a treaty would complete the work which Austria and Russia have commenced, and would render it impossible at any time hereafter to convert those provinces into a barrier against Russian encroachment. We can imagine nothing more dishonourable to this country than its sanction to such a treaty, or more discreditable

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to the name of one who has hitherto claimed to be the champion of liberal opinions and the representative of free institutions, than its being affixed to such a document.

Nor is it scarcely less a matter of surprise, that, in discussing and settling questions affecting the independence, prosperity, and happiness of above four millions of human beings, not one person representing their wants and wishes should have been consulted. That the inhabitants of Wallachia and Moldavia should receive otherwise than with disgust and indignation terms thus attempted to be imposed upon them cannot be surprising. We understand that a protest against this most illegal and unjust mode of dealing with their best interests has been addressed to the British Government. We confess it appears to us that the treatment of these provinces, if the terms of the agreement had been carried out, would have been little less cruel and wicked than the partition of Poland. In this case, too, there would have been inevitably the same political retribution for political immorality.

It is not surprising that Russia should have willingly accepted the terms proposed to her, and that Count Nesselrode should declare that, whatever may be the result of the war, the question affecting the Principalities has at least been settled. We trust that in this respect he will be most completely deceived.

The first point having thus been disposed of, the plenipotentiaries proceeded to discuss the second article, which declared that 'the freedom of the navigation of the Danube should be completely secured by effectual means, and under the control of a permanent syndical authority.' As in the case of the Principalities, the first proposal came from Austria, and Baron Prokesch read a memorandum explaining the ideas of his government on the practical application of the principle of free navigation. This memorandum modified was finally adopted by the plenipotentiaries.

By the Treaty of Adrianople, the southern outlet of the Danube, known as that of St. George, was to form the boundary-line between Turkey and Russia. But the Porte was compelled to stipulate not only that she should have no establishment upon the right bank, but that that bank should remain uninhabited to the distance of two hours, or about six miles, from the river. Russia on her side agreed 'that in like manner it should not be permitted to make any establishment, or construct any fortifications, upon the island, which should remain in the possession of the Court of Russia, excepting always the quarantine which should be thereupon established.' The Porte having thus, contrary to the public law of Europe, been compelled to withdraw entirely from the right bank of the river, the entire superintendence and control of its

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navigation

navigation remained in the hands of Russia. She neglected, however, the duties imposed upon her. The obstructions in the outlets of the Danube, which threatened very shortly to close them altogether against vessels even of moderate size, had for some time been the subject of urgent remonstrances on the part of the British Government. Whilst the navigation of this part of the river had been confided to the Turks, the mud and silt accumulating at its mouths were continually removed by a very simple process, every vessel leaving the river being compelled to drag a kind of rake to stir up the deposit, which was then carried away by the stream. The Russian government, to meet the representations made to it, constructed a dredging-machine, which after having been worked for a very short time was declared to be out of order, and was removed altogether, the river being again left totally neglected. It was the evident intention of the Russian government to close if possible the southern mouths of the Danube, and to throw the stream into the most northern outlet, which, being more completely within her own territories, she could shut whenever she thought fit against any other power.

Besides neglecting the duty imposed upon her of maintaining the navigation of the mouths of the Danube, she had, in direct violation of the Treaty of Adrianople, erected fortifications and considerable establishments on the islands formed at the outlets of the river. It is pretended that the words of the treaty imply that the quarantines should be fortified stations. It appears to us, however, that they are perfectly clear on this subject: 'à l'exception des quarantaines qui y seront établis, il n'y sera permis d'y faire aucun autre établissement ni fortification.' The evident intention of the article is, that, whilst Russia may maintain the line of quarantines, she is not to erect fortifications in the true sense of the term,—the utmost power she possesses being to render the quarantines themselves secure against violation.

The objects to be attained by any new arrangement between the Allied Powers and Russia should be to render the navigation of the Danube, where it forms the boundary, perfectly free to both states, and to secure the removal of all obstructions to it. We do not think that the first object at any rate was secured by the projected settlement of the second point. By the public law of Europe *the stream* is justly considered to represent the river when a river forms a boundary. Should this not be the case, a change in the course of the river at its mouth would have the effect of removing the navigation entirely from one branch to another, and consequently from the control of one of the two States. Such changes are not uncommon, especially in rivers which,

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which, like the Danube, flow through a great extent of low marshy land, and whose waters consequently deposit mud and silt largely near their mouths. They have taken place continually in the Danube, as a glance at a map giving its various mouths, some now entirely closed, will at once show. It should, therefore, have been stipulated that henceforth the main navigable stream should form the boundary, without reference to the possession of the islands or delta formed by the river deposits at its mouth. Lord Westmoreland appears to have seen the importance of this arrangement, and in the fifth conference offered an opinion, 'that, as it was in contemplation to apply to the river Danube the principles established by the Congress of Vienna, it would be desirable that the rule that the Thelweg (the stream) form the boundary,—a rule having the effect of a law in the rest of Europe wherever rivers separate two States,—should also be put in practice when the new boundary between Russia and Turkey is settled.' The plenipotentiaries of France and England had previously declared 'that the boundaries between Russia and Turkey, as fixed by the third article of the Treaty of Adrianople, were annulled by the belligerents in consequence of the war.' The new principle of boundary, as proposed by Lord Westmoreland, might therefore have been adopted, especially as by the separate act of the Treaty of Adrianople it was applied to the two Principalities. But his suggestion, important as it was, appears to have been treated with complete indifference. The adhesion of Lord Westmoreland's colleague to it is not recorded, and it does not appear to have been again adverted to.

After the declaration of the French and British plenipotentiaries, that the boundaries established by the Treaty of Adrianople were annulled, it might have been reasonable to suppose that at least the unjust and objectionable provisions of that treaty, which prevented Turkey from having any establishment or inhabitants whatever on her own bank, would not have been revived. We find, however, Count Buol alluding to the obligation as one still in force, and merely suggesting some modification of it. M. de Titoff accepts the admission, returns an evasive reply, that 'there would *perhaps* be no objection to consider up to what point the stipulations in question were susceptible of modification,' and declares that the examination of this question would be premature! Thus the two points which really concerned the interests of Turkey, and upon which the Allies might have insisted as some advantage to her and to Europe, and some return consequently for the sacrifices they had made, were entirely passed over, notwithstanding the specific declaration in the Memorandum of the 28th December, that 'it would be desirable

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nable that the course of the Lower Danube should be withdrawn from the territorial jurisdiction existing in virtue of the third article of the Treaty of Adrianople.'

What, then, were the *concessions* which Russia made on the second point, and which were considered by the British Government as sufficient for the settlement of the second point? She consented in somewhat ambiguous terms not to erect fortifications where she was clearly bound by treaty not to erect them; she agreed to withdraw her quarantine establishments from the Sulina branch; and she consented to be aided by a temporary European commission, jointly named by the five Powers, and by an executive commission composed of delegates of the river-bordering states, in doing that which she was bound by the most solemn obligations to perform.

The sole real concession is the withdrawal of the quarantine from the Sulina branch, and it is of almost too insignificant a nature to deserve further notice. The only legitimate object of a quarantine is protection against the plague. By the Treaty of Adrianople Russia is bound, we conceive, to leave the islands at the mouth of the Danube uninhabited, except as far as the quarantine is concerned. The third article can scarcely bear any other construction. Therefore, the removal of the quarantine establishments from the islands and delta to the left bank of the Danube would, under no circumstances, inflict any injury upon Russia, or expose her to any real risk, even supposing the disease were raging in Turkey. But the plague has so entirely disappeared from the Turkish dominions, that quarantines against her have been abolished by Austria, except that there is a *political* detention of a few hours on some parts of her frontier, and by nearly all other states. As far, therefore, as the question of public health is concerned, there was no sacrifice whatever on the part of Russia in closing establishments which were maintained at considerable expense, for no object whatever except a political one, and as an excuse for keeping up a threatening military post. Even this concession, trifling as it was, could not be made without that hypocritical affectation of a deep sense of the public good, and of a sacrifice to it of national interests, which characterises the language of the Russian plenipotentiaries throughout the negotiations, and which is scarcely less offensive than that overbearing and menacing tone which Russia knows so well how to assume when she is dealing with a weaker Power. They 'expressed a wish that the interest of the public health, which was also an European interest, would never give cause for regretting this provision!'

Two commissions—a somewhat clumsy mode of dealing with the

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the question—were to be appointed to superintend the navigation of the lower course of the Danube; one to consist of delegates from all the contracting Powers, whose duties were to consist in drawing up the bases of a regulation for the navigation, and for river and maritime police, as well as instructions to serve as a rule or guide to the other, or executive commission, which was to be composed only of the delegates of the three river-bordering States, namely, Austria, Russia, and Turkey—Lord John Russell having in vain repeatedly represented the desire of his Government to be represented in it. The first was not to be permanent, but was to be dissolved on the consent of the parties to the Treaty; the other was to be permanent, and would consequently be invested with the real authority in the *maintenance* of the navigation.

It is again a matter of surprise that neither the Wallachians nor Moldavians, whose interests are so deeply affected by the navigation of the lower part of the Danube, should have been consulted in coming to a settlement of this question, and that it was not provided that they should be represented in the executive commission. Although nominally subjects of the Porte, their commercial interests are distinct, and have been subject to local regulations. It can scarcely then be argued that those interests would be fairly represented by a Turkish commissioner.

A proposal that the contracting Powers should have the right of stationing one or two vessels of war at the mouths of the Danube was reserved for discussion by the Russian Plenipotentiaries on the reasonable grounds that it could not be entertained until the third point was decided, and it was determined whether the Straits were or were not to remain closed as heretofore. Although the French, British, and Austrian Plenipotentiaries deemed it expedient to record the principle, the Russian Plenipotentiaries adhered to their reservation.

It will scarcely be contended, therefore, that any important concessions were made by Russia on the second point, or that the rights of Turkey as regards her just share of the supervision of the navigation of the Danube were secured or even admitted by the proposed settlement. As in the article relating to the first point, Austria was the chief gainer—for to her was given the power to superintend the navigation of that part of the Lower Danube which did not traverse her territories, and over which, therefore, she could not claim by public law the exercise of any control.

The first two points having been settled to the satisfaction of the Plenipotentiaries, the third became the subject of discussion in a conference held on the 26th of March. That article was declared to establish the principle that, by a revision of the Treaty of

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of July 13, 1841, the existence of the Ottoman Empire should be more completely connected with the European equilibrium, and that an end should be put to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. It is not very clear how these ends could be attained by the mere *revision* of a Treaty which had no other object but to close the Dardanelles against the fleets of foreign Powers. Greater importance, however, was attached to the discussion of this article than to that of either of the others; and the general impression of the European Courts and of the public appears to have been, that, if it were once settled, no further difficulties were to be anticipated in securing the bases of a satisfactory peace. Although we were far from being of that opinion, yet the reasons for these anticipations were evident enough. This article contained a completely new principle, 'the cessation of the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea,' which, if enforced, would have entailed upon that Power a patent and notorious concession —one which might really have affected her prestige and influence in the East, whilst neither the one nor the other were diminished by her so-called concessions on the first and second points.

The Russian Plenipotentiaries were invited to take the initiative, and to submit to the Conferences a plan for the attainment of the objects contemplated by the third article. The offer was of course declined, but Prince Gortchakoff declared himself ready to refer it to his court, a declaration which, in the conventional phraseology of diplomacy, 'all the members of the Conference recognised and appreciated, as showing an intention of facilitating the solution of the point under discussion.' The promised reference had no such object. It was important to gain time, and eighteen days, with a siege of such magnitude pending, might produce events which would materially affect the position of Russia, and influence her in deciding upon the rejection or acceptance of the overture made to her. It must have been evident to those members of the Conference who possessed the least diplomatic experience that the first proposal upon a question of this magnitude, and affecting so intimately the rights of Russia, could not come from her. The declaration, too, of Lord John Russell, somewhat ostentatiously and unnecessarily put forward, as it appears to us, that 'the best and only admissible conditions of peace would be those most in harmony with the honour of Russia,' would naturally lead the Russian Plenipotentiaries to infer that the proposal which the Allies were prepared to make would not be very disadvantageous to her. It was, therefore, evidently his game to see the cards of his opponents before he ventured upon playing out his own—the well-known maxim of diplomacy being especially applicable in this instance.

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It was not until the 17th of April that Prince Gortchakoff, having received the answer from his court, announced to the Conference that he was instructed to decline the proposal made by the Allies. The Plenipotentiaries of France and England expressed their surprise at the rejection on the part of Russia of so advantageous an offer, and Lord John Russell, having recourse to his well-known historic lore, made an ineffectual attempt to prove to the satisfaction of his Russian colleagues how great and glorious sovereigns could consistently with their true interests and dignity limit their rights of sovereignty even in their own territory, in order to save the effusion of blood. He unfortunately quoted to illustrate his argument the consent of Louis XIV. to the demolition of Dunkirk, a precedent which was speedily demolished by the superior acuteness of the Russian Plenipotentiary.

The principle involved in the third article was then divided into two distinct parts—that which referred to the admission of Turkey into the European equilibrium, and that which related to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. With regard to the first it was agreed that the Turkish Plenipotentiaries, as representing the Power most interested in the matter, should make the initiatory proposal. A stipulation was accordingly submitted by Aali Pasha to the Conference, and, his colleagues concurring in his views, it was embodied in two articles by M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Count Buol. They were couched in the following terms:—

'Art. 1. The high contracting parties, wishing that the Sublime Porte should participate in the advantages of the system established by public law between the different states of Europe, engage themselves severally to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman Government, guarantee together the strict observance of this engagement, and will in consequence consider every act or event which should be of a nature to infringe on it as a question of European interest.

'Art. 2. If a misunderstanding should arise between the Porte and one of the contracting parties, these two states, before having recourse to the employment of force, should place the other powers in a position to anticipate this extreme course by pacific means.'

The Russian Plenipotentiaries subsequently insisted that the guarantee of the territorial integrity of the Ottoman empire did not place Russia under the obligation of going to war every time that integrity was violated. And considering the vague and ill-defined limits of the Ottoman dominions, and their repeated violation during this century, in quarters far distant from the Russian empire, and scarcely recognising the sovereignty of the Sultan, we are not surprised that Prince Gortchakoff should have

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have hesitated to enter into the engagement proposed by the Allies.

Some importance has been attached to what are again termed 'the concessions of Russia' in agreeing to the first half of the third point. But did Russia concede anything? It is true that she had excluded Turkey from a participation in the Congress of Vienna, and that it has been her policy to separate the Porte from the European system that she might insist upon her pretension to negotiate with it alone even on questions of European importance. But the admission of Turkey into that system has become a political necessity, recognised, in fact, by the treaty of 1841, and since fully acted upon as proved by the recent Conferences of Vienna. There was no merit on the part of Russia in conceding that to which she had not the remotest legitimate right. Her claim to reject, as an infringement of right, the interference of the European powers in her quarrel with Turkey and the invasion of the Sultan's territories, was summarily rejected before the breaking out of the war. It scarcely required any treaty stipulation to establish a self-evident fact; and it appears to us to be somewhat absurd as well as unnecessary to declare 'that any act or event which should be of a nature to infringe on the independence and integrity of Turkey should be considered *a question of European interest*.' The engagement proposed would have amounted to one of those vague territorial guarantees which are not unfrequently inserted in treaties, and which are respected as long only as it suits the convenience and strength of those powers against whom they are specially directed.

The first half of the article having thus been settled, M. Drouyn de Lhuys proposed, as a solution of the second half, 'the limitation of the Russian maritime forces in the Black Sea,' supporting his proposal by the ingenious, though certainly not conclusive, argument, that the consent of Russia to the terms offered by the Allies could not be viewed in the light of a concession on her part, but, on the contrary, rather as a concession on the part of those powers who now hold the whole of the Black Sea, and are willing to allow Russia 'to re-enter into the possession of a part of her sovereignty.' To attain this object he submitted ten articles to the consideration of the Russian plenipotentiaries. The first (or the third after the two articles previously agreed on) stipulated that Russia and Turkey should engage respectively not to have in the Black Sea more than four ships of the line and four frigates, with a proportionate number of light vessels, and of unarmed vessels exclusively adapted to the transport of troops. The second confirmed the rule of closing the Straits laid down by the treaty of 1841, with certain excep-

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tions. The third provided that such of the contracting Powers as had no (? naval) establishment in the Black Sea should be authorised by firman to bring into that sea a number of vessels equal to half the naval forces assigned to Russia and Turkey. The fourth declared that only light vessels belonging to the Embassies, as provided by the treaty of 1841, should anchor in the Golden Horn; and that in time of peace only four vessels of the line of the contracting parties, who have no establishments in the Black Sea, should be allowed to be at the same time before Constantinople, and then for not more than four days together. By the fifth article the Sultan reserved to himself the power of opening the Straits in case of menace of aggression; and by the sixth, consuls might be established in the Russian and Turkish ports of the Black Sea.

Before entering upon a discussion of these proposals, Prince Gortchakoff satisfied himself, by a direct appeal to Count Buol, that Austria was not prepared to go further than to recommend their adoption, and that in case Russia refused to accept them no coercion was meditated on her part. M. de Titoff made an ineffectual attempt to induce the allied Powers to allow the Turkish and Russian plenipotentiaries to come to direct explanations between themselves on these questions. Two days were then given to Prince Gortchakoff to consider the plan proposed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys.

On the 21st April Prince Gortchakoff, after reading an elaborate argument to prove that the superiority of Russia in the Black Sea arising from circumstances over which she had little or no control, was the result of the whole system of her political relations with the Porte, and that a powerful Russian naval force in that sea, so far from being a standing menace to Turkey, was actually necessary for the maintenance of her independence, submitted a counter-proposition to the Conference. The proposal consisted in opening the Straits to the fleets of all nations, with a power granted to the Sultan of suspending the free passage during a state of war or in anticipation of hostilities. This suggestion having been unanimously rejected, the French and English plenipotentiaries declared their instructions to be exhausted, and Lord John Russell immediately quitted Vienna. Prince Gortchakoff, in a subsequent Conference, modified his first proposal by suggesting two articles, one of which confirmed the provision of the treaty of 1841 as regards the closing of the Straits, and the other reserved to the Sultan the power of opening them 'whenever he should consider the security of his dominions menaced.' The French and English Plenipotentiaries again replied that, as the principle of limitation was not admitted

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by Russia, their instructions were exhausted, and that they did not consider themselves at liberty to discuss the fresh proposition of Prince Gortchakoff. Count Buol, however, declared that that proposal contained the elements of an understanding, an opinion in which M. Drouyn de Lhuys appears to have concurred.

Acting upon this declaration, Count Buol submitted at the last Conference, held on the 4th of June, five articles drawn up by the Austrian Cabinet with a view of reconciling the difference which existed between the proposal of Russia and that of the Allies, and of affording a satisfactory solution of the third guarantee. It was proposed that the Russian and Turkish Plenipotentiaries, after coming to an agreement between themselves, should announce to the Conference the amount of effective naval force which Russia and Turkey should each maintain in the Black Sea, that amount not to exceed the actual number of Russian ships then afloat in that sea; that the principle of closing the straits should remain in force; that the other contracting parties should be able to send two frigates or ships of less force into the Black Sea; and that the Sultan if threatened with an attack should have the right to open the Dardanelles. Prince Gortchakoff declared himself unauthorised either to accept or to reject these proposals, but promised to make his Court acquainted with them, expressing at the same time a personal opinion not altogether unfavourable to them. The Plenipotentiaries of France and Great Britain declined to bind themselves even to submit them to their Governments, and reiterated their declaration that, after the categorical rejection by Russia of the principle of limitation, they could not enter upon further discussions. The Conferences were consequently closed.

It will thus be perceived that the negotiations for peace were finally broken off upon the refusal of Russia to consent *to a recorded stipulation with the Allies* for a limitation of her naval force in the Black Sea. She considered this question as one affecting her dignity and the exercise of her sovereign rights. By consenting to a condition which enforced this concession, she believed that she was sacrificing both. In this point of view it may be admitted that a great power, not yet substantially crippled and humbled, might be expected to reject terms which, whether to be observed or not, were on the face of them humiliating. We confess, however, that essentially we do not attach the same importance to them as the Allies appear to have done. A limitation clause of this character in a treaty must be at all times but a vague and temporary mode of meeting a real difficulty. It is only binding so long as there exist the means and the will of enforcing

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enforcing it. It can be evaded in a thousand different ways. It has been suggested that Russia could have constructed vessels, not exceeding the number of the limitation, which in armament and efficiency would far exceed any naval force she has hitherto possessed in the Black Sea; that she might have held in readiness as many unarmed vessels as she might have thought fit, to be armed in a few days on an emergency, and that she would have been even warranted in doing so by the clause of the proposed arrangement which enabled her to have 'a proportionate number of unarmed vessels adapted to the transport of troops;' that even in direct violation of the treaty, she might have added to her ships without entailing upon herself a war, and that she could have found numberless excuses and many opportunities when the great Powers of Europe were not bound together so closely as at present, to increase her fleet in defiance of treaty stipulations. There is no doubt that such would have been the case, and we cannot, therefore, attach any other value to a consent on the part of Russia to a limitation of this nature than might arise from the admission on her part that she had been defeated, and a consequent loss of that dignity and prestige, to which as an Eastern Power she naturally attaches the most vital importance.

A right conceded to France, England, and Austria, of having each a number of vessels equal to half the fleets of Turkey and Russia in the Black Sea, would not operate as a real check upon Russia. The privilege would have been, moreover, much curtailed by the limitation to four days of the time of stoppage of those vessels in the Golden Horn. There is little safe anchorage in the Black Sea except in Russian ports, for the opening of which to foreign ships of war no provision appears to have been contemplated, and in the roadstead of Batoun, inconvenient on account of its position and of its distance from the Bosphorus and Sebastopol.

The power of opening the straits to the ships of war of his Allies was not a concession made to the Sultan by Russia, but is a right which he enjoys, according to the admission of Prince Gortchakoff, by virtue of his sovereign authority, and of which he had spontaneously deprived himself.

The permission proposed to be given to the three Powers to have consuls in the ports of the Black Sea had always been conceded by Turkey and by Russia, except as regards Sebastopol and Circassia. The presence of consuls in that great naval stronghold would undoubtedly have been an advantage. The Western Powers would at least have obtained information as to the strength and condition of the fleet and fortress.

Let us now compare the Russian and Austrian proposals with those

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those of the Allies. The first suggestion made by Prince Gortchakoff was clearly inadmissible, although the free passage of the Straits was very generally advocated in this country at the commencement of the war. Supposing Turkey to have been willing, or to have been compelled to waive her sovereign rights, and to have consented to the opening of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, the danger would have been imminent to Europe. Russia, at a time of profound peace, could have supported a Menchikoff mission by a naval demonstration under the walls of Constantinople; or France might have enforced her demands relating to the Holy Places by a similar proceeding. The proposal was consequently at once rejected, and not persisted in by its framers. The next plan of the Russian Plenipotentiary admitted the principle of the closing of the Straits in the time of peace, and the power of the Sultan to open them when he considered the security of his dominions menaced. This, we believe, to be the only safe solution of the question of the passage of the Straits by the ships of war of foreign States, and the one which, under any circumstances, must ultimately be adopted. But as the Russian proposal went no farther, it left the question of the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea untouched, and it was consequently rejected. The Austrian proposition, the idea of which, it would appear, originated with M. Drouyn de Lhuys, endeavoured to reconcile the conflicting principles advocated in the Conferences. It suggested, as we have seen, that the two sea-bordering Powers, Russia and Turkey, should agree between themselves as to the limitation of their respective fleets in the Black Sea, which should not exceed the number of Russian ships then afloat. The agreement come to between them should then be communicated to the Conference by the Plenipotentiaries of the two Powers to be annexed to a treaty. Prince Gortchakoff appeared inclined to accept this solution of the question, because the rights of sovereignty would not be infringed when the two Powers immediately concerned came to an understanding without the dictation or interference of the Allies. It would seem from the tone of the Russian Plenipotentiaries that the nature of the Austrian proposal was not altogether unknown to the Russian Court previous to its being submitted to the Conference. We should infer, indeed, that it had even received its sanction. From Count Buol's Circular of the 25th May, it now appears that both Lord John Russell and M. Drouyn de Lhuys had shown themselves inclined towards it, and had undertaken to recommend it to their respective Governments with all their influence. It was however rejected by the French and British Plenipotentiaries at the Conference, on the ground

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ground that they were not authorised by their instructions to enter into any further discussion, after the refusal of Russia to agree to the reduction of her naval forces '*by treaty or on a basis discussed at the Conference.*' Had the establishment of a satisfactory basis of peace depended upon nothing else but a limitation clause, we confess that the proposal of Austria would have contained, in our opinion, the elements of a solution of the difficulty; and, notwithstanding the political disadvantage of conceding to Russia her pretensions to negotiate with the Porte alone, we should have preferred this concession to the risks and sacrifices of a protracted war. We do not understand the arguments used by Aali Pasha against the proposal, and we can only infer from them and from the language of Lord Westmoreland and M. de Bourqueney, that, after the rejection by Russia of the original propositions of the Allies, they had determined not to entertain any others whatever, however much in accordance they might have been with their original views. It was fortunate for the honour and dignity of this country and for the future peace of the world that this was the case; but this determination, tardily come to, does not justify the unstatesmanlike mode in which the negotiations were carried on, or the terms originally proposed by us for the acceptance of Russia.

It would appear, from the statements contained in the circular of Count Buol of the 25th May, which have been admitted by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons to be strictly in accordance with facts, that Austria had proposed a second alternative, of which however no trace appears in the protocols of the conferences. It consisted, according to Count Buol, 'of a progressive system of guarantees against the development of Russian power in the Euxine, which were to be incorporated with the general body of European international law, partly by the treaty to be concluded between Russia and Turkey, and partly by a treaty between Austria, France, England, and Turkey.' Lord John Russell was also made acquainted by verbal communications with this proposal, and to have approved of it to a certain extent. As the nature of this 'progressive system of guarantees' is not before us, and it is described in such vague terms, we are not in a position to form any opinion upon the subject. It appears that the plan was at once rejected by the Emperor Napoleon and by Lord Clarendon, notwithstanding the favourable recommendation of M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Lord John Russell. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs, as is well known, was, in consequence of the sanction he had given to it, removed from his office. Lord John Russell escaped a similar fate by making a war-speech, denouncing the four points altogether, and renouncing diplomacy for

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for the more congenial occupation of framing constitutions for the colonies.

Although Prince Gortchakoff protested that 'he attached no political idea' to the principle included in the fourth point, and that it offered no serious difficulties in its solution; yet, in truth, that principle involved the very essence of the question which had led to the outbreak of the war, and upon which it was important, above all others, to come to a distinct understanding. The apparent indifference with which it was treated by the Russian Plenipotentiary was, of course, a diplomatic ruse. He well knew its importance, and it was probably in anticipation of the difficulties which would attend its discussion that the Allied Powers were induced to reserve its consideration to the last, and not to place the article in that order in which it would seem naturally to come—after that concerning the protectorate over the Principalities. It is evident that the Turkish Plenipotentiaries were prepared to insist upon the sovereign rights of their master, and to reject every proposition conferring upon the contracting Powers that right of interference on behalf of a large portion of the Sultan's subjects which a positive guarantee of ill-defined immunities and privileges must necessarily confer. Nor can there be any reasonable doubt, notwithstanding the declaration of Prince Gortchakoff, that Russia would have refused her consent to terms which would have materially infringed upon the exercise and increase of that influence over the Christian populations of Turkey professing the Greek faith which she has ever considered her peculiar and legitimate right, which it has been an essential part of her national policy to attain, and which she embarked in a great war to enforce. We shall show that the extension of this privilege to the four contracting Powers—had Turkey been brought to consent to it—would not have materially interfered with its real, and, in fact, exclusive enjoyment by Russia.

It must always be borne in mind, in discussing the objects of this war and the possible conditions of peace, not only that it arose out of the relations of the Emperor of Russia with the Greek Church, but that the great danger to be apprehended from the extension of Russian power in the East rests upon those relations. It was neither the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea, nor her power to strike a sudden blow against Turkey, which led to the quarrel with the Porte and the consequent interference of England and France, although these may be most important considerations in concluding a peace. However threatening the military and naval strength of Russia, and however helpless and exposed to sudden attack her neighbour might have been, this state of things would have furnished no recognised subject of difference,

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difference, and no positive pretext for declaring war. That pretext was afforded by an attempt on the part of Russia to establish an influence and right of interference over the Sclavonian and Greek populations of Turkey, which threatened ere long to undermine the authority of the Sultan, and to substitute, almost as a matter of necessity, that of the Emperor of Russia. Had Prince Menchikoff's ultimatum been accepted, Russian policy would have achieved a triumph in the East which would have led to the certain and easy, though perhaps not immediate, accomplishment of the designs which Russia unquestionably entertains on Constantinople and the Turkish dominions.

With the secret correspondence of Sir Hamilton Seymour before them, with the history of Prince Menchikoff's mission and of the first Conferences at Vienna, giving even a more authentic insight into the true designs of Russia than that correspondence, and with the state documents issued from time to time from the Russian chancery, in connexion with the war and its causes, it is a matter of astonishment to us that there should be found men, calling themselves statesmen, who still assert that the fear of the extension of Russian influence over the Christian populations of Turkey is a mere phantom, and that Russia asked nothing more than that which she had previously enjoyed, which in no way interfered with the independence of the Sultan, and to which she had a legitimate right by treaty. If such were really the case, can any reasonable man believe that Russia would have embarked in a great war, entailing sacrifices of such magnitude, to acquire privileges she already possessed, and which, after all, were of no real value to her? But we will not argue again the policy of the war, and the dangers to be apprehended from Russian influence in the East. We entered upon these subjects fully on the breaking out of the war, and we have little to add to the arguments we then advanced. The question we wish now to consider is, whether the fourth article, as proposed by the Allies for the acceptance of Russia, contains the basis of an arrangement which might have the effect of putting an end to that influence hitherto exercised by her over the Christian populations of Turkey which we believe to be dangerous to Europe, and of preventing its reacquirement and still further extension hereafter.

The article, as contained in the Memorandum of the 28th December, is as follows:—

'Russia, in renouncing the pretension to take under an official protectorate the Christian subjects of the Sultan of the Oriental ritual, equally renounces, as a natural consequence, the revival of any of the articles of her former treaties, and especially of the treaty of Koutchouk-Kainarji,

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the erroneous interpretation of which has been the principal cause of the present war. In affording their mutual co-operation to obtain from the initiative of the Ottoman government the confirmation and the observance of the religious privileges of the different Christian communities, without distinction of sect, and conjointly turning to account, in the interest of the said communities, the generous intentions manifested in respect of them by His Majesty the Sultan, they will take the greatest care to preserve from all attack the dignity of His Highness and the independence of his Crown.'

Nothing could be more vague and unintelligible than the phraseology of this proposition, and we have no hesitation in affirming that, had the Powers come to an understanding on the third point, it would have been impossible in settling the fourth to have acted on the terms we have quoted, or to have extracted from them any definition whatever of the principle involved which could have bound the various parties to the conference. It is to be inferred from the first part that the plenipotentiaries admitted that there were other treaties besides that of Koutchouk-Kainarji which countenanced the interference of Russia in the affairs of the Greek church. It is well known that, with the exception of the seventh article of that treaty, there is no other treaty stipulation which affords even a pretence for such interference, notwithstanding the unaccountable declaration of Lord John Russell, in his well-known despatch to Sir H. Seymour, to the contrary. That article declares that—

'The Sublime Porte promises to protect constantly the Christian religion and its churches; *and it also allows the Ministers of the Imperial Court of Russia to make upon all occasions representations as well in favour of the new church at Constantinople* . . . . as on behalf of its officiating ministers, promising to take such representations into due consideration, as being made by a confidential functionary of a neighbouring and sincerely friendly power.'

It is evident from the context that the right of representation is expressly limited to a specific object, the church at Constantinople, and does not apply to the general declaration of the Porte in favour of the Christian religion and its churches, which was one naturally inserted in a treaty with a Mussulman power after the conclusion of a war. There is no question that at the time it was looked upon in no other light whatever than as a mere expression of a generous intention on the part of the Sultan, and as not even conveying the notion of a guarantee. But even putting upon the article the widest possible construction, it would in no way whatever confer a right of protection in favour of the *Greek Church*, in consequence of religious sympathies and community of worship. The words are 'the *Christian*' religion, and consequently

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quently all denominations are included. The interpretation, therefore, of the treaty was undoubtedly 'erroneous.' It would have been merely necessary, in order to destroy the pretensions of Russia, to restrict her right to the privileges which the article did really confer, and the question of any special protectorate over those professing the *Greek* faith would have been disposed of.

The second part of the fourth point, as propounded in the Memorandum of the 28th December, is so enveloped in the mysterious jargon of diplomacy as to be perfectly unintelligible. Does 'obtaining from the initiative of the Ottoman Government the confirmation and observance of the religious privileges of the different Christian communities' mean, that, whilst the definition of those privileges was to come from the four Christian Powers, the susceptibility of the Porte was to be respected by allowing it to promulgate, as it were *proprio motu*, its intention of confirming and observing them? Does the expression 'conjointly turning to account, in the interest of the said communities, the generous intention' of the Sultan infer that the four Powers arrogate to themselves the right of determining the nature of the future relations between the Sultan and his Christian subjects? And supposing such to be the case, would the enjoyment of those rights and privileges be guaranteed by treaty to the Christians?

We presume that the intention of the Allies was, as in the case of the Principalities, to replace the exclusive protectorate arrogated by Russia by a conjoint guarantee of the four Powers. We do not hesitate to declare that such a solemn guarantee would have been even more mischievous and more dangerous, not only to the independence but to the very existence of Turkey, than the indefinite and unjustifiable claim of 'protection' put forward by Russia which led to the war. The very first object of the war, even with those who felt disposed to aim at the minimum of the advantages to be gained from it, should have been to put an end to all pretence whatever on the part of Russia to interfere in the concerns of the Greeks. Would such a guarantee as that contemplated by the fourth point have had the effect of preventing that interference? So far from such being the case, it would have given a sanction to a pretension previously utterly unfounded, and would have enabled Russia, under the authority of a treaty, to carry out the very designs which that pretension was put forward to promote. When certain privileges and advantages are defined and then *guaranteed* by one or more Powers to a portion of the subjects of another Power, believed to be unjustly governed or to be deprived of either their civil or religious rights, we confess that we cannot see the distinction between such a

 guarantee

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guarantee and a direct protectorate. It is no answer that in this instance the guarantee refers only to '*religious*' privileges. Russia always ostensibly confined her claims to the religious privileges of the Greeks, yet she virtually extended it to the civil. Unless the guaranteeing Powers are able to enforce, by any means, however extreme, the performance of the pledges given, the guarantee is worthless. A general guarantee for the integrity of a state, such as exists in the case of more than one independent European kingdom, is a very different thing. The guarantee is then entered into against other states, and as against the guaranteeing states themselves. It is of value so long as none of those states become sufficiently ambitious to despise treaties and sufficiently powerful to defy those who would enforce them. But a guarantee which gives to several Powers the right of insisting upon the fulfilment of certain conditions in favour of a part of the population of a state, constitutes virtually nothing less than a direct right of protection and interference in its behalf.

In the case of Turkey we have this double difficulty—how are we to define the religious privileges of the different Christian communities, and how are we to separate them from their political privileges? In Turkey the two are so closely connected that it would, we believe, be impossible to divide them. The main cause of Prince Menchikoff's quarrel with the Porte was this very difficulty. As we have shown in a previous article, the bishops and priests of the Greek Church have hitherto been invested with direct political power over their flocks, extending to the apportionment and collection of taxes, to punishment for misconduct and to various acts of local administration. The Russian Government, for obvious reasons, has always regarded this power of the clergy as a religious privilege. We have shown how by its enjoyment the Greek priests are able to control the education of the people, to check the spread of liberal opinions, and to persecute those who may be suspected of an intention of leaving their church. It was to enforce this very privilege of the clergy, to sustain their influence, and to preserve to them that absolute power over their flocks which the Porte is gradually curtailing, and which is opposed to the introduction of salutary reforms and to the moral and political advancement of the Sclavonian population, that the Emperor Nicholas sent Prince Menchikoff to Constantinople, and preferred a war to the relinquishment of his arrogant pretensions.

It is not by converting a single into a quadruple protectorate that the evils which we have indicated will be avoided; on the contrary, they will be increased. The influence of Russia amongst the Christian subjects of the Porte professing the Greek faith,

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faith, forming three-fourths of the population of European Turkey, is founded upon community of race, of religion, and of language, and consequently upon mutual sympathies.* Although the Sclavonic populations may not on the whole be well disposed towards Russia, or inclined to place themselves under her rule, yet their clergy undoubtedly are. They look to Russia for support, and for the maintenance of that power which enables them to pillage, oppress, and keep under complete subjection their flocks. Russia, on the other hand, has never shown any real sympathy for the populations, whilst she has always been ready to insist upon the claims of the priesthood and to interfere in their behalf. Supposing the guarantee contemplated by the fourth point to form part of a treaty, in case of infringement on the part of the Porte of any of the pretended privileges of the Greek clergy, they would at once appeal to the Russian mission or to a Russian consul, and not to the representatives of any other power. Probably one of their principal causes of complaint would be secessions from their Church to the Roman Catholic and Protestant communities; who, on the other hand, would look to France and England to maintain their guaranteed privileges. A constant antagonism would thus be created between the European powers, leading to endless disputes, in which, of course, as in the question of the Holy Places, the Porte would be the victim. In fact, such a guarantee would leave matters, as far as foreign interference in behalf of the Christians is concerned, in the same condition as they were before the war broke out, with this additional evil, that the several Powers would now claim by direct treaty right what they previously exercised only on sufferance. France would again constitute herself the protectress of the Catholics; Austria would carry on her intrigues amongst the Christian inhabitants of Bosnia; England would be ready to support the Armenians and Protestant converts. Any one acquainted with Turkey knows that each community would naturally seek for its defender and patron the representative of the Power professing the same creed, and that a *general* right of protection would not be exercised, except perhaps by the British ambassador, who might extend his good offices, as he has frequently hitherto done, to persons of all denominations. It will be far more the object of the Russians to protect the Greeks against the encroachments of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism than against the oppression of the Turks. In addition,

* We include the Bulgarians amongst the Sclavonian races on account of community of language and religion, although it is well known that they are of Tartar origin. They present the curious ethnographical phenomenon of one race having been completely absorbed into another.

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therefore,

therefore, to the continual struggle between the guaranteeing or protecting Powers and the Porte, there would be constant differences and jealousy between those Powers themselves, whilst not a day would pass without remonstrances and recriminations between the foreign missions and the Sultan's ministers, which would eventually lead to the most serious complications.

No one will venture to assert that the independence of Turkey would have been secured by a treaty which sanctioned and encouraged such a state of things. The Porte would have had recourse to endless intrigues and manœuvres to escape from the obligations imposed upon her, and to counteract the results of this interference on behalf of its Christian subjects. In its own defence it would have resorted to every available means to weaken and keep down the Christians, and to create division and dissensions amongst them. It would have endeavoured indirectly to check their progress and to destroy the sources of their wealth. And would it have been a matter of surprise that such should be the case? The Turkish Government is well aware of the ends which this protection of the Christians, on the part of at least some of the Powers, has in view, and that it would be soon fatal to the continuance of the Ottoman rule. We do not mean to argue here how far the establishment of a Christian state in the provinces now occupied by the Turks in Europe would or would not be desirable, and whether or not our policy should aim at this ultimate object. But we must be fair towards Turkey, and not forget the interests which she has at stake. With us this is a question of policy, with her one of very existence.

Our readers will, we think, have now little difficulty in judging how far the 'four points,' according to the interpretation placed upon them at the Vienna Conferences, would have constituted the basis of 'an honourable and lasting peace.' That peace would have been concluded upon them we never believed, admitting even the sincerity of the Western Powers in entering upon negotiations. It was impossible to bring the war to a close whilst the siege of Sebastopol was pending—not that its capture would, perhaps, really improve our position, but its successful defence encouraged the Russian Government to persevere in the rejection of terms which under other circumstances it might have been disposed to entertain, and rendered a withdrawal on our part a national humiliation. We much doubt whether any peace were possible whilst an event of this magnitude, and a struggle between the belligerents so uncertain in its ultimate results, were still undecided.

It may be inferred by the speeches of Ministers in both Houses

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Houses of Parliament that with the close of the Vienna Conferences the terms of peace offered to Russia were also entirely abandoned, and that 'the four points' are now only matter of history. On the other hand, Russia, in a recent State paper, appears to consider the first two points as conclusively settled and as irrevocably accepted by the Western Powers, and has so announced the result of the negotiations to Prussia and the German States, to whose sympathy and support she considers herself upon these grounds even more entitled than she had previously been. The Austrian Cabinet would seem to take the same view, although its language on the subject is, as usual, very vague and equivocal. We conceive that 'the four points' were offered as a whole under certain conditions—that the rejection of a part, accompanied by a change in those conditions, invalidated the remainder, and that consequently France and England are no longer bound by any understanding that may have been come to upon any of the points. This would be strictly in accordance with the public law affecting negotiations carried on during war, and when consequently the relative position of the belligerents may change from day to day, and must depend upon their respective successes and failures. The arguments put forward to the contrary by the Peelite members of the late Administration, who have seceded and joined the Peace party, are perfectly untenable. But whatever terms of peace be ultimately proposed to Russia, some of the principles contained in 'the four points' must form part of them. Let us, therefore, see how far in their interpretation they could be made available for securing the independence of Turkey and the prosperity of the Christian subjects of the Porte.

First, as regards the Principalities. The main object to be accomplished with respect to them is to remove all grounds not only for Russian but for all foreign interference—to guard them, at the same time, against any attempt on the part of the Porte to exercise illegal power in them, and to secure to them that form of government which will best tend to the development of their internal resources and their national strength. In seeking to accomplish these objects, the distinction between the political condition of Wallachia and Moldavia and that of Servia, and between their respective relations with Russia, so unaccountably overlooked at the Conferences, must always be borne in mind. We have already pointed out in what that distinction principally consists. Let us then first deal with Wallachia and Moldavia.

These provinces are inhabited by populations claiming descent from the Dacian colonies established by Trajan between the Dneister, the Carpathian Mountains, the Theiss, the Danube, and

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and the Black Sea. They are called from their origin 'Roumans,' and sometimes 'Daco-Roumans,' and speak a corrupted form of the Latin language. They profess the Oriental Catholic or Greek faith. This Rouman race is not confined to the Principalities, but also occupies the Austrian Provinces of Transylvania, the Bukowine and the Banat, and the Russian province of Bessarabia, and is scattered over Turkey in Europe and parts of Podolia and Hungary. It is supposed to number nearly eleven millions, of which about four occupy the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia.* The Rouman population is therefore perfectly distinct in origin, in manners, and in language, from the races surrounding it, and by referring to a map it will be perceived that, united with the Hungarians, it cuts, as it were like a broad band, into two distinct parts the great Sclavonian race, leaving Russia and the northern provinces of Austria to the north, and Sclavonia with Austrian Croatia and Dalmatia to the south. Hence its vast political importance, and hence the determination of Russia to absorb the Moldo-Wallachians into her own territories, or, if possible, to extinguish them altogether.

Neither Wallachia nor Moldavia was conquered by the Turkish invaders of the Byzantine empire. Weakened by long-continued struggles with the Sclavonians, the Madjyars, and other races, they placed themselves voluntarily under the suzerainty of Sultan Bajazet I., Mahomet II., and Soliman IV., who acknowledged and sanctioned their rights and privileges by special capitulations.

We have rapidly traced the history of Russian intervention in these unfortunate provinces. Not only have their legitimate rights as independent states, under Turkish suzerainty, been invaded by Russia, but it is to her that they owe their territorial dismemberment. By the Treaty of Bucharest she compelled Turkey to cede Bessarabia, a province of Moldavia, of which the Porte had no legitimate power whatever to dispose. Yet we now find her boasting of having protected the Principalities, and generously claiming in their behalf their territorial integrity! Thus, when it has suited her interests, she has insisted upon the

* They are thus distributed, according to the best authorities:—

In Transylvania	1,486,000	
In the Bukowine	300,000	or 3,871,000 Austrian subjects.
In the Banat	2,085,000	
In Bessarabia	896,000	Russian subjects.
In Wallachia	2,500,000	
In Moldavia	1,500,000	or 4,000,000 Turkish subjects.
	8,767,000	

To these are added about 3,000,000 scattered over Hungary, Podolia, Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia, &c.

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independence of the Principalities, and upon the limitation of the authority of the Porte to the mere exercise of the rights of suzerainty; whilst at other times she has compelled Turkey to exercise complete sovereign power over them, even to the cession of their territory and to the framing of laws regulating their internal government.

How different has been the conduct of Turkey towards them! From the time they placed themselves under her suzerainty she has faithfully respected the capitulations entered into with them, and has never—as Russia has done in the Crimea and in various states taken under her protection—attempted either to incorporate their territories or to destroy their nationality. When, in 1699, the Polish ambassador demanded at Carlowitz the cession of Moldavia, the Sultan replied 'that he could not cede that province to any one, as it had submitted of its own accord to his empire, and had not been conquered by the sword.' A rebellious pasha may at times have led his devastating bands over the Danube, or a Turkish officer, sent for special purposes, may have, by his intrigues, interfered with the local government, and been the cause of much wrong and oppression; but the Sultans have never formally countenanced those irregularities, and have frequently taken energetic measures to punish and prevent them. The suzerainty of the Porte was, until the year 1812, when the Russian emperor unfortunately announced himself the protector of the Principalities, the surest guarantee of their national existence; and those provinces afforded during four centuries the unexampled instance of a small state living under the protection of a great empire, without any ambitious design being entertained on the one side, or any suspicion on the other.*

When in 1848 the populations, oppressed by the government which Russia had imposed upon them, and exasperated by the conduct of their governors, who were mere tools in the hands of the Russian consul-general, rose against the reigning princes, the Porte approved of the changes which were then made in the constitution, and would have sanctioned them by her commissioner. Russia, on the other hand, interfered, and insisted upon the expulsion of the leaders of the popular party. The Sultan received them with consideration and kindness, refused to remove them

* Thus writes one of the ablest of the Wallachian national party:—'La suzeraineté Ottomane a été, jusqu'en 1812, le plus sûr garant de l'existence des Principautés, et c'est l'exemple le plus remarquable d'un petit état vivant pendant quatre siècles à l'ombre d'un grand état sans arrière pensée d'un côté, sans défiance de l'autre.' With all her crimes and her faults, let us at least do justice to the political honesty of Turkey.

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from his territories, and conferred upon some of them honourable public employments.*

The main object of any future arrangement should be to put an end to all protectorate whatever in the Principalities, not to erect a guarantee which would give an additional pretext for interference to Russia, Austria, and other states. Let no treaty or convention between the Porte and Russia affecting the provinces be revived, but let the original capitulations agreed to between the early Sultans and Moldavia and Wallachia be taken as the basis of their future relations with Turkey. Those capitulations were conceived in a just and liberal spirit. They declared that the Sultan undertook for himself and his successors to protect the Principalities and to defend them against every enemy, in return for which they were to recognise his supremacy and to pay him a small annual tribute. The Sublime Porte was not to interfere in any manner whatever in their internal administration, and no Turk was even to enter them. They were to be governed by their own laws; the princes, elected by the metropolitan and boyards, were to have the power of making war and peace, and that of life and death over their subjects.† To these privileges let there be added a modified representative system, founded upon an assembly of the notables, such as the provinces once enjoyed, but which was destroyed by Russia, and full liberty would be secured to the Moldo-Wallachian populations. There need be no fear of any attempt on the part of the Porte to interfere with the internal affairs of the Principalities, or to violate the terms of her capitulations. The time is gone by when such an attempt might have been apprehended. When the Porte was strong enough to have made it successfully it even refrained from doing so. The Principalities themselves do not dread it, and are willing enough to trust to the Sultan for the enjoyment of their privileges and rights without that protection and guarantee of a foreign power which has proved so fatal to them.

At the sixth Conference M. de Bourqueney proposed a plan for the union of the two provinces into one state under an hereditary Prince recognising the suzeraintty of the Sultan. This idea has been long entertained by the most enlightened Moldavians and Wallachians, and its accomplishment would not only be popular in the Principalities, but would tend greatly to their strength and prosperity, unless indeed they were handed over, like Greece, to some effete German family, which would exhaust their revenues in the frivolities of a court, or in pandering to a foolish

* One of the most enlightened of those gentlemen is now governor of Samos.

† Hatti-Humayun, or imperial ordinance of Sultan Bajazet I. (A.D. 1392), and capitulation signed by Mahomet II. in favour of the Wallachians.

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foolish ambition. It would be the true policy of the Sultan to accept it; and he might, there is little doubt, upon being brought to understand the interests of his empire, be induced to do so. Russia and Austria would both oppose it—Russia because it would lead to the foundation of a strong state forming a barrier between her and Turkey; Austria because a permanent and liberal government in the Principalities would be a source of continual fear and anxiety to her on account of its influence upon her adjacent provinces. But should the French proposition be adopted, there must be no foreign protectorate or guarantee other than that which affects the general integrity of Turkey. The state of Greece is a miserable illustration of the results of foreign interference and of diplomatic struggles.

'As this plan did really promise an approach to a satisfactory solution of the first point, it was, of course, not entertained, but was put aside for future consideration; Prince Gortchakoff very significantly observing 'that there could be nothing binding but what the plenipotentiaries had "*paraphé*."'

'The addition of Bessarabia to Moldavia and Wallachia would render the proposition for establishing an independent state under Turkish suzerainty complete, and would entirely isolate Russia from Turkey. There is no reason why the results of the war might not enable us to insist upon such a concession. That province, a part of Moldavia, was illegally ceded by Turkey to Russia within half a century. Its population has remained almost unchanged. A state thus constituted would be a source of real strength to Turkey, and would be the best barrier against Russian invasion. Enjoying fertile soil, inhabited by an industrious and intelligent race, possessing a great river outlet for its commerce and supplying Europe with vast quantities of corn, and becoming therefore bound up with the European system by the most useful of ties, it would soon become prosperous and powerful. A considerable standing army would serve to protect its frontiers and to secure its independence, from whatever side it might be menaced, and, freed from guarantees and the interference of diplomatists, it would enjoy internal tranquillity, and develop to the utmost its resources.' Thus would, at the same time, be solved one of the greatest political problems of modern times—the means of preventing the advance of Russia to the south, and of putting an end to that influence over the Sclavonian populations of Turkey upon which she counts for the inevitable success of her wary policy. That broad line which we have described, consisting of nations differing in origin and language from the Sclaves, would then divide into two distinct parts that great and powerful race which threatens to absorb the civilisation and freedom of Europe; and a Sclavonian

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a Sclavonian power might ultimately be established in the south which would serve to counterbalance that which menaces Europe from the north. Such a solution of the first point would indeed offer some compensation for the sacrifices of the war; but it is not one which the short-sighted and narrow-minded statesmen of the day are likely to contemplate, much more to attempt.

The establishment of such a semi-independent state as we have described on the banks of the Danube would remove from Servia one of the principal causes of direct contact with Russia. The true policy of Austria should consist in obtaining this result, but her foolish dread of liberal governments and free institutions in proximity with her own territories blinds her to her real interests. And yet of all the European powers she has the most to gain and the most to lose by this war. When the Emperor Nicholas sent his armies into Hungary to put down, in the extremity of Austria, a rebellion of her own subjects, he showed himself to the Sclavonian populations of Austria and Turkey as wielding the great military stength of Europe. Austria has since struggled hard, but unsuccessfully, to efface the effects of a policy which was not that of Prince Metternich. She is too timid, perhaps too weak, to enter upon a war to extricate herself from them. But the time will surely come when she will be compelled to take a share in it, unless she wishes to confirm the conviction existing amongst the Sclavonian populations of her entire subserviency to Russia.

We have described the peculiar importance of Servia to the European system, and we have shown that Russia had no right of guarantee, much less of protectorate, as regards the administration of her internal affairs. Let none be created. Let the Servians remain under the suzerainty of the Porte without any other protection than that afforded by their own strength and prosperity. They are willing to regulate their own relations with the Porte, and they do not seek foreign interference. They have conquered their independence, and they will know how to maintain it. They have quietly but securely advanced since they threw off the Turkish yoke, and they owe their progress to a national character, distinguished by many remarkable qualities, a sturdy feeling of independence, an honest industry, and a sound morality, offering in these respects a strong contrast to that of the Greeks. Unlike that favoured race, with which they commenced their career of independence, but under very different auspices, they have maintained and gradually improved the free institutions which they won. They have no expensive and showy court, or public establishments; they do not exhaust their resources in diplomatic missions, useless offices of state, and wholesale public corruption, and they do not ape the worst

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fashions and vices of Europe. They have consequently no national debt, they are moderately taxed, and their yearly revenue is amply sufficient to meet all their wants. Education is making good progress, and the internal tranquillity of the country has been secured. The Servians are the best representatives of a powerful race, destined to play a great part in the future history of Europe and of the world. Let us leave them to the development of their own institutions, unshackled by guarantees and foreign interference, and the time will probably come when they will afford a more complete solution to the Eastern question than any complicated system which diplomacy could devise.

Any stipulation for the free navigation of the Danube must depend a good deal upon the ultimate position of the Principalities. The importance of their grain and other trade with Great Britain and many parts of the Continent, which has of late years attained an extraordinary development, gives to these provinces a greater interest in this question than can be felt by any European state, and we cannot believe that in a future arrangement their wishes will not be consulted, and that no provision will be made for giving them a share in the management of the local details for clearing the bed of the river. The unjust restriction forced upon Turkey by the Treaty of Adrianople, not to allow her subjects to establish themselves within two hours of the right bank, ought not to be revived; and the stream, in accordance with the public law, should be declared to be the boundary without reference to the islands and deltas which may be formed at the mouth of the river. Even of more importance than the opening of the mouths of the Danube would be its connexion by railroad * with the Black Sea before it takes that sudden bend to the northward near Rassowa, and the construction of a proper harbour at Kustendji, Varna, or any other spot to be chosen as most convenient for the place of outlet for the commerce of the river. Both plans are perfectly feasible, and foreign enterprise has been more than once ready to undertake them. Hitherto Russia has shown the most determined opposition to any such scheme, the execution of which would at once remove from her sole control the navigation of the Danube, and be a source of incalculable advantage both to Turkey and the Principalities. We trust that the Porte may be encouraged and persuaded to execute this great work, which would develop to an enormous extent the resources of the Principalities, the Banat, and of her own provinces, and would render her completely independent

* We say by railroad, because the asserted existence of a canal in Roman times is a myth, and its execution is declared by engineers to be impracticable.

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of Russia. This, for the Porte, would be the best solution of the second point. In the arrangement proposed at the Conferences of Vienna, the interests of Austria appear to have been mainly consulted—those of Turkey and of the Principalities to have been entirely overlooked.

The third point is undoubtedly the most difficult to deal with, not because it is of greater importance than the others, but because of its vagueness and of its dependence upon the actual results of the war. We have shown the insufficiency of a limitation clause, and of any article of a treaty entered into to prevent the increase of Russian ships in the Black Sea. But there are other questions besides that of the strength of her fleet connected with the preponderance of Russia in that sea. The Circassians, incited by us to rise against the Russians, have already, with our aid, captured and destroyed every stronghold on their coast. Circassia is now completely freed from her invaders. Are we to restore to Russia virtually, if not actually by treaty, a country which was never lawfully ceded to her, and to which we have never hitherto recognised her claim? The long and heroic resistance of the Circassians deserves a better return, and it would be an act of base ingratitude and injustice, after inducing them to take part in the war, to leave them to their inevitable fate. Here at least is a case for a guarantee, and we might very reasonably by treaty place the independent state of Circassia under the protectorate of the Western Powers. But neither Russia nor Austria would be brought to consent to such an arrangement, however much inclined they may have been to sanction a quadruple guarantee in the Danubian provinces.

The complete destruction of Sebastopol, and an undertaking on the part of Russia not to reconstruct fortifications in the Crimea, as well as not to rebuild her fleet, are conditions which must depend upon the success of our arms. It is impossible to speculate at present upon the possibility of our being in a position to insist upon such terms without entering into this question at a much greater length than our space will permit. It is sufficient to observe that any mere undertaking not to build fortresses in the Crimea would be of the same value as a limitation clause with regard to the fleet, and would only be of temporary value. If we restore the Crimea to Russia, and it is difficult at this moment to suggest any other alternative, no stipulations with regard to the fortifications of Sebastopol or any other spot could be permanently enforced. Experience has now taught us how rapidly and with what small means a place open to attack can be placed in a condition to resist one of the largest and most powerful armies that ever sat down before a city. As soon as Russia found herself

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self in a position to be in need of fortifications, that is to say when strong enough to take another step in her onward career, and to defy Europe once more, she would know well enough how to evade the articles of a treaty.

But there are certain principles which, under any circumstances, must be borne in mind in concluding a future treaty of peace; amongst them, the closing of the Straits to the ships of war of foreign powers, except to a certain number which might be at all times permitted to cruize in the Black Sea, the Sultan, however, reserving to himself the power of calling up the fleets of his allies, when necessary for his own protection and defence. The entrance to the Bosphorus should be furnished with all the means of defence that modern art can supply, so as to be rendered completely secure against a surprise, as should the Turkish fortresses north and south of the Danube. The Ottoman government should be encouraged to construct ports in the Black Sea—for instance, at Sinope, Samsoun, Batoun, and Varna—and roads from them into the interior, by which the produce of the country could be brought down and shipped to various parts of Europe. Trade with Circassia should be opened; and the unlawful blockade for so many years maintained by Russia along the coast should not be renewed. Two or more English and French cruisers should at all times watch that no obstruction be thrown in the way of merchant shipping in any part of the Black Sea, and should by their presence enforce the arrangements made with regard to its free navigation.

But, above all, Turkey should be induced to offer every facility for the increase of her foreign trade, and more especially that in grain. For this purpose the commercial treaty of Balta Liman should be revised, with a view to lower as much as possible the export duties of 12 per cent. upon Turkish produce. Depôts should be formed at different points in the Turkish dominions, and more than one port might with signal advantage be declared free.

By these means, if no territorial change were possible, Russian preponderance might be limited, and perhaps ultimately destroyed, in the Black Sea; but not by the miserable expedients suggested as a development of the third point at the Conferences of Vienna.

There remains the principle involved in the fourth point. In the case of the Christian populations of Turkey—as in that of the Principalities—let the protectorate be abolished altogether. The time is past when the Porte could oppress to any great extent her Christian subjects. Undoubtedly isolated acts of injustice and of cruelty will occur. The reports of our consuls will furnish them at any time, more or less authentic. But these are not the acts of the Government, and are inevitable in an Empire in a state

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state of transition, where the supreme authority is not yet fully enforced in the provinces, and where the class of governors representing the new system is not yet formed. The public opinion of Europe has greater power in Turkey than is generally imagined. The Porte dares not outrage it, and, if left to itself, would well know that the best mode of bringing back that system of foreign protection and interference which it so heartily fears and detests would be to ill-treat any portion of its Christian subjects. As far as the Christians themselves are concerned, it is this very system which, on the pretence of securing their privileges and increasing their prosperity, subjects them to persecution, leads to disunion, and checks their real progress. We have now the evidence of the Emperor Nicholas himself, and of his ministers, that the war was mainly provoked because liberal opinions were gaining ground too rapidly amongst the Christians of Turkey, and because they were becoming too prosperous and independent. Prevent the undue influence of any foreign power, and the Christian races of Turkey have as fair a prospect before them as their best friends could desire. If it be thought that a right of representation by a foreign agent in particular cases of oppression be absolutely necessary, owing to the difficulty of otherwise bringing them to the direct notice of the Turkish ministers, let that right be vested in some second-rate power whose interests do not clash with those of the Porte, and who has no views of ambition to carry out in Turkey. Sardinia, as a liberal government, has been suggested as the one best qualified to exercise this privilege, and her religious toleration would be a security that she would exert her influence in behalf of all Christians without distinction of creeds.

We have thus placed before our readers the terms of peace which might have been proposed at the Conferences of Vienna, if the principles involved in the 'four points' had been legitimately carried out. They would not have been exorbitant; they would have been consistent with our honour; they would have guaranteed, to a great extent, 'the independence and integrity' of Turkey, and they would have afforded some hopes of results favourable to liberty and civilization. We do not mean to assert that much more be not required, and ought not ultimately to be obtained. We have merely shown how the principles contained in the 'four points' could have been interpreted with some prospect of a satisfactory peace.

Although moderate success ought to place the terms of peace we have sketched out within our reach, and some compensation might thus be obtained for the sacrifices we have made, yet we feel the most serious misgivings and the deepest anxiety as to the

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the results of this war. These feelings arise more from the character of the statesmen who direct the affairs of the nation than from any other cause, as was justly remarked by Mr. Layard in one of his able speeches. They have not entered upon the war as a war of principle. They have never anticipated events, or looked forward to the attainment of an object really worthy of the efforts of a great country. They have been well satisfied to meet the exigencies of the day, and to calm popular indignation by temporary success. Lord Aberdeen's Government plunged the nation into the war by its vacillating and un-English policy. The section of that Administration to which the management of the war was principally confided having urged the people to a desperate enterprise, by proclaiming that the reduction of Sebastopol and the capture of the Russian fleet would alone offer the prospect of a safe and honourable peace, sanctioned terms which included neither the one nor the other, and were humiliating to England. Finding their country surrounded by dangers and difficulties which they had mainly created, they deserted her in the hour of her utmost need, united themselves with those who at least have been consistent in pursuing from the very commencement what we believe to be a most unpatriotic and most dangerous course, denounced the war altogether, and even repudiated as too severe upon the enemy the conditions of peace which they themselves had proposed. It is fortunate for England that such men as Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert have been removed from her counsels: it would have been more fortunate had they never exercised any influence over her destinies. But there are still those in the Government whose conduct we cannot view without the deepest distrust and suspicion. From the first amongst the most ardent advocates for the war, Lord John Russell was sent to Vienna to negotiate the terms of peace. We have now his own confirmation of Count Buol's statement that not only did 'he show himself inclined' towards the Austrian proposal for the settlement of the third point, but that he actually 'undertook to recommend the same to his Government with all his influence.' It was generally rumoured, on his return to this country, that he professed the strongest desire for peace on the conditions offered at the conferences, and the deepest repugnance to the continuation of the war. Public opinion, however, declared itself openly and unmistakably against him. All England felt that the acceptance of such terms, and the withdrawal of our baffled armies from Sebastopol, would be the seal of national defeat and national disgrace. Lord John Russell, the true type of the statesmen of the day, rose in the House of Commons, denounced those very terms of peace,

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repudiated with indignation any participation in the sentiments of those whom, after his declaration to Count Buol, had he been honest, he ought to have joined, solemnly warned the country against the impending dangers of Russian ambition, declared 'that the fortifications of Bomarsund would give Russia complete predominance over the Baltic, and that neither Denmark, nor Sweden, nor any other power, would ever hold a finger against her in that sea,' described the wide-spread influence acquired by Russia over Germany, and proved to the country that no peace could be safe or honourable, no security could be obtained for freedom or civilization, until this fatal preponderance of Russia should cease to exist. And yet this is the statesman who, a very few days before, had declared himself satisfied with the Austrian proposal, and recommended it 'with all his influence' to his colleagues in the Cabinet! Are we not justified, then, such being our rulers, in looking with the most profound anxiety upon the results of a war in which the honour of England and the destinies of the world are so deeply concerned?

The country is earnest and true, the national resources are inexhaustible, the courage, discipline, and spirit of our army were never exceeded. Yet advantages such as few, if any, statesmen who have directed the affairs of a nation ever possessed, have been thrown away, and a great cause has been sacrificed to incompetent men and an unworthy policy.

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Huet, Evêque d'Avranches; ou Le Scepticisme Théologique.* Par Christian Bartholméss. Paris, 1850.

IN a passage of the 'Critical Review,' pronounced 'ingenious and well expressed' by Johnson, and therefore inserted by Boswell in the 'Life,' the reviewers divide the egotists into four classes. In the third class they place 'those who have given importance to their own private history by an intermixture of literary anecdotes and the occurrences of their own times; the celebrated Huetius has published an entertaining volume on this plan.' If any person's curiosity has ever led him to search the great collection of French *Mémoires* for Huet's, he would have been disappointed. They are not there, because they are written in Latin. 'P. D. Huetii Commentarius de Rebus ad Eum [sic] pertinentibus,' is a small volume published at the Hague in 1718, and has never been reprinted. It is somewhat meagre in facts and feeble in presentation of character, which may be explained by the circumstance that the author wrote it at the age of eighty-five, when he had just recovered from a severe illness. He had known most of the celebrated men of his time, and has recorded the names of some hundreds of persons in his pages; but the record bears a greater resemblance to the Second Book of the 'Iliad' than to Lord Clarendon. In 1809 Dr. Aikin manipulated the volume; in his hands the small 12mo. grew into two vols. 8vo., being an English version, with 'notes biographical and critical,' in the Doctor's way. Coleridge was certainly too hard upon Aikin when he called him 'an *aching* void;' but it must be admitted that the biographical notices do not show any very profound acquaintance with the literature of the time, and may all, we believe, be found in the 'Biographie Universelle,' or perhaps in the 'General Biography,' of which the excellent Doctor was editor. M. Bartholméss is, as far as we know, the next person who has laboured upon Huet; but in the treatise whose title is given above he has confined himself to the philosophical opinions of the Bishop.

Peter Daniel Huet was born at Caen in 1630, of Catholic parents, as he thanks God. And indeed it was a misfortune in

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more than one way to have had Huguenot parents in France in the seventeenth century. He showed from the first a good disposition for learning, and was fortunate in excellent teachers in the University of his native place, among whom he always considered himself particularly indebted to the Jesuit Mambran, Professor of Philosophy, who bestowed peculiar pains upon his most promising pupil. Having lost his father when young, Huet found himself at one-and-twenty in possession of a moderate independence. His first use of this was to visit the bookshops in the Rue St. Jacques, and he returned to Caen laden with books, and with an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge of every kind.

The community of European learning had not yet been broken up by the dissociating forces of the growth of the new dialects, and the consolidation of the great monarchies. The republic of letters was still one, of which Latin was the diplomatic tongue. The national literatures were indeed born, but they were yet in their infancy. The highest talents, the *sommités*, rose above the national and vernacular, into the European, sphere. The scholar especially was a citizen of the world, not only in his fame and in his tastes, but in his abode. Literature was thus, like capital, a highly moveable commodity, attracted hither or thither as the conditions favourable to its development were presented in any part of Europe. Precisely in the middle year of the century, 1650, and for about four years before, and as many after, that date, the centre of attraction was found in a new and apparently most unlikely quarter. The rise of Sweden into the first rank of European powers in the seventeenth century, like that of Prussia in the eighteenth, is an instance of what may be done for the most backward and unpropitiously situated countries by the personal character of their rulers. The military genius of Gustavus Adolphus, and the administrative abilities of Oxenstierna, had forced, not developed, a rude, poor, and remote country into political consequence. To the glories of arms it appeared that the splendour of letters was about to be added:

'De conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule.'

Christina, the hero's daughter, inherited that genius so nearly allied in the Vasa family to the insanity in which, in more than one instance, it afterwards terminated. This natural capacity had received by Oxenstierna's care a cultivation which had placed her only too far in advance of her own semi-barbarous subjects. She asserts in her 'Memoirs of herself,' that 'at fourteen she knew all the languages, all the sciences, and all the accomplishments her instructors thought fit, or were able, to teach her.' She then taught

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taught herself, without any master, German, French, Italian, and Spanish. Nor were her powers shown only in languages or accomplishments. Philosophy, politics, the details of business, in turns displayed her vigorous mind, felicitous memory, and quick apprehension. 'Elle a tout vu, elle a tout lu, elle sait tout,' says a private correspondent to Gassendi. After making allowance for the natural exaggeration of those who found all these superior gifts in a crowned head and a girl, there will remain, not indeed an intellectual prodigy, but a rare union of great qualities, which in a happier era of her country's existence might have inspired the national mind with some of her own life and genius. She had not, however, the material out of which she could develop a national taste, and she sought to engraft foreign learning on the Scandinavian stock. The learned men of the day were chiefly gathered in or about the Low Countries. The reviving ascendancy of orthodoxy was crushing letters in Italy; in England they had not yet taken root; in Germany a barbarous war, and equally barbarous religious polemic, had nipped them in the bud. To the Low Countries, then, and to France, the philosophical Queen turned her eyes. From the Dutch Universities came Grotius, Saumaise, Isaac Voss, Descartes, Conring, Meibom; from France Chevreau, Naudé, Raphael du Fresne, Bochart. All these were provided with posts and pensions about the court. Besides those who settled in Sweden, the Queen's correspondence embraced nearly all the learned men of the day.

Huet, who was only twenty-two at this time, was not yet so known abroad as to receive a direct invitation from the patroness herself. But he had before this introduced himself to Bochart. Samuel Bochart was one of those men of solid learning and grave piety who adorned for a very brief period of the seventeenth century the French Huguenot Church. In Oriental lore, he was one of the leading scholars of his age, and his *Geographia Sacra*, recently published, was the most learned work on biblical antiquities that had yet been produced. He was settled as minister of a Calvinist congregation at Caen, and being Professor in the Calvinist College there, was a teacher of such repute as to attract pupils from England. Lord Roscommon, the Earl of Strafford's nephew, was among them, and we may perhaps trace the superior scholarship, as well as the 'unspotted lays' of the poet, to his Calvinist master. His name is still visible at Caen, in the Rue *Bochart* (so named in 1833), and in the Public Library may be found some of his books, with marginal notes in his own hand. Huet had sought assistance and advice in his endeavours to teach himself Greek and Hebrew. This led to an intimacy, though such was the position of the Protestants in Caen, where

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the Catholic University overshadowed them, that it was agreed that the visits of the young student to the Calvinist minister should be paid after dark. His own fame and the recommendations of Isaac Voss procured Bochart a flattering summons to Stockholm. Inferior as was the position of a Dissenter in France, it was with reluctance he accepted the invitation. He offered to take Huet with him. The young student, eager for self-improvement and now his own master, wanted to travel. To visit foreign Universities and to seek the intercourse of scholars, was then as much a part of a scholar's education, as to visit capitals and to be introduced at court was part of the gentleman's. But it was to Italy he designed to go with these views. Though the spirit of the former century was fled or banished from that country, it still, as the birthplace of learning, possessed attractions for scholars beyond any of those tramontane districts in which letters were as yet but young. Bochart, by much persuasion, prevailed on Huet to change Italy for Sweden, not by any hope of preferment, but by visions of the illustrious men they would see in passing through Holland, and the 'vestiges of Gothic antiquity to be found among the rocks of Denmark.'

Just as they were ready to start Huet fell ill, and was obliged to be left behind. Bochart, however, was detained long by contrary winds in the mouth of the Seine, and his young companion, travelling in a car instead of on horseback on account of his weakness, reached Havre just in time to hear that Bochart had sailed that morning. He came up with him, however, at Amsterdam. Here the travellers joined Isaac Voss, who was on his return to Sweden, and a commodious carriage was engaged to carry the three. At Leyden Huet saluted and cultivated Saumaise; at Utrecht a recurrence of his disorder procured him the distinction of being attended by the physician Du Roy, the antagonist of Descartes. In Denmark we do not hear that he found any Gothic antiquities; his chief object of inquiry appears to be Tycho Brahe, an interest which he ascribes to a boyish impression derived from a print of the Observatory at Uranienberg, in the frontispiece of one of that astronomer's treatises with which he had been familiar at the house of a relation. He preferred a visit to the isle of Huen to lionizing Copenhagen. He did, however, see the King, going to church for that purpose, and made himself so conspicuous by staring through his spectacles in the gallery opposite to that which was occupied by the royal family, that his Royal Highness (as he afterwards heard) complained at dinner of the rudeness of the Frenchman. His travelling companions did not share his astronomical enthusiasm, so, while they walked about the city, he took a boat to Huen. On landing on the island he

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he found the Lutheran minister extremely hospitable and no less ignorant, for he had never so much as heard the name of Tycho Brahe. An old man, however, was at last found who pointed out to them the site—for the site was all that remained even then of Uranienberg and all the ingenious constructions that had surrounded it—for nearly twenty years the centre of European science, the cradle of modern astronomy. The report of Picard, who was sent in 1671 by the 'Académie des Sciences' to determine the exact position of the instruments, confirms Huet's description in every particular. The reflections which this scene of desolation call forth from our traveller are more like those of his old age than of his youth. 'May I be thought not to have lived in vain!' was the wish with which Tycho Brahe had expired. 'How,' thinks Huet, 'can *he* be considered as having reaped the fruit of his labour who experienced the enmity of the King and nobles of his country? who saw his toils held in contempt, their products abortive, and himself prohibited by order of the court from continuing his observations!' Here speaks the sub-preceptor of the Dauphin and the Gallican prelate, not the young protégé of the Calvinist Professor. How half a century of Louis XIV. had debased the minds of even the men of letters, may be seen by comparing this outburst with the attitude of Casaubon to Henri IV. The ill-will of the Danish nobility! What a different spirit breathes in the dying speech of the Dane! We may console ourselves by the reflection that posterity thinks no worse of Tycho Brahe because he was persecuted by the Danish nobles, the name of one of whom is only preserved by the fact of his having played the part of petty tyrant towards the astronomer. Huet, too, might have remembered that Tycho had before his exile entertained a King (our own James I. in 1590); that when he left Denmark he only exchanged the patronage of a King for that of an Emperor (Rudolph II.); and that Christian IV. of Denmark himself, who was a boy at the time of his disgrace and no way blameable, made every reparation to the memory of the man of science whose greatness he had learned to appreciate.

At Helmstadt, at that time the first town in the Swedish jurisdiction, a Queen's messenger brought Voss an order to return immediately to Holland, and not to show himself at court till he had made satisfaction to Saumaise for an injury which the latter considered Voss had done him. Voss may have been in the wrong, but this despotic style of treatment of her preceptor and adviser must have forcibly reminded her guests of the precarious tenure of this royal patronage of science. 'One sucks the orange and throws away the skin,' said Frederic II. when he was beginning to be tired of the tutelage of Voltaire. And who shall blame

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blame the princely orange-eaters, as long as the oranges show so much anxiety to be sucked? Thus our party, not a whit disconcerted by the fate of their companion, continued their route to Stockholm. They arrived in June, 1652, a season propitious for exhibiting the rich vegetation of the environs; the profusion of flowers, lilies of the valley, wood strawberries, and cherries all around exciting Huet's admiration and surprise, as he was not prepared for such products in a northern latitude. The season of court sunshine did not appear so favourable. Descartes was dead. Voss and Saumaise were absent, as we have seen, and the rest of the 'cohors philosophorum' were not just then in high favour. They were rather thrown into the shade by a certain lively Frenchman named Bourdelot, half abbé, half physician, but whole courtier; one of those insinuating, intriguing, 'omnia novit' personages, 'busy and astute,' in whom we recognize the type of the Greek Colax repeated. We should not be disposed to rely much on his having been stigmatised as 'a monstrous liar and gambler,' by Guy Patin, whose 'médisances atroces' were scattered over good and bad alike. But we know the antipathy that nature has implanted between the plausible adventurer and the man of genuine knowledge. Especially the physician, whose success has chiefly been owing to his address in the drawing-room, or his agreeable qualities at the levée, must ever be the natural foe of the man of real science, whose independence of mind disdains those small acts of conciliation and courtesy by which the other ingratiates himself. And we must accept the opinion of Huet, himself not at all indisposed to worship rank—an opinion delivered without any appearance of rancour—that the dismissal of Voss and the cold reception of Bochart were to be ascribed to the ascendancy of this unworthy creature. But it should be added, to the exculpation of the young Queen, that this precise moment was with her one of those intervals of revulsion after overstrained intellectual exertion, which have often occurred in the mental history of young genius. Hume's sober description of his depression after an intellectual debauch, of which only a young and ardent mind is capable, is well known. Whatever this singular woman did, she did with the same untempered ardour. She rode, she shot, she plunged into state-business with 'fureur.' So when she embarked on books it was the same. She expected Descartes in her study at five o'clock every morning, and shortened his life by an exertion, so severe to the philosopher whose favourite place of study was his bed. Her passion for knowledge was a real not an affected passion, but it had its pauses of lassitude, and of one of these, Bourdelot, or Michon (for it is characteristic of the class to have an

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an alias), availed himself to insinuate the motives likely to combat the love of study in the mind of a girl. First, as her *medicus* he forbade her touching books. She was 'hurting her health' by studying. This was undeniable. He then tried to bring to bear the ridicule with which a learned lady was regarded by the elegant dames of the French court. He amused her by his wit and court anecdote, contrasting strongly with the grave discourse on Tacitus and the Ideas of Plato which she had with Naudé and Bochart. She gradually gave up her books, and almost repented that she had ever learned anything. This disposition was only transient; her character was too solid to be long under the influence of a frivolous man. But it lasted during Huet's stay, and occasioned his departure.

Huet was a man of research in books, and of an inquiring mind into objects of nature and antiquities. But he had no discernment. We gain from him no notion of what the Swedish Court, or the learned foreign coterie was like. He praises Oxenstierna, but it is in the same vague, laudatory style in which he speaks of every great man whom he has occasion to mention. How little he knew with whom he had to deal may be seen in his notion of the Queen's own character, when he affirms that 'her disposition was so weak and flexible, that she was entirely dependent on other people's opinions.' Few sovereigns have thought more for themselves than the daughter of Gustav Adolph. Even if Huet could not see this at the time, it is singular that he should have written thus with her later history before him; though there is abundant testimony from much better judges—*e. g.* Chassut, the envoy from the Court of France—to her precocious exhibition of a firm, decisive, right-judging mind, carrying independence even to eccentricity. Huet was easily able to console himself for the comparative neglect of the Court, by the ample library, both printed and MS., which had been formed at Stockholm, partly out of the plunder of the German monasteries, partly by judicious purchases made under the superintendence of Voss. He soon attached himself to a MS. of Origen on St. Matthew, and his hours were occupied in making that transcript of this book, which became subsequently the foundation of his edition. Origen excepted, however, Huet found nothing to induce him to prolong his stay, and though a native of Normandy he feared the rigours of a Scandinavian winter. Besides the indifference of the young Queen to the Socratic discourse and society in which she had once delighted, were added the murmurs of the native courtiers at the pensions and emoluments lavished on the foreign favourites. An old grievance. 'These Scottish men spend a' our Queenis fee,' cry

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cry the Norwegians in the ballad; and the behaviour of the French, probably, was not conciliatory. We find Huet making epigrams on the gross manners of the Swedes, and the Calvinist minister Bochart enjoying them, and showing them *sub rosâ* to the Queen, who relished them quite as much, but very judiciously suggested that their circulation should be confined to the French and Dutch residents.

Another circumstance urged him to return home: his previous intimacy with Bochart, his having accompanied him to a Protestant court, and his continued residence there, had given rise to reports injurious to his religious consistency. He therefore applied for permission to depart, pleading business at home, and voluntarily offering a promise to return to Sweden in the spring. He tells us honestly enough that at the time he gave this pledge to the Queen, he made a private resolution never to come back again. He does not offer any apology for this perfidy, which he even vented in hendecasyllables, though these he did *not* show the Queen. Dr. Aikin evidently does not like the look of the lie as it stands, and suggests 'that it may admit of some excuse from the apparent control exercised over him by a sovereign of whom he was not the subject.' The casuistry of this we leave to the reader. Huet, who had had the benefit of a Jesuit education, evidently thinks such a trifle beneath his notice. However, his return, had he meant it, would have been otherwise impossible; for Christina's abdication took place within less than two years. This finally scattered the philosophical colony; but the experiment had had quite sufficient trial to enable us to pronounce upon it. It must undoubtedly be added to the record of failures on the part of princes to create a taste for learning, and a society of learned men, in a court where the native tendencies to such a state were wanting. Though a short, it is not the least instructive, chapter in the history of patronage. An absolute sovereign can suppress, but cannot create, learning, by any mere acts of power. It is with the products of mind, as with those of industry. All the costly efforts of the late Sultan, or of Mehemet Ali, have been unable to naturalise a single manufacture in Constantinople or in Egypt. So the predisposing causes must exist in a country—a people must be sufficiently enlightened to receive the higher cultivation, or they will look upon the importation of a cargo of philosophers with contempt and aversion. When the preparatory stage has been passed through, a liberal patron may do much, and an Augustan age may then be evoked from the resources of a country 'by a proper organisation of institutions and arrangements for education,

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tion, of attractions to great powers, of aids to great necessities, of inducements to great exertions, of liberty and freedom to great energies.'

As to Huet's special share in this disappointment, it was not great. He was young; he was not one of the invited, but had travelled on his own account; and, if overlooked at the time, his merit was not unappreciated. For he was afterwards invited by the Swedish nobility to become preceptor to their young king; and by Christina to join her Court after she had finally established it at Rome. He declined both proposals.

The next twenty years—from his return from Sweden till his being appointed sub-preceptor to the Dauphin in 1670—were passed by Huet at Caen, though with frequent visits to Paris, in a life much more congenial to his tastes. It was spent in study unusually excursive and diversified in its range, but profound, serious, methodical, in its purpose. In his own words, 'I laboured to furnish myself with an accurate knowledge of antiquity, and to attain to the very fountains of erudition.' He was not engaged in any profession, yet his means, though moderate, were not such as to allow him to indulge his wish of removing his abode to the capital. The difference of expense between provincial and Parisian life was still greater at that time than at the present. The literary task which he had prescribed himself, and which he carried on leisurely, without suffering it to absorb him from the reading by which he was forming himself, was the editing of Origen. Of the six books into which his Memoirs are divided, two record this period. There is nothing that deserves the name of events: the narrative is divided between the subjects of study and the connexions continually formed with learned men. For next to study, which he sustained throughout this whole period with all the zeal of a profession, he seems to have made the acquisition of learned acquaintance an object of special pursuit. The large space which these connexions occupy in his memoranda, show that in looking back on his life they were not the least cherished of his recollections. Few have united in an equal degree the true solitary passion for books with the social instincts and the desire for an unlimited extension of friendships. That his love of reading was more than a mere taste—that it was a devotion, real, serious, and engrossing—is certain from his whole history. The best-known story about him, perhaps, is that preserved in the *Segræsiana*, of the countryman who was denied access to him after he was Bishop of Avranches, because the bishop was studying. The applicant retired, grumbling a wish that the King would send a bishop 'qui a fait ses études.' Yet the list of his literary acquaintance is prodigious;

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prodigious; extending as it does to every person of even third and fourth rate eminence in letters in France, and including many of Germany, Holland, and even England. He declares (*Huetiana*) that at the age of twenty he was already 'in correspondence with Sirmond, Petau, Dupuis, Bochart, Blondel, Labbe, Bouilland, Naudé, Saumaise, Heinsius, Voss, Selden, Descartes, Gassendi, Menage.' This list was swollen by the time he had reached the age of forty, to some hundreds. True, many of these correspondences went no further than a single exchange of complimentary letters, or a single visit of ceremony; but they were not the less stored up in the memory of one of the parties, and to originate them was a serious occupation of his life. Nor was much preliminary introduction thought necessary. To the greater *savans*, the young Norman, in the pride of conscious merit, made a tender of his spontaneous admiration by letter. Did a great court personage, known as making any pretensions to taste, visit Caen, he waited on him immediately, and explained his pretensions. Chance brought in not a few, as in the case of Madelenet, Richelieu's late secretary.

'It was accident that threw me into the harbour of Gabriel Madelenet's friendship. As I was looking over the catalogue of publications in a bookseller's shop [in Paris], and was ordering those of some modern poets to be sent home, Madelenet came in. "I see you like poetry," said he, "and to judge by the selection you have made, you have a just taste in it. I have some that I can show you, which you may, perhaps, not dislike," at the same time pulling out, &c. I contracted a friendship with Madelenet, whom I regarded as a poet of no humble strains, but worthy to be compared to the ancients.'—*Memoirs*, p. 168.

Huet must have been a treasure to this class of poet, well-known to Boileau, who,

> 'Aborde en récitant quiconque le salut,
> Et poursuit de ses vers les passans dans la rue.'

The great means, however, by which men of science sought mutual acquaintance and improvement was in Academies. This was the age of Academies in France. They were borrowed from Italy, where they had already gone into decay with the decline of learning. But in France they were still in all the freshness of youth, and had not yet become mere empty titles of honour, or clubs for the publication of Transactions. They were centres of personal communication between men of common tastes and pursuits. All of them, even the Académie Française, had arisen in friendly meetings in private houses. The earliest members were opposed to being chartered, and always looked back to their private and unpremeditated *réunions* in the house of

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of Valentine Conrart as their Golden Age, when the members without noise and parade, and in the freedom of familiar intercourse, conversed at their ease on topics that interested them. Caen for a provincial city was singularly rich in men of letters and liberal pursuits. It was for Normandy very much what Montpellier was for the South of France. Besides its University—much the most distinguished school of the North of France—many persons of birth and fortune had retired there for the sake of society. The University of Caen had possessed a classical press in the fifteenth century, and a Horace, printed there in 1480, is among the bibliographical rarities. It was the original *berceau* of the Academy movement in France, nor has it lost its character. It was here that in 1830 sprang up the 'Société pour la Conservation des Monumens Historiques,' which has been the means of rescuing so many remains of antiquity from destruction. Here too, in 1833, originated the scientific congress of the *savans* of France and Europe. An Academy had been formed here during Huet's absence in Sweden, and the first tidings which greeted him on his return were, that himself and Bochart had been chosen associates during their absence. The meetings were originally held in the private mansion of one of the members, and from the first the society numbered some men of distinction in its ranks. Among these was Segrais, whose pastoral poems are still included in the Collections of the Poets of France, though he is better known by his connexion with the romance of 'Zaïde,' written by Madame La Fayette. Of this Academy Bayle writes in 1684, 'Il n'y a point d'Académie dans le reste de l'Europe qui soit composée de plus habiles gens que celle de Caen.' It survived the Revolution, and continues to subsist in vigour, publishing from time to time respectable volumes of Memoirs. The name of Huet is still the boast of this enlightened body. It endeavoured only a few years ago to commemorate him in a mode widely adopted in France and Germany, though hardly known among ourselves, viz., by proposing a prize for an *éloge*. The *éloge* is intended to be not a vague and fulsome panegyric, like the old *discours de réception* at the *Académie*, but, according to the better taste now prevailing there, a general survey of the subject. However, the spirit of the degenerate sons of Caen did not respond to the invitation. Twice was the prize proposed without any success—'bis patriæ cecidere manus;' the third time, in 1851, only two essays were sent in, to neither of which were the judges able to award the prize. The dissertation we have placed at the head of this paper, and which still leaves much to be desired, comes from a different quarter.

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But this assembly was confined to literature, and Huet's active and inquiring mind embraced a much wider domain. The rapid strides which physical discovery was daily making, attracted general attention, and Huet joined with his usual eagerness in the pursuit, which speedily led to associating a few persons, who were to meet once a week at his house to carry on the subject. This was the foundation of the Academy of Sciences of Caen, an association which soon acquired a high reputation, and received approbation and contributions to its funds from Colbert.

'As there had been sent me from London some accurate observations by members of the Royal Society, in which the anatomy of the human body was exhibited, we determined to join our labours in this part of physics. And as the public hospital of the city was in the vicinity of my house, we commissioned one of our body who was a surgeon, that when any of the patients should die of an unknown malady, he should give me a summons that we might ascertain the disease and the cause of death by dissection. Nor did we employ our industry on the human body alone, but carried our researches into those of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, serpents, and insects. In this course it is incredible how many new and singular objects, well worthy of remark, came under our observation, all which I carefully recorded. And although we had no lack of careful dissectors, yet we sometimes, when peculiar nicety of experiment was required, employed our own hands. For myself, being shortsighted, it was particularly my study to obtain demonstrations of the fabric of the eye. I can safely affirm that with my own hand I have dissected more than 300 eyes taken from the heads of animals of every species. And that I might more clearly understand what it was that chiefly conduced to acuteness of vision, I compared the eyes of those animals that are thought to enjoy the quickest sight, with those whose sight is supposed to be weak and dull, as owls. I carefully separated the parts of the eye, and compared vitreous humour with vitreous humour, membrane with membrane, nerve with nerve.'

His inquiries extended to astronomy, and to chemistry, which he called 'a compendium of nature' (naturæ breviarium), though he did not, as might be expected, entirely shun the quicksands of alchemy. It was in this Academy that the principles of the Cartesian philosophy, physical and metaphysical, first attracted Huet's attention. He possessed a set of astronomical instruments, observed eclipses, procured 'the newly invented instruments,' a thermometer and barometer, and himself projected a hygrometer and an anemometer. By so much activity and public spirit shown in so many departments of knowledge, Huet began to be considered one of the leaders of learning in France, and he was gratified accordingly by finding his name in Colbert's list of literary pensions. This measure, which included the *savans* of foreign countries

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countries as well as those of France, is usually put forward by the historians as one of the splendid and judicious liberalities of the *Grand Monarque*, which has been too little followed by less absolute governments. When examined, however, Louis XIV.'s patronage of letters will be found to contain as much base metal as the other glories of the *Siècle*. We are obliged to pronounce it a piece of preposterous ostentation, intended, not to encourage learning—the free spirit of which was as hateful to Louis as it is to all despots—but to be returned in adulation, for which his appetite was insatiable; and the only effect of which was to humiliate the receivers, and to include the learned class of Europe in that promiscuous crowd of adoring worshippers who were prostrate before the narrow mind and selfish heart which was now disposing, for its own gratification, of the wealth and resources of the most flourishing country in Europe. It should be added that the total sum devoted to this purpose was only 100,000 livres, and that as soon as the finances became embarrassed these pittances were among the first objects of retrenchment.

But the circle of Huet's multifarious pursuits is not yet exhausted. He addicted himself to poetry with the same enthusiasm as to anatomy or chemistry, and to the society of poets as congenially as if he had not been the founder and life of an 'Académie des Sciences.' His taste for natural scenery was hearty and sincere. He loved country walks, and to lie in the shade of the old oaks with Savary, who read to him his verses. He liked to make visits at country-houses, and has celebrated one in the neighbourhood of Caen, where—

'the rocky coast was excavated into caverns by the waves. Burying myself in one of these, I remained whole days with no other companion than a book; enjoying the prospect of a smooth sea and vessels gliding by with a favourable breeze, or at other times of a raging ocean.'

He also declared against the reigning style in gardening, condemning, as a depravation in taste, the 'jardin à la mode,' with its hot, broad, sanded walks, and *jets d'eau* of muddy ditch-water; daring, and this in the days of Versailles, to prefer to these

'larcins et supercheries de l'art, ces gazons rustiques, ces pelouses champêtres, les ombrages verts de ces hêtres touffus, et de ces grands chênes qui se trouvèrent à la nativeté des temps, une fontaine sortant à gros bouillons du pied d'un rocher, roulant sur un sable doré les plus claires et les plus fraîches eaux du monde.'—*Huetiana.*

Segrais was his townsman, and intimate till they had a coolness about the interpretation of a line in Virgil. With Chapelain,

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Chapelain, the French Blackmore, he maintained a regular correspondence, and had read (we could not venture so incredible an assertion on anything less than his own authority) the twelve unpublished books of Chapelain's epic. The twelve published books of this, the first, and, except the *Henriade*, only, epic, in the French language, the public and the critics were agreed to consign to oblivion. Huet is persuaded that had they seen the whole twenty-four, their decision would have been different. He had been one of the select few admitted to a reading of the *Guirlande* of Julie, the unpublished poems of the Hôtel Rambouillet.

'I had often begged, and been often promised, a sight of this famous volume, a new-year's present from the Duc de Montausier to his mistress Julie d'Augennes. At last one day, as we were rising from table, the Duchess d'Uzés consented to gratify my curiosity. She locked me into her cabinet alone with the Guirlande, and did not return to release me till dark. I can affirm that I never in my life passed a more agreeable afternoon.'—*Huetiana.*

Huet himself poured forth poetry in the earlier period of his life with a facility of which he was proud, but as he wrote then chiefly in Latin, his verses have not found their way into the collections. Poetry, indeed, was cultivated in Caen with no less favour than the sciences. There had formed round Segrais quite a school known as the Caen Poets. When the Court, the City, and the French Académie were once at issue upon the merits of two sonnets, the Duchesse de Longueville proposed that the case should be referred to the Caen Songsters, and that their sentence should be decisive. French poetry, however, was the only poetry read in Paris, and he who wrote in Latin had to content himself with a reputation in Holland. A 'young friend' who visited Huet at Caen, 'extorted from' him various pieces of verse, carried them off to the Hague, and, 'without my concurrence,' put them to press. 'Thus I was regarded as a tolerable poet in Holland, while in France I was scarcely supposed to have reached the foot of Parnassus' (*Memoirs*). Huet must have been gratified by the state of poetical taste in Holland, for his Poëmata went through repeated editions. These effusions, though M. Bartholméss thinks the immortal odes on Aulnai equal to those which Tibur inspired, have not usually been ranked among the choicest specimens of modern Latinity in vigour or polish; but they breathe a natural taste for rocks and rivers and smiling scenery—their general topic, which contrasts favourably with the frigid and conventional gallantries of most of the vernacular verse of that age.

A much better known work of Huet, his 'Essay on the Origin

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of Romance,' shows him to us in a new walk of literature. This is, perhaps, the most original of all his productions, one in which, though he has had many followers, he had no predecessor, except Giraldi of Ferrara. It shows a vast amount of 'novel-reading' in a man who had read so much else, and was indeed a proof of an extraordinary memory, if we are to take to the letter what he says,—that it was written during a visit to Marie de Rohan, in a sequestered convent of nuns seven miles distant from Paris. It originally appeared prefixed, as a preface, to the celebrated novel of *Zaïde*. This story, by the Contesse La Fayette, marks an epoch in the history of fiction, as the first transition from the heroic romance to the tale of probable adventures and contemporary manners. The authoress, a very accomplished woman, who had learned Latin from Menage and Rapin, pleasantly observed to Huet that they had made a marriage between their children. It was not an unpropitious union between the most popular novel of the day and this instructive and not heavy essay. Translation speedily carried them through Europe, and as *Zaïde* has been the prolific parent of the modern novel, so the *Traité de l'Origine des Romans* has been the source to which Hurd, Percy, Scott, Dunlop, Schulz, may be traced, though the more extended research and better historical criticism of the modern investigators have entirely superseded Huet's attempt, and made it even seem superficial by their side.

He was, too, not merely a critic of romances, he had written his novel. This was composed at four-and-twenty. And it is singular that all the incidents were taken from real occurrences, although it was inspired by the reading aloud to his sisters, before they became religious, the 5,500 pages of Honoré d'Urfe's *Astrée*, one of the most unreal and airy of the pastoral insipidities. He had long before, when a boy, exhausted Amadis de Gaul and the chivalrous romances of the Spanish school; and his first classical attempt had been a translation from the Greek romance of Longus. 'Diane de Castro, ou le faux Yncas,' however, found no sympathizing friend to steal away with it and get it imprinted at the Hague. It remained in the secrecy of his desk for fifty years, and was only published after his death as a curiosity when public taste had long gained a new direction.

He had a turn for antiquities, and spent no little time in researches into local history. We have seen how the 'Gothic remains' tempted him into Denmark; he did not overlook those of his own country. When he became Bishop of Avranches he drew up a history of the province—the Avranchin, and a list of all the noble families who had territorial possessions in it. These still exist in manuscript. Of his native place he undertook a more

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more complete survey. *Les Origines de la Ville de Caen* came to a second edition in 1706. The first was a very incomplete, hasty, superficial affair. He interleaved it, and brought it out altogether re-written. Topography, like everything else, has undergone great improvements, and few antiquarian histories of that date are satisfactory now. But the 'Origines de Caen' are marked by peculiar faults characteristic of the author—paradox, fanciful theory, unsupported conjecture. He cites documents vaguely, without the requisite specification; they are often not correctly copied; sometimes their import is misunderstood. He continually uses the loose phrases 'on dit,' 'on croit,' 'on pense à Caen.' He had formed in his mind a system as to the original ground-plan of the city, with which he endeavours to force the existing facts into harmony—often with violence enough. Indeed, in this work, as much as in any other, may be seen all the faults of criticism which made Heyne long afterwards describe him as 'vir opinionibus plura superstruens parum explorata.' How much topographical science has improved since that date may be seen by comparing Huet's work with the scholar-like contributions to the same subject—the antiquities of Normandy—made by the Abbé De la Rue.

These subjects were after all the recreations of his leisure; we have yet to mention the more serious labours of his life. Ever since his return from Sweden he had been engaged on Origen, and his repeated visits to Paris at this period had for their object the preparation for this great work. The collations for the text, and the collection of materials for the life of Origen, might well have employed the whole time and strength of the most retired scholar. But it does not seem to have interfered with the various occupations and the mixed society in which Huet so freely engaged. The theological subject was the one to which he attached himself by preference, and the editing of Origen was to him a work of devotion as well as philology. For the mere critical part of the task he had no love, and often spoke with contempt of those 'weeders of the soil of letters'—the verbal emendators. Hence he has succeeded better in the historical and biographical province than in the textual, and his *Origeniana* have been repeated in all the subsequent editions of Origen, and still form the most valuable contribution that has been made to the illustration of that great writer. Huet's edition, in 2 vols. folio, appeared in 1669. It contained only the exegetical works of his author. The rest were intended to follow, but Huet some years afterwards formally renounced the design, partly from the intervention of other engagements, partly from finding that the labour of editing was

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one above his strength. It is observable that though Caen was the seat of the University of the North, and the administrative capital of Lower Normandy, Huet was obliged to print his Origen at Rouen, whither he went to reside while it was passing through the press. He designed a dedication—a more important matter then than now—to the Bishops of the Gallican Church. He made this offer to them then sitting in Assembly in Paris, and it was graciously accepted. At a hint from Colbert, however, the Bishops were thrown over, and the name of the King substituted. An unworthy yet necessary compliance; only too characteristic of the servility of the age, and of the grasping cupidity of Louis, jealous of every scrap of compliment or homage which was to be had.

In estimating the edition we must pay due regard to the state of Greek criticism at that epoch. If we test Huet's Greek text by this standard, we find that it will bear comparison with the best specimens of Greek editing then produced. He had neither the experience in the task nor the knowledge of the language possessed by Casaubon. But in the fidelity with which he represents the readings of his MS. authorities—he had only two—he equals or exceeds that great scholar. In conjectural criticism he displays a wonderful sagacity, best proved by the fact that many of his emendations have been established by the Barberini and Bodleian MSS. On the other hand, his knowledge of Greek is unequal to his acuteness and ingenuity. He detects a corruption by a quick perception of logic rather than by acquaintance with idiom. Hence he often offers both words and grammar which are not Greek at all, or not the Greek of Origen's age. But the most serious blot on his critical character is his assuming, as a principle of editing, that, where there is doubt, the reading must be decided by dogmatical considerations. Not, be it observed, that he considers that what Origen wrote ought to be altered, but that Origen, being a Father (though not a Saint) of the Church, must have written that which was orthodox. To expect him to have been emancipated from this idea, is to expect him to have been above his age. To understand the full extent of Huet's merits, it is only necessary to have an acquaintance, however slight, with the edition of the De la Rues. This splendid product of the labour and learning of the French Benedictines is sadly marred by the incompetence of its editors in Greek. They appear unable to value rightly Huet's suggestions, and, as we must suspect, from theological antipathy, to be studiously concealing the large extent to which they are nevertheless indebted to him.

This edition of Origen cost him one of his oldest friendships—

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that

that of Bochart. During the preparation of his task he had been in the habit of communicating to Bochart his notes and manuscripts, and among the rest the transcript which he had made of the Stockholm MS. of Origen's 'Commentary on St. Matthew.' This work of Origen contains a passage not a little famous in the Eucharistic controversies, and which has been uniformly cited by all the Protestant writers as decisive of his opinion against Transubstantiation. What was Bochart's astonishment when he found that this passage, or at least the most telling part of it, was absent from Huet's transcript! Bochart himself knew assuredly that it was to be found in the Stockholm volume, for he had more than once produced it to the great discomfiture of two Jesuit Pères who were secretly preparing Christina for her change of religion. He mentioned the omission among his partisans in Caen, and though he declares that he himself was cautious to spare his friend's character, others, who did not know Huet so well, conceived, not unnaturally, great suspicions of his honesty. Huet complained that Bochart was traducing him, and 'a correspondence' ensued. Huet, at first, stoutly maintained the fidelity of his copy, and that the disputed passage was wanting in the original MS.; but challenged Bochart to send for it to Caen. Bochart replied, that he might as well desire him to ask for the moon as for a MS. which was so jealously guarded; that Christina would not allow it even to be taken to a private room for the purpose of copying it; and that no one knew this better than Huet, as he had himself been refused that permission. After some shifting of ground on the part of Huet, he at last admitted that the omission was an oversight in transcription. He took care to insert it in its proper place in printing the text of his edition, and in an article of his *Origeniana* discusses its import, which he finds to be perfectly compatible with the Catholic doctrine on Transubstantiation. These are the facts of the case, and, it must be allowed, look very ugly. Nevertheless his integrity comes out, on inquiry, unimpeachable. The omission *was* an oversight, ascribable to a common cause of such lacunæ, viz. homoioteleuton. Bochart in the handsomest way expresses his satisfaction on this point; but Huet's character for honesty can only be established at the expense of his vigilance as a collator. To have overlooked such a passage, which the controversialists, from the time of Erasmus downwards, had been fighting over like a dead Patroclus, was inexcusable carelessness. The suspicions created in the minds of the learned in the Protestant communities by the blunder were so far from being unnatural, that as Bochart says, 'all the history of literature can scarce furnish a parallel instance.'

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To these manifold engagements of thought, some of them very engrossing and laborious, must be added, to complete our picture of this active and versatile genius, that it was eminently susceptible of the sentiment of piety. Literary tastes, in proportion as they are strong, are notoriously combined with religious indifference; when they are dominant they seem to extinguish the sentiment of religion altogether, as in Voltaire and Goethe. On the other hand, strong devotional tendencies are apt to absorb and centre in themselves all the other powers, and to diminish the energies necessary for other pursuits, if not to decline them as profane. Huet united an intense passion for literature with urgent inclinations to a life of religious contemplation. While a boy at college he had been captivated by the austerities of a Dominican convent in Caen, and had been only prevented from joining that order, in which one of his sisters was a nun, by forcible detention on the part of his friends. He was sufficiently aware afterwards that they had acted wisely for him. Yet from time to time the religious instinct showed itself on the surface. He gratified it through one of the best provisions of the Roman Catholic church, the practice of spiritual retreats, till it led him to enter orders, to assume the management of a diocese, and finally to resign those duties for the leisure of a monastic life, though not under one of the austere rules. One of those retreats occurred soon after the completion of the 'Origen,' somewhere about 1670, and at the time that the reform of La Trappe was exciting much attention in France, though Huet nowhere mentions De Rancé. He went for the purpose as far as the Jesuits' college of La Flèche:

'It was some time since I had duly explored the recesses of my conscience and unfolded them in the Divine presence. For this purpose I repaired with alacrity to La Flèche, where my friend and former preceptor, Mambrun, presided over the theological studies. After enjoying some conversation with him on our affairs, I resolved to set apart an entire week for the attentive recollection of all the errors of my past life, and the more careful regulation of my future days pursuant to the injunctions of the Divine law. And oh! that I had in earnest adhered to my engagements! but I too readily suffered myself to be borne away by the fire of youth, the allurements of the world, and the pleasures of study, which by their variety so filled my breast and closed up all its inlets with an infinity of thought, that it gave no admission to those intimate and charming conferences with the Supreme Being. Under this feebleness of soul with respect to Divine things I have laboured during the whole course of my life; and even now the frequent wanderings of a volatile mind blunt my aspirations to God, and intercept all the benefit of my prayers. When from time to time God has invited me to godly exercises for the purpose of confirming in my soul

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the sense of piety, and washing away the stains contracted from intercourse with men, it hath been my custom to retire to places suitable to those intentions,—either to the Jesuits' College at Caen, or the Præmonstratensian Abbey of Arden, one league distant from Caen, or to our own Aulnai after I was placed at the head of it.'—*Memoirs*, p. 174.

During this retreat at La Flèche, the desire to renounce the world for good revived in him with all its former strength. This time it was Mambrun, who interposed his judgment to prohibit a vow which must have entailed inevitable misery on a spirit so independent and restless, and tastes so various, as Huet's. The Jesuit professor, with the skill of his order, may have understood a temperament in which he could little sympathise. He is one of the most vigorous of the Jesuit Latin poets; but his servility of imitation was such that he wrote ten Eclogues, four Georgics—which, however, treat of the culture of the mind—and an Epic, on Constantine, in twelve books.

Huet's life had hitherto been provincial, though his connexions and his reputation were extending through the world of letters. In the year 1670 he was drawn within the sphere of the court, having been selected to be sub-preceptor to the Dauphin. He owed this distinction to the friendship and discernment of the Duc de Montausier, who had become acquainted with him in his capacity of royal lieutenant of Normandy. Montausier, by birth, by military service, and by rank, was one of the most distinguished nobles about the court. But he was still more distinguished by virtues little known and little valued in that atmosphere—sincerity and independence of mind. His were among the few lips from which the King ever heard the truth. Yet such was his grace of manner and dignified bearing, that Louis bore from him the plainest language without offence. The courtiers, intolerant of a manly freedom of thought and speech which they dared not exercise themselves, called him 'a cynic,' 'a bunch of nettles,' and insinuated that the Misanthrope of Molière had been drawn from him. The sarcasms of these sycophants signify nothing more than what Madame de Sevigné meant when she said that the Duke 'reminded her of the old times of chivalry,' or what Montesquieu implied in saying that 'Montausier had in him something of the old Greek philosophers.' We might rather wonder how such a man, the fittest and therefore the most unlikely in the kingdom, came to be selected as Governor to the Dauphin. But Louis, at least up to this period of his reign, chose his servants well. The King consulted Montausier as to whom he would wish to have under him as instructors for his royal pupil. He had made up his mind in favour of Huet; but as Louis was extremely jealous of

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his patronage, it was necessary to employ artifice to bring him to the desired selection. The Governor read over to the King a list of the persons who offered themselves as candidates for the office, amounting to near a hundred. He then subjoined to it the names of those who had not offered, but seemed to him worthy of the post, stating the qualifications of each, and concluded by saying he thought he might name out of the whole number three men who seemed most eminently fitted for the duty—Menage, Bossuet, and Huet. He foresaw that Menage would be rejected; Bossuet he did not think would be preferred, since he had spent all his life in theological controversies; and that therefore the choice must end in Huet. He was mistaken, however. The King caught at the name of the celebrated preacher, whom he thought a very proper man for preceptor, but consented to have Huet appointed his second. The sub-preceptor, in his 'Memoirs,' characteristically slurs over his subordination to the Bishop of Méaux, of which he need not have been ashamed, in the ambiguous phrase 'succenturiatus adjungor,' which Dr. Aikin, by translating 'coadjutor,' converts into a positive misrepresentation.

This mark of distinction was flattering, and the change of life, at first, agreeable enough to Huet. But on the whole he does not appear to have derived much satisfaction from it. In his pupil he could have none. The Dauphin had all the coldness, indifference, and dull sensuality of the Bourbons. After he had outgrown schooling he never touched a book, and with all the care expended in his education, his literature was limited to the *Article de Paris* in the 'Gazette de France,' containing the births, deaths, and marriages. For this man the 'Discourse on Universal History' was written by Bossuet, the 'Delphin Classics' arranged by Huet! If a princely dunce, of whom scarce anything is recorded than that he was fond of killing weasels in a barn, could have been improved by any training, it might have been by that of Montausier, who was not likely to show less spirit in his conduct to his pupil than he did to his pupil's father. The Prince chose to pretend one day that his Governor had struck him, and called for his pistols in a fury. 'Bring his Highness's pistols,' said the Duke, coolly; then turning to the Dauphin, 'Now, sir, let us see what you mean to do with them.' On another occasion the Dauphin was practising pistol-firing at a mark, and his balls were very wide of the target. The Marquis de Crequi had next to fire, and though an excellent shot, he went a foot further from the mark than the Dauphin. 'Ah! little serpent,' cried Montausier, 'you ought to be strangled.' When the Duke gave up his post, and was taking his final leave of the Prince, he did it with the words, 'Sir, if you are an honest

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honest man, you will love me; if you are not, you will hate me, and I shall console myself.'

The Dauphin was nine years old when Huet was thus placed in his household in 1670, and the next ten years were accordingly spent by him in attendance on the court. Fond of society, and not insensible to the charms of intercourse with the great, so favourable a position was naturally pleasing to him; but as the novelty wore off, the want of men of literature and knowledge in the frivolous circle of Versailles, and the tedious formalities of court etiquette, made him pine for opportunity to resume his beloved occupations. The lessons, no doubt, were neither long nor frequent, but the attendance was constant; the regular hours which the King exacted from every one about him, the dressing, the continual removals of the court from Versailles to Marly, from Marly to Paris, from Paris to Fontainebleau, seemed to preclude all possibility of continuous study. Nevertheless all these difficulties were overcome by the ardour and determination of Huet, and it was during these years that he executed the longest and (after the 'Origen') most laborious of his works, 'The Demonstratio Evangelica,' and that he superintended the publication of the celebrated series of the Delphin Classics. The want of leisure for uninterrupted thought—the want of books of reference which he could not carry about, and had not even room to set up in the narrow apartments of the smaller palaces—all these obstacles he met by extreme diligence and great economy of time. He employed readers, who read to him while dressing, while travelling, while going to sleep. Often, after devoting the day to the Dauphin, on the approach of evening he rode off to Paris and spent a large part of the night in his library searching out and copying passages, and returning at daybreak to the Prince. Huet, however, was not the stiff pedant who could not enjoy the world, or the recluse philosopher whose finer fancies perished by contact with it; and he seems to have mingled, when he chose, with ease and satisfaction in the amusements of the palace. The author of the 'Demonstratio Evangelica' did not disdain to execute a specimen of minute calligraphy—twenty verses of the 'Iliad' written in a single line of a narrow slip of paper, to convince some incredulous person who would not believe the account of the Homer which was contained in a walnut-shell,—nor to celebrate in elegiacs the virtues of tea. He must have been one of the earliest to adopt the use of this beverage in France, as he says he derived the hint from the 'Voyages' of Alex. Rhodius the Jesuit. It appears that the leaves were boiled on the fire.

'The experiment succeeded so much beyond my hopes, that I seemed to have acquired a new stomach, strong and active, and no longer subject to

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to indigestion. On this account tea rose so high in my esteem, that I scarcely suffered a day to pass without drinking it. I derived from it the further advantage that its salutary leaves, with their benign vapours, swept the brain, thus meriting the title of brushes of the understanding.'

Amidst these engagements was completed (in 1679) the 'Demonstratio Evangelica,' the publication by which Huet's theological character was established. It shows great erudition and some originality; but the title was borrowed from a work by Eusebius, and the form from Spinoza. A conversation with a learned Jew of Amsterdam had suggested to him the subject. He affects to adopt the mathematical method of proof, begins with definitions, postulates, and axioms, and builds on them ten propositions. All this is of course illusory, and, as was said at the time, the author has *demonstrated* nothing but his own learning. The more original and characteristic part of the book is the fanciful tracing of pagan personages and ceremonies to Hebrew sources. He liberally reduces to myths the sages of antiquity, most of whom he finds to be only fancy-portraits, copied from Moses—imaginations pursued to such a length as to be rejected at once even at a period in which the derivation of the heathen religions from the Jewish was an accepted belief. This system of Huet, says Voltaire, 'n'a trouvé aucun partisan, tout absurde qu'il est.' We must again repeat the caution that the merit of books, as of opinions, is relative to the age in which they appear. It will be enough to mention the repeated editions and translations into most of the languages of Europe of the 'Demonstratio Evangelica,' to prove that it continued to be the standard work on the 'Evidences,' till it was superseded by the more methodical productions of Abbadie among the Protestants, and the Abbé Houtteville among the Catholics. Complimentary letters from friends cannot go for much; yet that of Leibnitz to Huet has all the weight that a name can give. The author was perhaps more flattered by the great Condé having read the work through immediately, which he records with satisfaction, though he does not mention the letter of Leibnitz.

Better known at the present day is the other undertaking with which Huet was occupied during the period of his attendance on the Dauphin. This is the celebrated series of the Delphin Classics. Every schoolboy is now familiar with the demerits of these editions, yet the project forms an epoch in the history of classical learning in France. The credit of the design rests between the Duke of Montausier and Huet. The latter, a man not given to taking less than his share of such honours, ascribes it entirely to the duke, and Montausier's talent and knowledge quite warrant the claim. The

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The Classics were the companions of his campaigns; he read them with pleasure and facility, but still was often at a loss in a difficulty. Commentators were too bulky to be carried about in the field, and he had often wished for compendious editions which should give just such assistance as was wanted by a soldier, who was scholarly but not erudite.

Whether Montausier or Huet were the actual projector of the Delphin Classics, it was one of those happy ideas, which, though due to the suggestion of some one individual, happens to be precisely the thing which the public is wanting. Ancient learning in France had been suffering a gradual decay since the time of Francis I. It is beside the purpose to suggest the causes of this decline, but the fact is notorious. The public were growing indifferent to the subject; the Universities languished; the Jesuit schools were lapsing into sloth; men of learning were not so learned nor so prominent as they had been in a former generation. A steady development of a wholly new body of knowledge was going on along with this eclipse of classical lore. This later growth was various, and was not at that time mapped out into distinct branches; but it was mainly physical and mathematical, in part also metaphysical. The momentum had been given in the former subjects by Kepler, Galileo, and Bacon—though the last was not himself a discoverer in physics. In metaphysics the impulse had sprung chiefly from Descartes, though he had also pursued with distinction some branches of mathematical science. But in all its parts, one characteristic of the new knowledge and of its cultivators was an entire renunciation of the dependence on antiquity. They broke off the whole connexion with the past, and passed rapidly from the idolatry to the disdain of the great names of ancient learning. Bacon and Descartes, Spinoza and Malebranche, agree in this respect. By this withdrawal of the best and the inquiring minds from classical learning, it lost its depth and progress. But it still maintained itself as an institution, constituted the formal education, and the knowledge of Latin (at least) was recognised as universally necessary. The learned languages ceased to engross attention for their own sakes, just in proportion as they became more identified with general literature and liberal cultivation. At such a period a demand not unnaturally arose for popular editions of the more generally read authors: not new recensions containing the fruits of a life's study, but easy abridgments of the best commentaries adapted for common use. To this new want the *Variorum* Classics in Holland and the Classics *in usum Delphini* in France were the reply. There was this difference between them, that, while the *Variorums* were a bookseller's speculation, the cost of the Del-

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phin Classics was defrayed out of the royal purse. Popular as they afterwards proved, so small was their sale at first, that no sooner was the treasury subscription withdrawn than the printing of them stopped. On the Dauphin's marriage in 1679 the Ausonius was withdrawn from the press at the 160th page, and it was not till 1730 that a Paris bookseller was found bold enough to take up and complete this, the last of the series. It is not often that state patronage has meddled so successfully with the press. Nearly sixty volumes were produced in about ten or twelve years. The assignment of the contributors, the choice of the authors, and the general superintendence fell to Huet. One day in every fortnight he went to Paris, where the different editors attended at stated hours, each with the portions of his work which he had finished; but it is not to be supposed that he examined every note so as to make himself responsible for it. The *collaborateurs* were all French, most of them young professors connected with the University of Paris, and none of them names distinguished in the annals of philology. Perhaps the best known are Madame Dacier, (Charles) De la Rue, and the paradoxical Hardouin. Huet sought the co-operation of Leibnitz, at this time residing in Paris, and had proposed to him to edit Vitruvius. Leibnitz consented to be employed, but excused himself from Vitruvius as requiring a knowledge of architecture, and chose Martianus Capella. He made some progress, and submitted a specimen of his illustrations on this favourite classic of the middle ages, to Huet. But on his quitting Paris soon after he seems to have dropped the task, and it is not known what became of his notes. The latest editors of Capella, Kopp and Hermann, do not appear to have known anything of his abortive attempt.

The series was confined to Latin authors: the scholarship of all the Universities of France at that time would have been unequal to a collection of Greek classics. It is true that all the lists of the Delphin editions in the bibliographies include the Callimachus of Madame Dacier. But that is an error, for her Callimachus is not, and does not profess to be, numbered among the Delphins. It has none of the marks; it is not dedicated to the Dauphin, but to Huet; it has not the words 'in usum serenissimi Delphini,' nor the well-known engraved title 'Arion and the dolphin.' The new features which Huet designed in the scheme were the 'ordo verborum,' which was placed underneath the text, and a complete verbal index to accompany each author. And finally he intended that all the separate indexes should be fused into one general index, and thus constitute a complete vocabulary of the language, though this part of the work was

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was never executed. The other portions of the plan were not strictly novel. There existed already complete verbal indexes; to Lucretius by Pareus, to Juvenal by Lange, to Virgil by Erythræus, besides others. Again, the paraphrase, or *ordo*, had been applied to Horace and Juvenal by Ceruto; to the Æneid of Virgil by Pontanus, and to the Eclogues and Georgics by Frischlinius. The novelty lay in its being uniformly carried through the whole of the Latin poets. The merit of the different editions is very unequal. One of them only, the *Panegyrici Veteres* by De la Baune, has pretensions to be a scholar's book. The sole contribution, we believe, to original criticism which the series can show was furnished by Huet himself. This was in the shape of some notes on Manilius, a very difficult author, and who had fallen into the hands of an editor who was not equal to the task, though of some reputation in the University. Huet's Appendix in part redeemed the character of the work. For some of his conjectural emendations, he has merited to be coupled with Scaliger in the phrase 'viros egregios,' by the next editor of Manilius, Richard Bentley—a critic not merciful to rash correctors. The mediocrity of portions of the editing Huet candidly admits, apologizing for it by the youth of some of the persons employed, and their impatience of dry labour,—an impatience, we may add, which is at the bottom of the inferiority of the French nation in classical criticism. That the Delphins held their ground so long in the schools and colleges of France and England is perhaps rather a mark of the low state of scholarship than of their own merit. Still, with all their defects, a contribution on such a scale towards the popularisation of classical literature is worthy to rank among the magnificence of the *Siècle*. Certainly it may do so in point of costliness, if Huet be correct in saying that the whole undertaking cost upwards of 200,000 livres—a sum at the then rate of exchange equal to about 15,000*l.* sterling: rather a large bill for school-books for the Dauphin. Colbert, however, who had encouraged the enterprize, willingly opened the treasury for the purpose.

In 1681, on the Dauphin's marriage, Huet was released from the irksome restraint of Court attendance, and was once more his own master. He immediately returned to his old occupations, and seems to have proposed to himself with great satisfaction a life of literary ease in the society of men of letters. The means were provided him in an Abbey, given him by the King—which, to make the retirement more agreeable, was in his own province, Aulnai, twelve miles south of Caen—he having qualified himself during his preceptorship to hold a benefice by becoming a *prêtre*. Such a step, in such a situation, must suggest suspicions

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suspicions of his sincerity; but they would be unjust. He had always designed himself for the ecclesiastical profession, had as early as 1656 received the ecclesiastical tonsure from Harlai, then Archbishop of Rouen, and had mainly directed his studies towards religious subjects from this consideration. But it was the fashion then, both with the literary and the gay class of clergy, to defer the final step, as they did baptism in the early centuries, that they might enjoy life a little first. They received the tonsure, and even the lesser orders, without changing their dress or their mode of living. It was during the preparation of the 'Demonstratio,' that serious thoughts forced themselves on Huet, and determined him to bring this period of probation to a close. He had, as with a presentiment of the length of days in store for him, indulged himself with a long youth. Though forty-six before he took priest's orders, he had still nearly fifty years of life before him. The change of dress was an important matter in the midst of a Court. A sudden assumption of the black *soutane* would have assuredly exposed him to the raillery of the Court ladies, and the sneers of the foplings. Bossuet advised his withdrawing for some days, while his friends should announce his purpose of taking orders, and then appearing at once in the ecclesiastical habit. Huet preferred, however, to make the change gradually. He shortened his hair a little every day, and left off bit by bit the gay apparel he had hitherto worn, and thus slid by degrees from the militaire into the abbé, without attracting attention by a sudden metamorphosis. This serious business smoothly got over, he received priest's orders, and then set to work to learn the rites belonging to his function. In a month he was prepared for the ordeal, terrible to the young priest, of the 'première Messe;' and, like De Rancé, shunning publicity on the occasion, he performed the Holy Office in the crypt of the church of St. Geneviève.

In 1681 he bade a glad farewell to Versailles, and took up his residence at Aulnai. The situation of his abbey and its scenery were exactly suited to his taste in those matters. D'Olivet describes it as 'une solitude agréablement située dans le Boccage qui est le canton le plus riant de la Basse Normandie.' (*Eloge de Huet.*) Huet himself says:—

'Such is the variety of hills, valleys, groves, meadows, fields, fountains, rivulets, gardens, trees, either in clumps or in long rows, that I recollected nothing more pleasant and refreshing. Add to this the salubrity of the air and the sweet tranquillity of the spot; so that if Providence had granted me the power of choosing a retreat to my own fancy, I should have wished for nothing different from this. Though driven from it by the approach of winter, yet when I had once tasted its

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its delights, I returned thither with the greatest satisfaction every year at the earliest flight of the swallow and the first song of the nightingale. There I passed whole summers in charming retirement, occupied day and night in meditating abstruse points, for the study of which I had never found so suitable a residence.'—*Memoirs.*

The reader will perhaps prefer to dispense with the Latin lyrics (*Ionici a majore*, we believe they are called), which wind up the praises of this Tempe.

Ten pleasant summers were passed in this charming retirement. For the winters he retreated to Caen, or more generally to Paris. Poetry and philosophy, pious meditation and modern literature, with society elegant or learned, filled up the smooth-gliding days. 'It is but a five days' journey from Paris to Caen,' he writes to Bernard, 'there is a diligence once a week, the road excellent, and my chariot shall meet you in Caen, if you will pay me a visit here.' Bernard, Savilian Professor of Astronomy, was residing in Paris as tutor to the Dukes of Grafton and Northumberland. Upon no period of his life did Huet look back with so much satisfaction. Aulnai was his Tusculum, and he attached its name to his favourite work the 'Questiones Alnetanæ.' Is not this indeed the picture of the lettered Abbé in the Golden Age? Not the good-humoured and luxurious sluggard, *intrigant* and *bon-vivant*, and *un peu athée*, of the pre-revolution times. This was not yet the age of—

> '. . . . happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
> Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines.'

Our Abbé is a real, nay a hard student, and recognizes his sacred calling as an obligation to direct his reading to sacred subjects, though without declining a wholesome mixture of others. We need not doubt which side he took in the dispute just now agitating the convents on the subject of 'profane learning,' between Mabillon and De Rancé. Huet, devout as he was, could not but lament the extravagant folly of the noble fanatic in interdicting the religious from all studies. He writes to Mabillon on the publication of the excellent little 'Traité des Etudes Monastiques.'

'*Aulnai, 13th August*, 1691.—I am delighted that you have undertaken to disabuse them [the religious] of what has been so industriously inculcated of late years, namely, that ignorance is a necessary quality of a good religious. I am at this moment in a place where I have found this doctrine upheld—a doctrine so favourable to idleness in the cloister, which is the parent of all kinds of laxity. In vain I cite your example, and that of your illustrious brethren. But your book may do some good, if only I can prevail on them to read it. But that may be

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be difficult, as when one is in love with one's faults, one shuns their remedies.'

Now it was that Huet revived his Hebrew learning, added to it Syriac and Arabic, above all addicted himself to philosophy, going back to the sources, examining the earliest Greek philosophers, and for this purpose making Diogenes Laertius his constant companion. Yet there was a weakness about this life, and it is fatally apparent in the products of it. His zeal of study, his interest in the subjects, was not relaxed; his pen (as the phrase is) was more fluent than ever. Yet none of the works—and they are many—which he produced after 1681 can add to his reputation. He is copious and multifarious, without being laborious. We see no more of the massive erudition of the 'Origeniana,' nothing of the comprehensive method of the 'Demonstratio.' Is this simply to be ascribed to age, and having wasted his ten best years on the Dauphin and the Delphin Classics? Or was it that he had got upon an alien subject, for which his powers were really unfitted? Or, lastly, was it the discouraging circumstances of the times, the general neglect of learning, the absorption of all interest into frivolous and fanatical theological quarrels? That all these causes contributed is probable. But we are more inclined to refer the falling off in vigour, and grasp, and *work*, to the very ease and comfort of his outward existence. College endowments are often a temptation to stop short in the path of solid learning; Cathedral chapters have been singularly unprolific of works of earnest labour or severe thought. To the sleek and dignified Abbé, literature had become an amusement, no longer the serious business and occupation of life. Turned fifty, and having achieved what Huet had done—Origen, the 'Demonstratio,' and the Delphin Classics—he could not be blamed for this. Had he retired from the field altogether, he had retired with honour. But he continued, on the contrary, to write and publish, and only ceased to give the mind and toil which had made his first productions valuable. Scholars, philosophers, or poets, have an undoubted right to enjoy themselves in their own way; and the spectacle of an independent leisure amused and adorned by literature is one we love to contemplate. But if they write, it must not be alleged in defence of shortcomings that they only write for amusement. To write is to deliver opinions, and to instruct others, who in a greater or less degree depend on what they read for guidance. An opinion then, crudely formed, hastily expressed, inadequately expounded, weakly defended, yet backed by a name perhaps deservedly eminent, is an offence to be visited with all the rigours of criticism.

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Before we proceed to give some account of Huet's philosophical writings, we must notice what was really only a short interlude in his musing life—his episcopate. In 1685 he was nominated by the King to the see of Soissons, but never was more than bishop-designate of that place. No instruments of any kind could be obtained from Rome during the embroilment of the Court of France with the Papal See. In the mean time he had exchanged Soissons for Avranches with another bishop-designate—Brulart, whose native place of Sillery was in the neighbourhood of Soissons, as Avranches was of Caen. On the arrangement of matters between Louis and Innocent he was consecrated bishop, in 1692. He filled the see only seven years, when he voluntarily resigned it, and in 1699 returned to the life of study which he had learned to value more by the temporary estrangement. The well-known anecdote to which we have already alluded intimates to us that even during the years of the episcopate the books were not laid aside. But we must not hastily infer from the story, that the episcopal duties were neglected for the books. Far from this, he set himself with an activity not universal among prelates to look into the affairs of his diocese, which the long interregnum had thrown somewhat into disorder. He held annual visitations, made the acquaintance of all his clergy, and promulgated an entirely new set of synodal statutes for the regulation of the diocese, founded on the primitive codes. These are extant, and are said by the Abbé Des Roches to be a complete treatise of theology. He was not fond of long sermons, and one of his orders is, that the sermon or explanation of the Gospel should never exceed half an hour. The Norman litigiousness extended itself to his clergy, who were in the habit of going to law with each other on the most frivolous matters. To check this spirit, and to complete the work of the bringing in the Huguenots to the church, which his predecessor Froulai had nearly achieved, appear to have been the only memorable acts of his episcopate.

Avranches is proud of her Bishop, whose name now distinguishes a *Place* which occupies the site of the cathedral. Of that church, at the door of which Henry II. received absolution for the murder of Becket, a single stone, called 'la Pierre d'Henri II.,' is all that remains. But it was not, as the usually accurate 'Murray' tells us, the victim of a revolutionary mob. It had become dilapidated from neglect; the roof fell, and some children were hurt by it; and the walls, being pronounced dangerous, were pulled down by order of the *Maire* in 1799.

The infirmities of the bishop increased with his years; he did not like the place for a residence, the water disagreed with him;

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him; and he would not, in spite of the numerous precedents for such a course, continue to hold the office without discharging the duties. The see was not rich, and he gladly accepted as a retirement the abbey of Fontenai, two miles from Caen. He lived twenty-two years after his resignation, partly at Fontenai, chiefly at Paris, but with frequent visits in the season to the waters of Bourbon. He neglected not the acts and thoughts of piety, but the studies which had been the pursuit of his youth were the solace of his age. No works of any moment were to be expected from him, yet he continued to evince his lively interest in letters by occasional pieces. It was now that he compiled the 'Origines de Caen,' of which we have before spoken. He would turn off short pieces in French while riding in his carriage through the streets, and he continually added to his Latin compositions. He had already fixed on the future owners of his cherished books, of which in so long a life he had amassed not a few. He had seen with grief De Thou's magnificent collection dispersed under the hammer, and he could not bear the thought that his own should undergo the same fate. To the man who is destitute of living ties of affection, books become an object of attachment. Nor is it wonderful when we consider the communion his mind has held with them; they have been more to him than friends. Cujas, the civil lawyer, directed in his will that his library should be sold separately, jealous that any one man should possess what he had possessed. Huet's desire was to keep his together. He made an agreement with the Jesuit house in Paris, by which he made over to them his collection by a deed of gift, stipulating that he should enjoy the use of it during the remainder of his life, and apartments in their *Maison Professe* in the Rue St. Antoine. None of the books were on any account to be taken out of the library, and in every one of the volumes was to be entered the caution 'ne extra hanc bibliothecam efferatur.' Menage followed his example, and the popularity of the Jesuits soon swelled their store till it became one of the most considerable in Paris. Little could Huet foresee the short duration of the perpetuity he thought he had thus secured, and that within half a century after his death public proscription would strike this powerful society, and confiscation disperse their fine library. Many of Huet's books, after various migrations, are at present deposited in the somewhat perilous locality of the Hôtel de Ville. They had had one narrow escape before they reached the Rue St. Antoine. The room of which Huet was *locataire* had long been ruinous, and one day fell in altogether while he was absent, and the volumes lay exposed for

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for the passers-by to help themselves, till the Jesuit Pères heard of the accident and came to their rescue.

In the *Maison Professe* he enjoyed apartments with a north aspect, which he preferred, and the society of his friends. Bourdaloue, an inmate of the same roof, visited him almost every evening, and told him the events of the day. Twice a week his friends met by agreement at a fixed hour at his room, and this private reception became almost a petite académie of veteran literati. In the summer he sometimes removed to Fontenai, and sometimes to the baths of Bourbon. From the waters he found great benefit in his declining years. The physicians of the place insisted on very strict rules of diet, and, above all, prohibited study. Huet, who had nearly doubled the years that ought to make a man his own physician, would neither alter his diet nor give up his books. Read he would himself, and he seems to have set the fashion at Bourbon, for he tells a pleasant story of how he caught 'an elegant and modest young lady,' Marie de Rochechouart, reading a pocket Plato in a corner.

But in spite of the Bourbon waters a man cannot pass three score and ten with perfect immunity. Every year brought a new ailment or took away a friend. First he lost Bourdaloue; in the same year his eldest sister, a woman of great sense and piety. Then another sister, who was retired into a convent of the Visitation, and to whom he had been much attached. Both of them had passed their eightieth year. These were so many warnings, but his time was still distant. After he was turned seventy he had his first attack of the gout, completely got the better of it, and was never troubled with it again. In 1712, when upwards of eighty, he had so severe an illness, that he was given over by the physicians, and received the last rites. He recovered, but says that neither his senses nor his memory were ever again what they had been before the attack. Up to this illness he had not been used to employ a reader or an amanuensis. Yet it was after this that he drew up, at the request of friends, those Memoirs of his life on which our narrative has been chiefly founded, and also threw together the miscellaneous observations which were published after his death as the *Huetiana*. A few days before he died he recovered his memory and all his mental powers in their full vigour. 'He employed the precious moments,' says the Abbé Olivet, 'in acts of religion, and died peaceful and full of trust in God.' The event took place in the Jesuit House in Paris, January 26, 1721, in the ninety-first year of his age.

His portrait has been engraved on copper by Edelinck. That prefixed

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prefixed to the Leipsic reprint of the 'Demonstratio' was a spurious affair, making him look, as he himself thought, like a groom or porter, with a round, heavy, vacant countenance. His complexion was of unusual paleness. Though naturally of a robust constitution, studious habits had enfeebled the powers of his stomach, and he was, as Lord Bacon says of himself, 'all his life puddering with physic.' He held it a vulgar error that a learned life was unfavourable to health, and used to cite the many instances of the longevity of men of letters. His diet was temperate, not to say sparing. After forty he ceased to eat supper, and at dinner only partook of plain dishes, avoiding ragouts, and mixing with his water scarcely an eighth part of wine. In the evening he drank a dish of tea, or of a medicinal broth known as Delorme's 'bouillon rouge.' A strange affection of the legs which almost took from him the use of them was ascribed by his physician to the hot-water bottle, which he had employed all his life as a remedy for cold feet. Later he was subject to frequent slight attacks of bilious fever, for which he found the waters of Bourbon efficacious. It gratified him to remember that this had been the malady of the great Lipsius. In society he was agreeable, and fond of conversation, in which nothing like pedantry or display of learning appeared. In private life he was amiable, though a little too sensitive of slight or neglect. It is hinted by his friend and admirer the Abbé Olivet, that he was not altogether free from Norman pugnacity, and fondness for the chicane and technicalities of law. His piety was consistent and ardent, but he did not fall in with the devoteeism which prevailed in the later years of Louis XIV. For forty years he never omitted spending two or three hours every day on the study of the Scriptures, regarding the sacred books, he says, 'not only as the source of religion, but as of all books the most fitted to form and exercise the man of learning.' As a priest he was bound to, and observed, the daily recital of his breviary. One of his chaplains (after he was bishop) took notice that in the performance of this duty he ran over the office with his eye only, without pronouncing the words, and remarked it to him. 'I did not know,' said the bishop, 'that this was the requirement of the church; but, as it is so, I shall immediately conform to it.' Religious feeling, indeed, was hereditary in Huet. His father had been brought up a Protestant, and had been converted to Catholicism, not in the later days of the wholesale conversions by order of Government, but after a long and anxious study of the subject. 'La conversion se fit,' says Huet, 'en connaissance de cause.' His son found among his papers a thick volume of notes and memoranda on the controverted points, including a

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statement of the reasons which had determined his decision. His second sister, having been left a widow, retired at fifty into a convent of the Visitation at Caen. His third sister took the vows at an early age in the celebrated abbey of Dominican nuns at Pont-l'Evêque. Here she killed herself by excessive austerities, dying of a complaint brought on by total abstinence from all liquids.

Huet's rank as a writer will have been gathered from the preceding pages. It will be seen that he belongs to the class which German writers on the History of Literature have denominated 'Polymath.' There were few accessible subjects into which he had not gone, and he had distributed his attention pretty equally among a large number of them. We cannot say that he shows any declared aptitude for one of them above the rest. This was the natural constitution of his mind. He says justly of himself, 'In whatever branch of knowledge it has been my fortune to be at any time deeply engaged, the riches and beauties I have discerned in it have made me envy the men who had given themselves up to the cultivation of it.' He has here described the feelings of the youthful student when he first gazes from the heights on the fair fields of knowledge; they were Huet's feelings throughout his life. To a student gifted with this universality of taste there are two roads open, if he wishes to make his faculty available, and abhors, as all men with a true genius for knowledge must, to be superficial. He may pursue the separate sciences he engages in so far as to found on his cursory knowledge of each a profound study of the powers of the human mind, the progress of knowledge past and to come, the history and destinies of the human race; or he may select some one science to be followed to its limits, using his proficiency in other branches as aids in that chosen subject. No one knew this better than Huet, or has stated it better, but he did not act on it. He took neither of these courses, and having followed many topics further than most men he is not a master on any one. On none of the themes that he handled has he left the unmistakeable mark of genius; though for some he has shown unusual aptitude. Metaphysics, theology, philology, classical editing both Greek and Latin, archæology, special topography, physics, poetry, fiction, and general literature, all these have been touched by his pen; in none of them has he erected the 'monumentum ære perennius.' His remarks on general subjects are always worth reading; but they show the man of extensive learning, rather than the master-mind. He wrote in both French and Latin, but he evidently preferred the latter. His vernacular style never shook off the effects of so many years of the *vie de province.*

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province. Like our Scottish-English writers of the last century, he avoids provincial vulgarity at the expense of idiom, and is correct without being elegant. He was very sensitive to the gibes made upon his French by the wits—the *régenteaux à l'Université*, as he calls them. 'Do they pretend that I have been forty years at the very source of purity, and thirty member of the Academy for nothing?' (*Letter of December* 12, 1702, *to T. Martin.*) His Latin is Jesuit-Latin—faultless, fluent, and perfectly clear. Yet with these merits, or what ought to be merits, it is not pleasant reading from its want of character and its insipidity. It is like filtered water, from which all savour has been strained away with the impurities. He himself has remarked the *oratorical* character of the Jesuit-Latin style, and has ascribed it to their habit of *regenting*, or holding *vivâ voce* disputations, in their colleges. The cause, however, lies deeper than this; and the nature of Jesuit education is faithfully reflected in the smooth monotony of their Latin.

In his outward fortunes Huet offers a rare exception to the ordinary career of the great scholars. In his case his private means secured him against that painful struggle with penury which makes so much of the history of many men of learning, in an age and a country where church endowments absorbed a large part of the national wealth. His subsequent promotion was owing to the accident of having been selected for the post of Preceptor to the Dauphin. But his own ardour of study was pure and independent of such aims. Fond of society, flattered by the notice of the great, vain of social distinction,—all these inclinations were overcome by the yet more absorbing passion for knowledge. For this he resigned court life and a bishopric, and, if he may be believed, found his reward in doing so.

'Those men make a great mistake who turn to study with a view to arrive by it at honours and riches. The retirement, the inaction, the unfitness for business and the common occupations of life, the habit of interior meditation and abstraction, are not qualities which equip us for the road of fortune. But there were men of old, Democritus, Epimenides, and others, who held themselves recompensed for the sacrifice of the favours of the world by the pleasures of the mind—pleasures more vivid, exciting, and elevating than any others. He on whose cradle the Muse has smiled will hold cheap the applause of the multitude, the seductions of wealth and honours, and will seek the rewards of his labour in itself. He will not be repelled by its infiniteness, or its unfruitfulness—rather his passion for acquisition will grow with the extent of his acquisitions. These are not unmeaning words of praise; I speak of what I have experienced—an experience which length of days has only confirmed. If anything could make me desire my life prolonged, it would be to have time to learn that of which I am still

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ignorant.

ignorant. As for Joseph Scaliger, who said "that if he had had ten sons he would not have brought up one to his own career, but would have sent them to seek preferment in the courts of princes," he held language unworthy of his eminent learning—language, too, contradicted by his own life-long pursuit of knowledge.'

We are not now holding up such lives as Huet's and Scaliger's as models of general imitation; but it may, at least, correct our judgments to recollect, what we are too much given to overlook in our comparative estimate of literature as a profession, namely, the satisfactions which may be drawn from the pursuit of it for its own sake. Compared with the other professions, as a profession, it may sometimes deserve the accusations which disappointed writers have heaped on it. If you want a livelihood and a worthy career, still more if your ambition ascends to fame, honours, wealth, seek it not by authorship; seek it in trade, on the stock-exchange, at the bar. The chosen few only in whom the appetite for knowledge with which all are born has not been quenched by the more vehement passions, love, ambition, or avarice, may see in a life like that of Huet that it is as possible to find happiness in the pursuit of knowledge as in the pursuit of any other object. This is the proper moral of a literary biography. The moral commonly drawn is either that pre-eminence in letters leads to the usual rewards, as surely as any other excellence; or that mediocrity in literature, unlike mediocrity in other pursuits, leads to failure. These observations are often true, but they are not the main truth.

The subject of philosophy was that which principally engaged his attention during the latter half of his life, and it was by the opinions he promulgated on it that he became most widely known throughout the learned world, and excited the greatest amount of opposition and hostility. His first publication of this sort, 'Censura Philosophiæ Cartesianæ,' appeared in 1689. The last, the 'Traité Philosophique de la Foiblesse de l'Esprit Humain,' was published posthumously at Amsterdam in 1723. However slight may be the intrinsic merit of these works, yet the positions taken up in them, and the storm of controversy raised, especially by the last, make them important features in the history of modern philosophy. The 'History of Cartesianism,' after the death of its founder, has still to be written; and though so much has been published on Descartes himself, we know no source to which we can turn for a view of the fortunes of his system, though two fragments of M. Cousin are most important contributions to it. The remarks which follow will be strictly confined to the personal share which the Bishop of Avranches had in these controversies.

The seventeenth century witnessed the rise and growth of a vernacular

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vernacular literature in France. This growth and expansion was not accomplished without a violent struggle with the old learning and literature. In the preceding century, the sixteenth, nothing that can be called a *French* literature existed. All books of solid character were composed in Latin, and addressed to a learned and a European public. In the eighteenth century Latin is entirely disused, and French writers, on whatever subjects, address a French reading public, and in French. During the intermediate period, the latter half of the seventeenth century, the authors and their readers were separated into two camps: the adherents of the old school who used Latin, the converts of the new who employed French. But the language was but the dress or uniform by which the respective armies were distinguished. Their character, subjects, method, opinions, were wholly distinct and irreconcilable. The great modern revolution in thought to which the Reformation was but the preface, was then commencing in earnest. It was not merely a change of opinion on speculative points of theology or metaphysics, but an entire metamorphosis of the human mind and all its habits. Any such total change must imply as its preliminary a revolution in philosophy, and that revolution was due in France to Descartes. His principal doctrines must be well known to our readers. There was in them a mighty power of truth, with a vast addition of fantastic error. But it is not requisite for our purpose to recall any one of Descartes' doctrines; for the term Cartesianism, as applied after Descartes' death (1651), must not be taken to mean only those peculiar dogmas on Physics and Metaphysics which he had promulgated. It was the title either of convenience or opprobrium which the men of the old learning fastened on their opponents, on the men of progress, of free thought. The battle was nominally fought under the banner of Aristotle on the one side and Descartes on the other—the Aristotelian orthodoxy and the Cartesian heresy; but it was really only another epoch of the old struggle between a dead tradition and the living energy of mind, between conventional formulæ, which had long ceased to mean anything, and a serious faith. The course and issue of such a conflict could not be doubtful. All the genius, the original thinkers, the wits, and the popular writers, fell in, of course, with the movement. The Jansenists, or the religious party, the Oratorians, who had succeeded the Jesuits as the most successful teachers, the higher clergy, Bossuet as well as Fénélon, were, in the extended sense of the term, Cartesians, whether or no they rejected substantial forms, or had ever heard of the Vortices. On the other side were ranged the lower clergy, whose ignorance

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ignorance removed them from any intellectual influences; the Universities, the lawyers, and the men of business; and, above all, the Jesuits. The Jesuits set in motion the arms of authority—the French Government, which they were able to command, and the See of Rome, the inveterate enemy of intellectual progress. It will be easily understood how Huet came to be found in the ranks of the antiquated party. He was intimately *lié* with the Jesuits; he had been brought up at La Flèche; he returned in old age to be an inmate of their *Maison Professe* in Paris. He did not like Bossuet, who eclipsed him at court and held him at a distance. He was on friendly terms with the lawyers, and all the men of sense (*les gens sensés*) detested this new-fangled nonsense, which they were sure the Jansenists had only taken up out of spite to the Jesuits. But, above all, Huet was devotedly attached to classical studies, and it was an error, though a natural one, of the new school to pour unmeasured contempt upon the ancients. This lies at the bottom of Huet's anti-Cartesianism. He is ever complaining of the neglect of antiquity, of the growing ignorance of Greek and Latin, and the decay of sound philological lore—all which he ascribed to Cartesianism. His *Censura* is professedly directed against 'that audacious contemner of Christian and ancient learning' (meaning Descartes). Madame de Sevigné, who honestly believed that the *haute noblesse* disposed at will of the souls of authors as they did of the bodies of the peasants, thought he wrote against Descartes to please the Duke of Montausier. M. Bartholmèss supposes Huet was converted by a letter of Isaac Voss. Not so. Huet belonged by nature and pursuits to the past world.

Huet fought Cartesianism with two weapons—argument and ridicule. The ridicule is contained in the *Nouveaux Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Cartésianisme.* He dictated this to a secretary at a time when his eyes were weak and he was precluded from more serious study. He calls it a jocular romance (ludicra fabula). But the jest is extremely thin. It is, in fact, a poor imitation of the Père Daniel's 'Voyage du Monde de Descartes'—itself not a very felicitous performance. The Jesuits have never succeeded in humour, which requires a geniality, a native growth and raciness of character, to which their education is directly opposite. Huet pretends to disclose the secret, that Descartes had not, as had hitherto been believed, died in Sweden. Like another Zalmoxis, he had feigned death and had a mock funeral, but had really retired into Finland, wearied of maintaining so long the onerous dignity of oracle of mankind. Here he had gathered round him a small academy of young Laps,

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Laps, to whom he laid down the law in all the comfort of incognito.

The foppery of Descartes, his green coat, and cap with the white feather, are not omitted, and we may recognise the philosopher even in Huet's dim water-colour drawing. But it was not easy for humour to make a man like Descartes ridiculous; and, as D'Alembert says, 's'il fallait absolument que le ridicule restât à quelqu'un, ce ne serait pas à Descartes.' Huet's serious polemic is not much more formidable. This is the 'Censura Philosophiæ Cartesianæ,' written in Latin. It is chiefly noticeable in the history of the controversy as having called out the reply of Sylvain Regis (*P. D. Huetii Censura, &c.*, Paris, 1692), a reply of which Fontenelle has said that it is a model of moderate and courteous controversy. To the personalities of Huet—and Huet, who was always complaining of 'la médisance des gens de Caen, leur vice favori,' had not been sparing of banter more angry than smart—Regis makes no retort. Over the argumentation of Huet, vague, declamatory, and superficial, Regis had no difficult victory. He exposes with calm superiority the misunderstandings of an antagonist who never penetrates into the real meaning of the points at issue, who has no more grasp of the views of Descartes than he has of those of which he professes to be the champion, and who deals only in external analogies collected on the surface. After the labours of Dugald Stewart and Cousin, the true sense of the 'Cogito, ergo sum' is known to even the tyro in metaphysics. It was completely mistaken by Huet, who cannot distinguish it from Pyrrhonism; nowhere can a more luminous and correct exposition of it be found than in this brochure of Sylvain Regis. That Bossuet preserved a total silence to Huet on his book, and that Arnauld openly disapproved, is as much to be ascribed to their sense of its incompetency as to their Cartesian leanings. Huet was much more in his sphere in determining the 'Situation of the Terrestrial Paradise' (1691), and in describing the 'Voyages of Solomon's Navy round the Cape of Good Hope' (1698)—divertisements with which he relieved his more serious pursuits.

We now come, in the last place, to the mention of Huet's peculiar philosophical opinions, which attracted much more notice than his feeble polemic against the Cartesians. It is remarkable that the eccentric book in which these opinions were broached was not the inconsiderate effusion of his youth, but the deliberate meditations of his old age. The first *rédaction* of the 'Traité Philosophique,' &c., was drawn out in 1690, and for the remaining thirty years of his life, to his last moments, he was continually retouching it. He spent as much labour on it, as Bacon

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on the 'Novum Organon.' He wrote it in French, then translated it into Latin, and made several copies of it which he entrusted to different persons to secure its publication. But he foresaw the storm it would raise, and never could resolve on bringing it out himself, and so expose himself to the attacks of those whom he was wont to call 'the vulgar of the republic of letters.' The French original was published by the Abbé Olivet in 1723, a year after the author's death. The outcry was immediate and universal. The communication of books was quicker then than it has ever been since till the last few years: it was immediately translated into German and English. The echo of the clamour is preserved in the periodical literature of the next ten years. Refutations appeared in every quarter of Europe, even in Italy. In Holland it was answered by Crousaz, the leader of the Cartesians there; in Italy by Muratori. So great was the scandal that it seemed to extend by implication to everything connected with him, among the rest to the Jesuits. They endeavoured to extricate themselves by roundly asserting that the book was spurious. But that evasion was speedily stopped by Olivet's producing the original manuscript as a voucher; and he referred the authenticity of it to the Forty of the Academy. The sensation excited was not due to any book-merits in the treatise itself. It has not the weight of a profound discussion; it has not the popularity of an elegant essay. The very same opinions had been broached by Huet in an earlier work without attracting any general attention—in the 'Quæstiones Alnetanæ,' 1690—a work which, like Hume's 'Treatise,' might be said to have 'fallen still-born from the press.' What made the 'Traité de la Foiblesse' tell, was the high character of the author, known to have spent an unusually long life in study and religious exercises, and its inconsistency with his whole career. It seemed, says Voltaire, who reports the opinion of the world, that the 'Traité de la Foiblesse' contradicted the 'Demonstratio.' A bishop of eminent piety, the bosom friend of Bourdaloue, the *élève* and inmate of the Jesuits, the *savant* of whom Le Clerc could say without contradiction that 'he was the most learned man left in Europe,'—had left, as his last legacy to his fellow men, a work of the most outrageous scepticism.

The term scepticism has come to be so peculiarly applied to religious doubt, that it may be necessary to say that we mean it at present in its original sense—philosophical doubt. The two have indeed sometimes gone together, as in Hume. More often they have been separate. The peculiarity of Huet's case was, that he aimed to build religious certainty on philosophical doubt. The drift of the 'Traité de la Foiblesse' is summed up in the sentence already

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already enunciated in the 'Quæstiones Alnetanæ,'—'Ad credendum utile esse non credere.' His Pyrrhonism is the porch or gateway to the Christian faith. Scepticism becomes the instrument, the 'New Organon,' of religion. Human reason had been variously treated as an impediment or aid, as preparatory or supplementary, to faith. Huet removes it altogether. We know and can know nothing. Not only scientific but ordinary knowledge is impossible; our perceptions are illusory, our ideas baseless, our reasonings fallacious. Nothing is certain but the revealed doctrines of the Christian faith. As the ancient school of Pyrrhonists had made this doubt the foundation of a scheme of life and action—that, viz., of passive indifference to good or ill fortune—so Huet builds on his doubt the Christian blessedness, the peace of God.

The 'Traité de la Foiblesse,' a small 12mo volume of barely 300 pages, is divided into three parts. The first offers to prove the proposition, that the human understanding cannot, by aid of the reason only, attain any certain knowledge of truth; the second part explains the right method of philosophising; and the third meets objections. The metaphysical proofs offer nothing original, nor are they stated with any precision or peculiar skill. They are the old Pyrrhonian arguments, collected from all sides—largely from Sextus Empiricus; and M. Bartholméss has traced Huet's obligations to Martin Shoock's 'De Scepticismo,' by means of the bishop's own copy, now in the Library in Paris. It is curious to see in what condition the celebrated argument, afterwards pushed to its furthest consequences by Berkeley and Hume, appears in the 'Traité.' It stands the very first of the metaphysical proofs:

'Qui est qui osera dire, que l'image, ou ombre, ou espèce, qui s'écoule de ce corps extérieur, qui se présente à nous, est sa véritable ressemblance, sans aucune différence? . . . Par quel art, par quelle industrie mon entendement, qui juge de cette ressemblance, peut-il comparer cet objet extérieur avec son image? puisque l'un et l'autre sont hors de mon entendement?'

Those who are at all acquainted with the history of the representative theory of perception will not fail to perceive two things: first, as a psychological statement, how far short that of Huet falls of the point to which Berkeley and Hume extended the same observation of which we have here the rudiments; and, secondly, how much more keen and skilful as a weapon of scepticism is the use Hume makes of the discovery. How do you know that the sensible species you perceive is a true copy of the material object? 'Do you not irresistibly believe,' says Hume, 'that the sensible image you perceive is a true copy of the external object from which

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which it emanates? Yet you see you have no means of knowing that there is any external object at all behind it; *therefore* you find yourself irresistibly impelled to a belief for which you see there can be no grounds!' We may further observe that the argument against causation does not appear in the 'Traité.' He could not have been acquainted with Joseph Glanvill, as he was ignorant of English, and Glanvill had not been translated. There are traces, we think, that Hume had read the tracts of Huet; though the chief points of sceptical metaphysics were so abundantly scattered over the fugitive literature of the period, that they would be unconsciously imbibed by anybody whose mind was occupied on the subject. And so it might easily be, that the argument from the insecurity of arithmetical processes, which occurs in the 'Quæstiones Alnetanæ,' might be suggested to Hume by some casual book, and yet made his own by subsequent reflection in the way in which he appropriates it in the 'Treatise of Human Nature.' There is no branch of criticism so delicate as that whose office it is to track the transmission of thought in books. There are a few notable and distinctly proved cases of plagiarism. These cases apart, there are not many in which it is possible to affirm that one philosopher borrowed from any particular predecessor. In such researches resemblances are mistaken for parallels, parallels are construed into appropriations. It might be a curious amusement for any person having time on his hands, to take such a book, say as 'Hume's Essays,' and to trace each idea back into previous literature. The result would have a far higher importance than any detection of individual plagiarism, which in so original a thinker as Hume would hardly have any place. It might supply materials to a future historian of philosophy—it might illustrate that process by which the grand masses of thought, deposited in earlier ages, become ground down into the diluvial surface spread over modern literature.

On the origin and on the nature of that particular alliance between scepticism and belief, of which Huet is so illustrious an example, a few general remarks may be made. Its origin may be assigned readily enough in the gradual progress of the human mind in the seventeenth century. The history of philosophy in that century is summed up in the one fact of its emancipation of thought from control. Guided by this clue we shall find our way easily through all the fantastic errors, or the jarring controversies of the various sects. The opposite schools of Gassendists and Cartesians were at variance with each other, but they were one and all struggling with the authority of the Church. That war was internecine. The systems of Des-

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cartes and of Gassendi might be mixed with enormous error; but their errors no less than their truths tended to one point, the awakening a general spirit of free inquiry. Well does Dugald Stewart ask, 'Whether the truths which Descartes taught, or the errors into which he fell, were more instructive to the world?' Bit by bit the several provinces of human knowledge were being conquered from the despotism of the old traditional system. But this progress was not obtained without the most pertinacious resistance on the part of authority. We have seen above how they employed physical force to crush the opinions which they disliked; they also employed argument. The writers against Cartesianism were as numerous, perhaps as well informed, as its supporters. Their arguments on the special points of controversy were at least no worse, their errors not greater, perhaps not so great, as those of the advocates of the new opinions. Yet they lost ground every day, not because they were beaten in the argument on the controverted points, but because the ground of authority, the real ground on which they rested, was shaking under them. The Jesuit polemics might ridicule the vortices, might upset the innate ideas, might plausibly defend the substantial forms. All these victories in detail had no effect whatever on the general result of the war, never arrested for one moment the growing confidence of the human mind in its right to independence. What was to be done? Should they withdraw their forces from the extended frontier they were vainly endeavouring to cover, and concentrate their whole strength for the defence of the capital? Should they, that is, resign the church's claims to dictate a creed on physical science, philosophy, morals, politics, in order to strengthen and secure her authority on religion? This was what the more far-sighted and moderate among the Conservative party were willing to do. But they conceived the desperate design of first ruining the territory they were preparing to evacuate. Before philosophy was handed over to the philosophers the old Aristotelian citadel was to be blown into the air. When the human mind entered on the inheritance it had conquered at so much cost, it should find nothing but the arid desert of scepticism awaiting it. This was the enterprise that Huet undertook. A theologian and a scholar rather than a metaphysician, he was a devoted adherent of the old system, with which all the stores of learning, classical and modern, had become identified. Things had changed their position since the time of Erasmus. Then the men of learning, the scholars, were reformers; now the reformers were a class of men who depreciated book-knowledge. But Huet, though hating Cartesianism for its innovating and destructive character, had no philosophical conviction

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conviction of the truth of Aristotelianism. He cared not for Aristotle, but for the treasures of wisdom which rested, or seemed to rest, on the foundation of Aristotle. If these could be saved in any other way he would willingly give up the Aristotelian metaphysics.

It will thus be seen that Huet the sceptic must be referred to that class of philosophers who have taken up philosophy, not as an end, but as a means—not for its own sake, but for the support of religion. We do not mean that he was insincere in what he wrote, but that he was not a genuine metaphysician. Le Clerc is certainly wrong when he says that he regards all that his friend had written on that subject as 'pures badineries;' but we must agree in his sentence that 'reasoning on abstract subjects was not Huet's *forte*.' His insight was too deep to allow his philosophy to be a mere disguise, it was not deep enough to give his thoughts any real philosophical value. Huet's scepticism was no hypocrisy, it was not put on, in the Jesuit spirit, for the mere sake of serving the Church. It was a suit of clothes, not a mask; only we see the scholar peeping through the holes in the cloak of Pyrrho—'in quâ se transducebat Ulysses.' Now, philosophical argument, however ingenious, that is not the native growth of a philosophic mind, is of as small worth as the most elegant verses written by one who is no poet. But of all the forms of philosophy, scepticism is that one which must be absolutely worthless if not indigenous. For it is not a doctrine, it is a state. It does not consist of a set of propositions which may be reasoned upon by the understanding, while the sentiments are not engaged. It is a crisis in the history of the mind which must occur, but cannot be fabricated. When this condition does seize a great and developed intellect, it is the most deeply interesting phenomenon that the human mind offers for our study. The 'Pensées' of Pascal is such a disclosure. What confers the inexpressible attraction which those fragments have for all who think, is, that it is a real history of the sorrows and conflicts of the understanding. Such a scepticism, if it be a disease, is a disease that can only take hold of a sincere mind; for it is caused by the endeavour to reach a foundation for opinion, and the struggle is desperate because it is felt to be one for life or death. Of such terrible reality of conflict Huet was not an instance. With him philosophical scepticism was a tranquil doctrine, sincerely embraced indeed and ingeniously defended—a paradox and nothing more. It neither racked his soul, nor shortened his physical existence. In the even tenor of his studious life, and his days extended beyond the usual time by the cheerful enjoyment of contemplation and reading, we may

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may rather compare him to some Greek Philosopher of the New Academy or the Garden; indeed may apply to him the very words in which Valerius Maximus describes Carneades, 'Laboriosus et diuturnus sapientiæ miles; siquidem, nonaginta expletis annis, idem illi vivendi ac philosophandi finis fuit.'

ART. II.—1. *A Year's Sermons to Boys, preached in the Chapel of St. Peter's College, Radley.* By W. Sewell, B.D., Warden. London, 1854.

2. *Seven Sermons preached in the Chapel of Marlborough College.* By George E. L. Cotton, M.A., Master of Marlborough College. London, 1855.

'HOW useful X might be if he had but common sense!' said Y to Z. 'Don't call it *common* sense,' replied Z; 'for it is the most uncommon thing in the world. Call it plain sense, or good sense, or sound sense, or anything but common sense.'

Notwithstanding Z's remonstrance, however, we shall adhere to the epithet which he condemned. For we take it to imply, not that the sense in question is an ordinary endowment ('rarus enim ferme sensus communis')*, but that it puts its possessors into sympathy with the common mind of men, and keeps them in communion with their kind. It is that instinct which enables them to see their deeds and words in the light wherein they will appear to the mass of observers. It is that tact by which some happy mortals anticipate the lessons of experience, without the necessity of purchasing them by failure; while others, for the want of it, after many years of blundering, seem to quit life with as little knowledge of the world as when they entered it.

Yet this faculty, like others, though innate rather than acquired, and given in different degrees to different persons, may be improved by cultivation, and weakened by disuse. Those who have little of it by nature may, by the friction of the world, become charged with a moral magnetism which puts them into affinity with their fellow-creatures. On the other hand, they may lose the little with which they started, if secluded by circumstances from the contact of common things and common men.

Hence there is no wonder that none should be more frequently wanting in common sense than the recluses of the cloister, whether conventual or academic, who have spent their lives far

* Juv. viii. 73.

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from the strife and turmoil of the multitude. There is a natural tendency in such a life to place them in a state of mental isolation, which grows more complete with growing years. The ideal world in which they dwell becomes more and more different from the actual. Severed from the pursuits and interests of the crowd, they are severed also from their sympathies, so that mutual understanding becomes difficult; and at length they learn unconsciously

'to live alone
Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind.' *

Nor does it save them from this isolation, that they have often, as instructors of youth, many opportunities of contact with other minds. On the contrary, this very circumstance may strengthen their illusions; for their relation to their pupils is not a relation of equality. The assent of reverent disciples cannot enlighten them as to the feelings of the masses.

Nor, again, does the highest ability exempt them from this loss of common sense. Nay, their very ability may mislead them, by causing them to suppose other men on their own intellectual level, and therefore to address them in language which they cannot interpret, upon topics which they cannot understand; like the metaphysical philosopher who insists upon talking to his children in the nursery upon objects and subjects, apprehension and conception, essential form and corporeal substance.

Thus when such men are brought into a novel proximity to their fellow-creatures, either by change of circumstances (such as that which occurs when a college-fellow takes a school or parish), or by their adopting a new mode of communication with others (such as the publication of a work on topics of common interest to ordinary readers), it often happens that they act, speak, or write, so as to convey to those with whom they have to do an impression quite opposite to that which it was their intention to produce.

These remarks have been forced upon us by two works which have recently appeared, both from the pens of college tutors. One is the 'Year's Sermons' of Mr. Sewell, of which we have placed the title at the head of our article; the other is a commentary upon the Epistles of St. Paul, by one of the ablest among the Fellows of Balliol College.† On the publication of the latter we were startled to see that it was at once pronounced by several religious periodicals to be the work of an infidel; and knowing the high character of its author for

* Wordsworth, Stanzas on Peel Castle.

† The Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans. By B. Jowett, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford.

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earnestness and piety, we could not conceive how such an outcry had arisen; but our surprise vanished when we came to read the book itself. We saw at once that the metaphysical distinctions familiar to the writer's mind between the spiritual and the supernatural (to say nothing of the non-natural), were far too refined to be appreciated by the practical understanding of his countrymen; and that the somewhat aërial barriers by which his position is fenced and limited were too intangible to be perceived by grosser eyes. Hence, although himself a Christian, he writes in such a manner as might well lead others into infidelity. As a specimen, it may suffice to mention that in his essay on the character of St. Paul he states that the Apostle 'wavers between opposite views in successive verses' (p. 291); that his conversion could only have happened 'to one of his temperament' (p. 292); that it is doubtful whether he was 'capable of weighing evidence' (p. 300); that he 'appeared to the rest of mankind like a visionary' (p. 298); that he 'was not in harmony with nature' (p. 299); and that he was 'a poor decrepit being, afflicted, perhaps, with palsy' (!) (p. 303). Of course nothing could be farther from the wish of the writer than to lead his readers to pronounce St. Paul 'a paralytic and brain-sick enthusiast;' yet it is nevertheless quite certain that ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who accept the premises of the essayist will arrive at this and no other conclusion from the perusal of his treatise. It is evident that the author is incapable of placing himself intellectually in the position of his readers, and of estimating the inevitable result of his statements upon minds less transcendental than his own.

A similar incapacity to anticipate the effect of words upon those to whom they are addressed may be predicated of the writer whose sermons stand at the head of this article, and who is another ornament of the University of Oxford. Mr. Sewell is already well known to the public, not only by his own works, but perhaps still better by those beautiful and graceful stories which he has edited for his sister. He has long been a distinguished and successful tutor in his own college; and he has recently entered on a new field of labour, a fruit of which is the volume before us.

This volume is a specimen (though by no means an ordinary specimen) of a class of publications which of late years has multiplied prodigiously. The genus itself is of quite recent origin, and only came into existence a quarter of a century ago. Then first appeared a volume of sermons addressed to schoolboys by their head master, a novelty in theological literature. We need not say that the school was Rugby, and the preacher Dr. Arnold.

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Before his time the relation between the masters and boys at our public schools had not been generally supposed to involve any religious responsibilities. Of course we do not mean to say that pious men could have occupied such posts without making some efforts for the welfare of those committed to their charge; but there was no general recognition of any but secular relations between the parties. The common view of the case was expressed by the practice of Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury, himself one of the best of schoolmasters, according to the old standard. He always made it a practice to cross the street when he saw any of his scholars emerging from the door of a public-house, in order that he might not be compelled to notice the irregularity; and when a parent on one occasion wrote to him complaining of the deterioration in a son's morals, he replied, 'My business is to teach him Greek, and not morality.'

Dr. Arnold's advent to Rugby formed a new epoch in the history of public education. The appearance of his sermons was the first practical realisation of his theory of a Christian school. The impression made by his preaching was deepened and rendered permanent after his death by the publication of his biography; and his view of a head-master's duties has now been almost universally adopted—so much so, that the former state of feeling on the subject has by most been already forgotten; and the previous neglect of responsibilities which now seem so obviously to devolve upon the office of a schoolmaster would by many be doubted, or, perhaps, denied.

In recent times Dr. Arnold's example has roused many to imitate both his practice and his preaching. Probably all the chief educational foundations in the country are now governed by men who profess to be the disciples of his life, if not of his opinions. Chapels have been built for the great schools recently founded, and have been added to some of the more ancient which, like Harrow, were previously without them. In these chapels the head master is expected to address some word of weekly exhortation to his pupils; while his relation towards them is deemed no less a cure of souls than that of the parochial minister. One consequence of this has been that a flood of school sermons inundates the press; some of them not unworthy of their Rugby prototypes; but many, vapid and colourless transfusions of a spirited original, deserving no better name than '*Arnold and water;*' and some mere advertising puffs of the schools from which they issue.

No such want of originality or truthfulness, however, can be laid to Mr. Sewell's charge. His volume consists of a twelvemonth's course of sermons preached to the boys of Radley

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Radley College, a school which owes its foundation to the zeal and munificence of its present warden. His object, as he explains it in the work before us, has been to realise in practice his ideal of Christian education—an ideal based upon his views of the teaching of the church. To this purpose he has devoted time, money, and energy for many years; having first founded St. Columba's College in Ireland, and more recently St. Peter's College at Radley. And he has lately given a crowning proof of his devotion to the cause, by abandoning the quiet of his academic life at Oxford, in order to take upon himself gratuitously the troublesome duties of head master, to promote the success of the latter institution.

It is impossible to speak of such a man without sincere respect and admiration. If therefore some of the quotations which we are about to make from his writings seem only calculated to provoke a smile, we beg our readers to remember that if they laugh at Mr. Sewell they will probably be laughing at a better man than themselves. Our object in citing some fantastic passages is not to embarrass, but to aid his labours, by showing him some of the salient features of his work from the point of view in which they must strike those to whom it is addressed, and thus inducing him to abstain in future from singularities which are likely to defeat his own design.

The blemishes in his sermons nearly all proceed from the same defect—an ignorance, namely, of the character and habits of boys, and a consequent inability to appreciate their tendency to seize upon the ludicrous aspect of all which comes before them. Perhaps also we should add that he seems wholly to want the sense of humour—a gift more necessary to preachers than some persons would be willing to allow. Had he possessed this endowment, Mr. Sewell would scarcely have addressed to his boys, in his opening sermon, a threat expressed in the following language:—

'Trifle with us; deceive us, play school-boy tricks, tell us falsehoods, do behind our backs what you would not dare to do before our faces, disobey our orders, neglect your studies, be careless of your duties, and be assured that *the hands* now busy in ministering to your enjoyments, will be armed with a *rod of iron* to chastise you into obedience.' —*Sermon for Septuagesima Sunday*, p. 9.

Schoolmasters have been notorious, since the days of Juvenal, for the possession of '*ferrea pectora*,' but we never before heard of a pedagogue whose hands wielded a '*ferrea virga*.' The material instrument of punishment has always been a vegetable, not a mineral production. Eton and Westminster have cultivated the birch; Winchester (where Mr. Sewell tells us that he received

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his own education) has been contented with the apple-twig; it was reserved for Radley to introduce a rod of iron.

Armed with such a weapon, the warden may well exclaim—

'I know of no punishment more likely to deter you from disobedience than the most disgraceful and wretched of all—flogging.'—*Sermon for Fifth Sunday in Lent*, p. 115.

And we can easily understand the compassionate feeling which led him to make the following acknowledgment—

'I do not hesitate to tell you that of all the painful, but necessary, duties attached to the office which I hold, that from which I most shrink, which I most dread, is the necessity of inflicting any corporal punishment upon you, but especially of flogging you.'—*Ibid.* p. 111.

It is less easy to comprehend the following depreciation of the suffering inflicted:—

'But then the punishment! It is not the pain—the bodily pain—which you may have borne. *This can be but little.* A few minutes will efface it. The tears will be dried, the suffering forgotten.'—p. 110.

But we can well believe that—

'When the fellows [*i.e.* assistant masters] tell you they must bring your offence before me, you entreat them not to do it. When you are brought into my room it is very rarely indeed without trembling and crying.'—*Sermon for Sunday before Ascension Day*, p. 196.

Nor can we think that the tears of the sufferers were likely to be dried by the royal anecdote which follows:—

'The children of our Sovereign are, like you, under tutors and governors; but no tutor or governor, as I have been told, is allowed to strike them; none but their father. They are too elevated, too noble, to be so degraded. The Roman laws allowed a Roman to be executed, but they would not allow him to be scourged: that even slaves, negroes, should be so treated, we think a stigma upon a whole nation; and a blow to an adult, to a gentleman, such as you all are by birth, is an insult so keenly felt, that, in the estimation of an unchristian world, it requires to be wiped out with nothing less than blood. And yet I, at times, shall be compelled to flog some of you.'—*Sermon for fifth Sunday in Lent*, p. 114.

It will be observed from the above extracts that Mr. Sewell has the merit of speaking out plainly and intelligibly. He scorns the conventional reserve and reticence which was formerly supposed essential to 'the dignity of the pulpit.' He is not afraid to call a spade a spade, and a rod a rod. In fact he enters into every detail of school life with the minutest particularity; so that, without any information but that supplied by the sermons before us, we are enabled to draw a complete picture of Radley. We

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learn that the favourite amusements are cricket, archery, foot-ball, swimming, and boating; in all of which the assistant masters are expected to join; for

'Boys do not like to be left to themselves. They like the presence of those older than themselves. They often will not play unless those whom they respect will play with them.'—*Sermon on third Sunday after Easter*, p. 172.

We learn that the boys attend two full services daily in their chapel, where they are sometimes not so attentive as they ought to be; and that before entering the chapel doors they are expected to 'wash their hands and look to their dress' (p. 339). We find that their dinners are usually excellent, and 'of the best and purest quality!' [the note of admiration is Mr. Sewell's]; but that they are somtimes ill-cooked, for which the preacher apologises in the sermon for the second Sunday in Advent (p. 414). We learn that a pastrycook connected with the establishment resides at 'the cottage,' where the boys are permitted to purchase what the preacher calls 'trash' (p. 27, 30). And, above all, we are fully initiated into the secrets of the 'dormitory,' where each boy has the luxury of a separate 'cubicle' (p. 13), but where he is strictly forbidden to speak to any of his companions (ibid.).

This latter rule is thus enforced in the sermon for Sexagesima Sunday,—

'1. I command you, then, to hold no communication whatever amongst yourselves by word of mouth, from the time you enter the dormitory, whether by day or at night, to the time that you leave it.

'2. I command you, upon no pretence whatever, to look into each other's *cubicles*, or in any way to intrude upon the privacy which is here secured to you each.

'3. I command you never, under any excuse whatever, or for any purpose, to enter into any cubicle but your own.'—p. 18.

The violation of these laws is guarded against by the terrors of espionage as follows:—

'Constantly we shall be visiting the dormitory, coming among you suddenly—(until we feel that you have strength enough to resist the temptation of being left alone), coming among you at all hours, myself, the fellows, the prefects, and if we should find it necessary, even our confidential servants.'—p. 19.

And lest this warning should be vain, the rod of iron is again invoked,—

'I give to the possible offender the warning which follows:— . . . . we will degrade him . . . . . *we will flog him*, ... we will take care that not an hour elapses before that boy is on his way to his parents.'—p. 21.

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We grieve to say that, notwithstanding these awful denunciations, some hardened criminal was found bold enough to violate the silence of his cubicle. The indignation caused by this discovery brought an attack of illness upon the Warden, which he thus describes.

'The fellows, my boys, and the sixth form, know that last Wednesday I was obliged to send away my class, and unable to come into the chapel or the hall. For some years past, anything which very much pains and distresses me has affected me in this way. And I am going to tell you this morning some of the thoughts and reflections, which an occurrence in the school had forced on me on that day, not indeed for the first time, but very strongly, and which produced my illness.'—p. 101.

* * * * *

'And it was also the thought that I must keep my word, punish as I said I would punish, though I foresaw that that punishment would probably bring with it very great evil—which the other day so shocked and disturbed me.'—p. 108.

Yet such is the Warden's compassionate nature, that in spite of this aggravated provocation, he found means to reconcile consistency with mercy, and to remit the penalties which he had previously denounced. This he states as follows:—

'Why I did not punish—by what consideration I was enabled to view the act as not coming under the class which I had especially denounced, and therefore as open to forgiveness, I need not here explain. But be assured I did not relent; and I did not intend to shrink from keeping my word, from punishing, as I said I would punish, under certain circumstances.'—p. 108.

We feel very curious to know the extenuating circumstances which saved the offender from his doom. Perhaps they may be illustrated by an analogy derived from a girls' school in which a similar prohibition existed aginst 'cubicular' conversation. In that case the Mistress used to enforce her rule of nocturnal silence by requiring all her pupils, every morning, to declare upon their conscience whether they had spoken to each other on the previous night. The young ladies had scruples which prevented them from resorting to a falsehood, so that for some time they faithfully observed the regulations of La Trappe. But at last a girl, more ingenious than the rest, hit upon an expedient which was universally adopted. By a legal (or illegal) fiction she assumed the presence of the French mistress in the bedroom, and addressed all her remarks, not to her companions, but to Madame Petitot. The answers of her room-mates were directed to the same imaginary companion; and thus a rapid and interesting conversation was kept up, which only differed from ordinary dialogue by the interpolation of 'Madame Petitot' at the beginning

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beginning of every sentence. By this device the ingenuous maidens were enabled to assure their teacher next morning that they had never uttered a syllable *to each other* during the night.

Should such a 'non-natural sense' be applied by the Radley boys to the interpretation of their founder's statutes, we are sure that the kindness of the Warden will put the best possible construction upon the misdemeanour. His indulgent charity will be best illustrated by the view which he took of the crime of *whistling in school*, upon a late occasion.

'You remember, my boys, that one day last week, when the roll was about to be called in school, I heard some one of you *whistling*. It was some boy evidently who was not aware that I was present; and it was one of those trifling inadvertencies which are scarcely worth notice, for it stopped, of course, the moment my voice was heard. Without weighing carefully, as I usually weigh, what I was doing, I called out to know who it was. It was so natural—I feel so certain now, from the experience of this whole year, which every day confirms, that I have only to ask, when anything is amiss, who is the culprit, and for the culprit to come forward at once—that instinctively I put a question, which among boys, under ordinary circumstances, would have been, for many reasons, extremely imprudent and dangerous. You remember that no one answered. And while roll was calling, I was considering very anxiously what I should do. I could not bear the thought of an exception occurring to your general rule and practice of coming forward openly and manfully at once, the moment the question was put, who was the offender.'

* * * * *

'You remember that I called you up to me, asked the whole school who it was, and still no one answered. And then, for reasons into which I need not enter at length now, I told you, that considering the general practice and principle of the school, I felt sure there must be some mode of accounting for this seeming departure from it—that boys sometimes whistled unconsciously, without thinking of what they were doing, and that I should presume this to have been the case. I did this, my own dear boys, because I will always put upon all your actions, not the worst, but the best construction possible.'—*Sermon for the Sunday before Advent*, pp. 394–397.

From the above extracts our readers will have learnt that whistling (even though involuntary and unconscious) is instantly stopped at Radley by the presence of the Warden. But his personal influence over the boys extends farther than this. Their bitterest apprehension is—

'I shall offend the Warden, I shall lose the Warden's love, I shall be unhappy under his anger, I shall be disgraced in his eyes.'—p. 198.

Nay, the slightest difference in his manner suffices to plunge them

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them into distress. Thus he tells them, in the sermon for the Sunday before Ascension Day—

'You feel the difference, if I smile when you come up to me, or look grave—pass you without speaking—do not observe you when you take off your cap—*if I refuse to take the flowers which you bring me, or let them drop, as if I did not value them*—if I pass you over in the class, will not put you questions—do not call you up to read your Shakspeare,—do not seem to notice you.'—p. 197.

and again—

'How much, or rather how entirely all your enjoyment would cease in proportion as you felt that I and the fellows ceased to look upon you with affection and regard—that we had no pleasure in seeing you, in speaking to you—that our eye looked coldly on you.'—p. 254.

Thus, a glance from the Warden's eye has power to arrest the attention of the most careless trifler, to whom he exclaims—

'You see my eye watching you, catch it resting upon you (I will speak in general terms), but each of you individually will know of whom I am speaking.'—p. 209.

What, therefore, must be the effect of his addressing boys individually by name from the pulpit, as he does in the sermon for Good Friday, and in that for the Sunday before Easter? (pp. 130, 137).

We fear that this affectionate veneration felt by the boys for their Warden must have been severely tried by some of the passages which we have quoted. We can only trust that the irreverent laughter which they would have provoked in ordinary boys was suppressed by awe or love at Radley.

Yet it must not be supposed that everything in the volume before us is liable to the same objection. There is much of Christian exhortation well calculated to rouse the conscience; and many practical precepts addressed to the daily duties of the audience, which are of the highest value. We may specify the thirty-second sermon, on 'Home Duties,' as peculiarly excellent; although the direction 'Never address your father except with the title of *sir*' is perhaps a little overstrained. Another admirable discourse is the thirty-first, on 'Softness of Life,' preached on occasion of a visit paid to Radley by two of the African bishops; although we cannot quite enter into the joy expressed by the preacher that 'but for unavoidable engagements four other bishops would have been with them;' a delight which seems to us too much dependent on the conditional mood of the præter-pluperfect tense '*would, could, should, or might have been.*' It is fair, however, to let him express his feelings on the subject in his own words—

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'If there was one thing which I craved and longed and asked for in the commencement of this work, it was the blessing of the bishops of the church—to assure us that the blessing of God was with us—that we were not working upon a false foundation, not building up a Babel of our own devices, not swerving either to the right or the left from the spirit and leading of the church.'—p. 419.

We cannot help wondering whether all the bishops are equally capable of conveying this assurance to the Warden's mind; whether (for example) the blessing of the Bishop of Cashel would be as valid an authentication as that of the Bishop of Cape Town?

Another very excellent sermon is the twenty-second, on the Sins of the Tongue. As a good specimen of Mr. Sewell's style, we will conclude our extracts with the following description of a Christian gentleman from this sermon—

'A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and etiquettes of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak, and act, and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something much beyond this; that which lies at the root of all his ease, and refinement, and tact, and power of pleasing is the same spirit which lies at the root of every christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance to others as he would that others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he can show respect for others—how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society he scrupulously ascertains the position and relation of every one with whom he is brought into contact, that he may give to each his due honour, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from any allusion which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never even appears conscious of any personal defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation, in the persons in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority to himself—never ridicules, never sneers, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power, or rank, or advantages—such as is implied in ridicule, or sarcasm, or abuse—as he never indulges in habits, or tricks, or inclinations which may be offensive to others. He feels, as a mere member of society, that he has no right to trespass upon others, to wound or annoy them. And he feels, as a Christian, that they are his brothers—that, as his brothers, as the children, like himself, of God—members like himself, of Christ—heirs, like himself, of the kingdom of heaven—as baptized Christians, he is bound not merely not to injure and annoy, but to love them; to study their comfort and promote their happiness, even in little things—in his words as well as his acts.'—p. 303-4.

With this extract we take our leave of Radley College, with our hearty

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hearty wishes for its prosperity, and turn to Marlborough, which has furnished the other volume on our list. There is considerable resemblance between the history of the two institutions. Both are of very recent origin; both have been munificently endowed by private benefactors for public ends; and in both we see the deserted mansions of noble owners converted into seats of sound learning and religious education.

The site of Marlborough College has gone through a strange series of transmutations. It seems first to have been in the possession of the Druids, who reared a tumulus of great height which now stands in the college grounds; the great druidical temple of Avebury being not far from the spot. Under the Norman and Plantagenet kings it was occupied by a royal castle, granted by Henry II. to his son John. At the Reformation it was given to the Protector Somerset, ancestor of the present Lord Ailesbury, under the same grant which conveyed the magnificent domain of Savernake forest. The principal building of the present school was the residence of the Seymour family, by whom it was erected. When, by the marriage of the Earl of Ailesbury to Elizabeth Seymour, this rich inheritance passed into the family of Bruce, the old house was deserted for a country-seat built in the heart of the forest, and was afterwards turned into an hotel; and those of our readers who recollect the days of posting, will remember it as the best inn upon the Bath road. At the time when inns and posting were annihilated by railways, a scheme was in agitation for founding a new public school, which might give, especially to the sons of the clergy, the same advantages as the old ones, at smaller cost. The great inn at Marlborough was then for sale, and offered an advantageous site for the experiment; for the locality was peculiarly healthy, the grounds attached to it were ample, and it possessed the appendages of old trees, and an ancient bowling green, which gave it something of that venerable and antiquated aspect befitting a great place of education. It was accordingly purchased for the purpose; and new buildings were added as the numbers of the school increased.

Among these buildings the most conspicuous is the Gothic chapel wherein were preached the sermons which stand second on our list. The teacher who now sits in the seat of the Druids evidently belongs to a different school of theology from the Warden of Radley, and seems, moreover, to be largely endowed with that practical good sense in which the latter is perhaps deficient. But it is gratifying to see that in spite of diversity of opinion and dissimilarity of character they are labouring in unity of spirit; the great end pursued energetically by both being

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being to imbue every portion of their work with the leaven of Christianity.

Mr. Cotton was formerly a Master at Rugby, and we can trace in his productions the influence of Dr. Arnold, although he has too much originality of thought to degenerate into a servile imitator. The sermons which he has just published were mostly preached upon occasions connected with the great events of last year, from which he attempts, with much success, to derive lessons bearing upon the duties and temptations of a schoolboy. But as we confess ourselves somewhat weary of the innumerable efforts which have during the last twelvemonth tasked the ingenuity of our divines, to point a period with Alma, and extract a moral from Inkermann, we prefer to give, as a specimen of Mr. Cotton's teaching, something of a more general kind. We select the following remarks on 'gentlemanly feeling,' not only as a good example of his style, but as bearing on the same subject with our last extract from Mr. Sewell. Both passages are, perhaps, to a certain degree one-sided; and each may furnish a correction or modification requisite to complete the other:—

'Perhaps the most common principle to which the better class of boys in a school like this are inclined to trust is that of gentlemanly feeling. We constantly hear it said that such and such an action is *ungentlemanly;* they put this forward as their reason for abstaining from certain conduct; so that on the whole I doubt whether any word is so commonly used in a school to express moral disapprobation. Now I am far from saying that we should undervalue and set at nought such a motive as this. Gentlemanly conduct is, of course, essential to the well-being of every school; if this is wanting among the majority of the boys a school had much better perish altogether. We feel the deepest regret and severest indignation at any transaction which indicates the want of it; we welcome as a clear gain any signs of its increase. But the very fact that it is so necessary a basis for the moral superstructure, that it relieves us of so many difficulties, and puts a stop to so many outward and obvious breaches of right principle, makes it necessary to take heed lest we be contented with it, lest we forget that as a principle it is essentially imperfect. Without going into very minute details on this subject I think that I shall be doing you some service by showing that gentlemanly feeling cannot be trusted as a motive for action, because it is (1) shifting and unstable, (2) entirely personal, (3) contented with what is imperfect and external. There is, indeed, one possible meaning of the word *gentlemanly* to which these remarks do not altogether apply. We can imagine it used in a high ideal sense, in which it comprehends all lofty and chivalrous feeling, and includes most of the graces which adorn the Christian character. But this is not its ordinary application; and we will now consider it not as it might be regarded in theory, but as it is commonly used in practice.

'(1) The

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'(1) The standard of gentlemanly feeling is shifting and uncertain. Some years ago many vices were not thought inconsistent with it, which now it happily repudiates. Read any memoirs containing an account of the state of society in the last century among the highest classes; ask your fathers about practices tolerated in the days of their youth, and you will find that the standard of gentlemanly feeling has been continually rising. For example, drinking and swearing, now generally banished from decent society, were then literally considered signs of fine spirit and good fellowship. But a standard which has once been low may easily become low again; there are no fixed eternal principles to which it can appeal: at one time it tolerates what at another time it forbids, and therefore he who builds on this foundation has erected his house upon the sand.

'(2) Gentlemanly feeling is entirely personal. It turns our thoughts in upon ourselves, instead of directing them to something higher and better than ourselves. He who makes gentlemanly feeling his shield reasons in some such way as this. Such and such conduct is ungentlemanly, and therefore unfit for *me*; it would lower me in the estimation of my friends. It would interfere with that refinement for which I desire to be distinguished. There are people, indeed, for whom the character of a gentleman is of little consequence, and who have no pretensions to it. I am not surprised at misconduct in them; but I am of a different clay, a different blood from theirs, and therefore I abstain from defilement by which they will not be injured. Thus I am ever the first object of my own admiration and regard, my own taste and good feeling and sense of propriety become the measure of my conduct.

'(3) It confines itself to what is imperfect and can be seen of men. The true wellsprings of our conduct, the heart, the affections, all that St. Paul calls *the inner man*, and which he especially desires to be renewed and sanctified, are left altogether uncared for and neglected. If even truth, justice, hope, and a knowledge of God's word, are imperfect and partial principles of action, much more so is gentlemanly feeling. A man may be proud, vain, indolent, self-indulgent; he may neglect his duty to the poor; he may be perfectly useless, a mere incumbrance on the earth; he may be unkind to his nearest relations, cold-hearted, faithless in friendship; he may be utterly without the knowledge of God; and yet he may not cease to be, in ordinary language, a gentleman. It is quite plain that such a shield as this cannot protect us against the fiery darts of the wicked.* What security does it give for meekness and purity, for gentleness under provocation? what protection against impure and uncharitable thoughts? what consolation does it afford in the day of sickness and sorrow? what hope in the hour of death? We must reject it utterly as any real defence. We may accept it as one slight step on the road of improvement; we may deeply deplore and condemn its absence; we may even allow that as the moral and spiritual life developes slowly and gradually, even as our

* The subject of the sermon is '*the shield of faith*.'

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Lord himself has said, *first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear*, so it is necessary that a man or boy should appreciate and value gentlemanly feeling, in order that he may learn at last to base his conduct on duty and the love of God. But we must constantly urge him to rise above this questionable standard: we must teach him that he is required to press on to perfection. He must never be contented till he regards life from another point of view; till he ceases to shrink from an action merely because it is ungentlemanly, and begins to fear it because it is wrong, and to hate it because it is opposed to the will and the example of Christ.'—p. 43.

But the most interesting portion of Mr. Cotton's volume is the preface, in which he suggests a change in the present educational course, which, if successfully effected, could not fail to produce very beneficial results. While strongly advocating the retention of the present classical system of instruction (when it can be fully adopted) as the best mode of training the mind in accuracy, in taste, in the power of expression, and in the appreciation of art, yet he notices the fact that there is a large and increasing class of boys in our schools who for lack of time cannot derive from a discipline exclusively literary its real benefits. Those who are intended for the army and navy, or for the pursuits of commerce, can never remain long enough under instruction to penetrate through the husk of verbal studies to their kernel. And, moreover, in order to give them the special preparation required for their future professions (a purpose for which our public schools make at present no provision), they are withdrawn from school just at the time when they are rising out of the childishness of the lower forms, and before they can benefit by that healthy and manly public opinion (to say nothing of still higher influences) which ought to distinguish the senior portion of a well-taught and well-governed school. We agree with Mr. Cotton that—

'It were surely well that, in a country containing so many noble institutions for the training of her citizens, these should be made as widely applicable as possible to her wants; that her future soldiers and men of business should not be separated from the traditions, the associations, the rewards, the friendships, the moral and religious lessons of these institutions, just at the age when they are beginning to appreciate them.'—p. 10.

Yet how is this to be effected? For of course it would be most undesirable (and, indeed, impossible) to give a complete system of professional education at the public schools. Such an attempt could only lead to their subdivision into a collection of cramming classes for the infusion of a small amount of superficial

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ficial smattering. Mr. Cotton proposes to meet the difficulty by instituting, alongside of the present classical course, a system

'in which mathematics should form the principal study, with Latin occupying the next place, as the foundation of a sound grammatical training, and essential to the knowledge of our own literature. Round these might be ranged French, and probably one other modern language, the elements of geography, of history (at least that of our own country), and such other studies as experience proves to be most practicable and most beneficial, and which might vary in some degree, according to the future destination of the scholars.'—p. 16.

It would be out of place to discuss the practicability of this suggestion here. The question is a wide one, and would require an essay to itself. But there can be no doubt that the evil which Mr. Cotton points out is one requiring a remedy; and we wish all success to the educational experiment which he proposes to make. The discussion of such a topic in a volume of sermons will doubtless give offence to those who would separate things sacred from things secular by an impassable barrier of demarcation. But sounder minds will recognise in this no incongruity with efforts which strive to blend religion with the daily work of life, and views which regard the whole machinery of education as subservient to the formation of Christian character.

ART. III.—*The Newcomes. Memoirs of a most respectable Family.* Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq. With illustrations on steel and wood by Richard Doyle. 2 vols., 8vo., London, 1855.

THIS is Mr. Thackeray's masterpiece, as it is undoubtedly one of the masterpieces of English fiction, if fiction is the proper term to apply to the most minute and faithful transcript of actual life which is anywhere to be found. The ordinary resource of novelists is to describe characters under exceptional circumstances, to show them influenced by passions which seldom operate in their excess with each individual, and to make them actors in adventures which in their aggregate happen to few or none. It is the picked passages of existence which they represent, and these again are often magnified and coloured beyond the measure of nature. Mr. Thackeray looks at life under its ordinary aspects, and copies it with a fidelity and artistic skill which are surprising. Men, women, and children talk, act, and think in his pages exactly as they are talking, acting, and thinking at every hour of every day. The same

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thorns, the majority of them self-planted, are festering in myriads of bosoms; the same false ambition and crooked devices are fermenting in a thousand hearts; the same malice, lying, and slandering in all their grades, petty and great, are issuing from legions of mouths, and the same mixture of kindness and generosity are checking and tempering the evil. You find yourself in the saloon where upon gala days you are a guest; in the house you frequent as a familiar friend; in the club of which you are a member; you meet there your acquaintances, you hear again the conversation which you have often heard before, and it is by no means unlikely that among the assembled company you may be startled by coming upon the very image of yourself. Truth is never sacrificed to piquancy. The characters in the 'Newcomes' are not more witty, wise, or farcical than their prototypes; the dull, the insipid, and the foolish, speak according to their own fashion and not with the tongue of the author; the events which befall them are nowhere made exciting at the expense of probability. Just as the stream of life runs on through these volumes, so may it be seen to flow in the world itself by whoever takes up the same position on the bank.

A notion prevails that to keep thus close to reality precludes imagination, as if it was possible to furnish an entire novel—plot, persons, and conversations—exclusively or even mainly from memory. The difference between him who wanders in fancy's maze, and him who stoops to truth, is not that one creates and the other copies, but that the first goes further than nature and the second invents in obedience to its laws. Nor is it necessary to this end that every character should have its living counterpart. The diversities of men and women are like the infinite number of substances in the material world, which are made up of a few elementary bodies in varying proportions. In the case of our own kind familiarity with the elements enables the novelist to frame fresh compounds, and the reader to judge of their fidelity to nature. Though we may never have set eyes upon the identical personage, we can pronounce upon his qualities, and determine whether they are separately consistent with truth and in harmony with each other. For all the exactness with which Mr. Thackeray follows life, it will be found that each character is usually in its aggregate an original conception. The range is unusually wide, and from the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh down to little Miss Cann, the humble governess who gives lessons by the hour, the many persons of every degree who compose the miscellaneous group are marked by traits as distinctive as the features of their faces. Some of them appear and re-appear at long intervals, some grow up before the reader, and

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and in all the stages of their progress, and the various attitudes under which they are represented, there is still not a line out of drawing, not a touch out of place. There is always the same individuality, but it is modified by the changes which time and circumstances produce.

'So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by some sixteen years.'

It is indeed a marvellous perception of truth of character which can thus keep every member of the crowd so continuously faithful to his own nature, a rare tact which, without the least exaggeration, can impart interest to so much which in society is wearying and commonplace as well as to that which is intrinsically winning.

'However the exaltedness of some minds, or rather, as I shrewdly suspect, their insipidity and want of feeling or observation, may make them insensible to these light things, I mean such as characterise and paint nature, yet surely they are as weighty and much more useful than your grave discourses upon the mind, the passions, and what not.' So wrote Gray of the novels, French and English, of his day, but to no work of fiction is the opinion more emphatically applicable than to the 'Newcomes.' A writer who depicts life with perfect fidelity, and indulges in no corrupting descriptions of vice, must, whether he designs it or not, be a powerful moralist. The gloss which men put upon their motives, the meanness, the selfishness, the deceit which they endeavour to hide from the world and from themselves, are as palpable as the actions they have prompted, when the complete transaction is recorded in plain terms, with as little extenuation as malice. What a transparent device is a juggler's trick when the petty mechanism by which he works has been exposed to our gaze! But Mr. Thackeray has not left his moral to be inferred. He has taken care to point it for himself, and to show that he has a direct purpose of exposing the foibles and misdoings which most easily beset mankind. In the days of the 'Spectator,' Addison, with exquisite humour, laughed away many of the social follies of his age. Alongside the papers in which his delicate pencil had drawn with such refined satiric touches the weaknesses of beaux, belles, and country squires, were graver essays recommending industry, truth, and cheerfulness. Mr. Thackeray disclaims the assumption of the preacher's office, but in reality, while eschewing all hacknied discourses on virtue and vice, he enforces maxims as serious and as important, as any that are contained in the didactic parts of the Spectator, and much more impressive and profound. If he had flourished in the reign of Queen Anne he would have been a celebrated member of the

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group of wits who furnished such delightful miniatures of life, and such graceful little lectures for the reading public of that generation. He would have dealt out his knowledge of men and manners in fragments, cut his pictures to fit the diminutive frame of a daily sheet, and alternated social sketches with moral admonitions. He would have put Mrs. Hobson Newcome and her *soirées* into one number, and a formal dissertation upon hypocrisy into another. In obedience to the taste of the age, he now writes novels instead of essays, paints a large piece, crowded with figures, instead of a long line of single portraits, and blends together grave and gay, light railleries and stern upbraidings. The censors of Queen Anne's fashionable subjects paid particular attention to externals, to the fopperies of dress and the offences against good breeding; Mr. Thackeray, without neglecting these, goes a vast deal deeper, and in this respect is a more interesting and forcible castigator of the pomps and vanities, the licensed artifices and flagrant trickeries of the world. If the bad are not made good by the lesson, the good will at least be made better. Those who are not too dull or too hardened to learn will rise up from these volumes with an increased scorn of everything ungenerous, sordid, and deceptive, and there is no one so perfect that he will not stumble in his progress upon infirmities which are his own. Even Colonel Newcome himself, if he could have read his history, would have found something to mend.

To reduce what is loathsome and contemptible to its native deformity is only a part of the duty which devolves upon the faithful chronicler of human life. He has to make amiability attractive, and to win sympathy for modest worth. Mr. Thackeray has nobly redeemed in the 'Newcomes' the defect alleged against his former novels—that they were more employed in satirising evil than in setting forth excellence. His present production gains by the change. The larger infusion of benevolence, honour, and disinterestedness into the story makes it pleasanter to read, and gives, we think, a juster notion of the world. Though every character he has drawn has undoubtedly its counterpart,—the worthless, the crafty, the insignificant, and the foolish, much as they flourish in particular soils, are not, we will hope, so thick set as a rule as they appear in 'Vanity Fair.' Nor probably did Mr. Thackeray intend them to be considered as equitable representatives of the human race any more than he meant Charles Honeyman for an average sample of English divines. A novelist selects the characters which he conceives to be best suited to the turn of his talents, and describes the double-dealing of Tartuffe without the least purpose of impeaching the rectitude of Mr. Abraham Adams.

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Adams. To this we must add, that much as bad and good people are mixed up in the world, and many as are the points at which they come into contact, those who strive for particular objects chiefly associate with the persons through whom they can get what they desire. They avoid the rest and are avoided by them. 'The poor and the deceitful man meet together,' says Solomon; 'the Lord lighteneth both their eyes.' The discrimination, that is to say, with which Providence has endowed them shows each that what he seeks is not to be obtained from the other, and they recognise that their course is by different ways. Thus when Mr. Thackeray undertakes in 'Vanity Fair' to follow the black sheep in their wanderings, it is not unnatural that their path should never lie long together with the whiter portion of the flock. Altogether the charge of cynicism, so often urged against him, was always exaggerated, and is now become an anachronism. Some asserted, in spite of a hundred signal and touching proofs to the contrary, that he had no belief in goodness. Others mistook his delicate and often subtle irony for grave injunctions to practise the misdeeds he condemned. With many more, the objection was not the indignant remonstrance of virtue, but the angry cry of vice surprised in its ambush. People found themselves turned inside out, — their frailties hung as badges about their necks, written upon their backs, pinned upon their sleeves. The natural impulse was to deny the resemblance, and declare the exposure a calumny.

> 'Fiction holds a double mirror,
> One for truth, and one for error:
> That looks hideous, fierce and frightful:
> This is flattering and delightful;
> That we throw away as foul,
> Sit by this and dress the soul.'

Another indictment preferred against Mr. Thackeray is that he encourages the notion that to go certain lengths in sinning is our appointed course, and that it is necessary to wade through polluted streams to get into clear waters. Novelists may fairly, if they please, exercise their fancy in framing beings of ideal perfection, though, contrary to a common opinion, we believe that it requires a stronger effort of genius to represent men and women as they are than as they ought to be. It demands no great knowledge of human nature to personify the virtues. But because a novelist declines this course and depicts the existing world, instead of drawing from his abstract notions of morality, it is a perverse and unwarrantable reading of his intentions to say that he holds up licentiousness for imitation. To state, and state truly, that particular things *have* been, and according to all experience

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rience *will* be, is not to maintain that they *must* be,—to assert that they are usual is not to insist that they are inevitable. Mrs. Opie wrote a book called 'Illustrations of Lying,' to show how pervading was the vice. Was this to constitute her a patron of falsehood? Far from being obnoxious to the charge which has been made against him, no writer of fiction has surpassed Mr. Thackeray in the force with which he sets forth the beauty of pure hearts, and the contempt which he casts upon everything evil, however gilded by success. It is the very loftiness of his sense of the power of goodness which has sometimes laid him open to misconstruction. An able critic who admires 'good Dobbin with his faithful heart,' asks, 'Why should the Major have splay feet, Mr. Thackeray?' Why should he not? They have the low notions of the rightful supremacy of worth who can only appreciate it when it comes recommended by well-turned feet and a handsome face and figure. He is the true moralist who asserts its superiority over corporeal attributes, and refuses to believe that a virtuous man is less deserving of admiration because his limbs are clumsy, as certain Athenians considered Socrates an object of ridicule because he had prominent eyes, thick lips, and a protuberant belly. But there is another answer to the question. Although there is not an invariable connexion between men's persons and their virtues, it frequently happens that those whose appearance is the least advantageous are remarkable for amiability, from the simple cause that they escape many of the temptations and vanities which beset the well-favoured. If Dobbin had had nothing to keep him humble, if he had been an Apollo or an Adonis, he would probably have ceased to be '*good* Dobbin with his *faithful* heart.' The notion is not peculiar to Mr. Thackeray. No one has had a clearer perception of this truth than the fellow-genius who drew Tom Pinch and Traddles and a score of other examples of uncouth worth. If ever anybody was free from the reproach of attempting to lower the respect for moral excellence through bodily defects, Mr. Thackeray is that man. In his present tale, J. J. Ridley, the most contemptible in appearance, is the one genius of the book. With all his tendency, in fact, to satire, Mr. Thackeray has nowhere employed it in his novels upon improper objects. 'Surely,' says Fielding, 'he has a very ill-framed mind who can look on ugliness, infirmity, or poverty as ridiculous in themselves; but when ugliness aims at the applause of beauty, or lameness endeavours to display its agility, it is then that these unfortunate circumstances, which at first moved our compassion, tend only to raise our mirth.' The author of the 'Newcomes' has never forgotten this canon of good taste and good feeling. Calamity, physical and mental, is safe from his

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lash; he would as soon think of striking a woman. False pretension and imposture, the affectations and the hypocrisies, the duperies and the greediness of life, are his chosen and legitimate prey, and well may the daws with their peacock strut and plumage begin to chatter and scream when a hawk of the Thackeray tribe is with beak and talons plucking them bare.

Mr. Thackeray, beyond all other novelists, loves to comment upon his own text—to stop in his story, indulge in reflections, analyse the motives of his characters, and cross-examine his readers upon their individual propensities. His book is in many parts a discourse upon human nature illustrated by examples. These disquisitions would be blemishes if they were not signal beauties; but the skill with which he unravels the complex windings of the heart, the art with which specious and conventional malpractices are shown under their proper aspects, the pensive tenderness of the sentiments, the charm of the composition, has won general admiration for passages which, were they less perfect, would cumber the tale. As it is, there is nothing which could so little be spared. It is by this means that the reader, who is condemning the proceedings of the personages in the story, finds himself unexpectedly accused of a like crime, and the virtuous juror has hardly delivered his verdict before he is dragged to the bar. Ethel Newcome is represented as riding with Clive in a railway carriage to Brighton, under circumstances which the novelist is aware will provoke the censure of rigorists. The minutely described journey is over, and the chapter is ended all but a single question addressed to those austere judges who search for black hairs in the ermine of their neighbours. 'I ask any gentleman and father of a family, when he was immensely smitten with his present wife, Mrs. Brown, if he had met her travelling with her maid, in the mail, when there was a vacant place, what would he himself have done?' Thus the mouth of Mr. Brown is perpetually stopped, and he suddenly drops the stone he was about to fling.

Many of these moralisings and reflections are pervaded by a mild and tranquil melancholy, which give them a strong hold upon the heart. Mr. Thackeray has shown himself in a hundred passages of his story a consummate master of genuine pathos. To draw tears is a vulgar art; it can be done by the clumsiest workmen, and the most unnatural fictions, for there are some distresses which always work upon the feelings, and the more morbid and melo-dramatic the scene the larger the tribute of sobs from the idle devourer of romances. Mr. Thackeray's pathos is of a higher and purer kind. By a line, or an allusion, he recalls a train of tender recollections, and stirs up sleeping

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sleeping sadness into life. So delicate is the touch by which he awakens sorrowful emotions, that we are apt to imagine that we alone have entered into his meaning until we learn how many have been affected by the same passage in the same way. In the longer scenes of misfortune and grief his tact never forsakes him; there is a chasteness of description, a skilful and sparing selection of details, a manliness of tone which it would be difficult to overpraise. He knows what to relate, and what simply to indicate; he understands the sacredness of sorrow, and never rends away the veil from weeping faces.

Mr. Thackeray is a humourist, as every writer of fiction must be who takes an extended view of human nature. There are few persons who do not deviate in some particular from common forms or common sense; who are not guilty of some vanity, affectation, whim, or inconsistency, which, however far, perchance, from promoting mirth among those who have to bear with them, are comic in the description. The simple Colonel Newcome, when he fancies himself an adept in the wiles of the world, though, 'if he had lived to be as old as Jahaleel, a boy could still have cheated him;' Mrs. Hobson worshipping rank, and pretending to despise the society she cannot obtain; the airs and cowardice of Barnes; the self-importance and primness of Miss Honeyman, who, instead of feeling ashamed at being a gentlewoman reduced to let lodgings, is proud to be a lodging-house keeper who was once a gentle-woman; the clerical impostures of her bland brother, the French-English of Paul de Florac, and his efforts to personate John Bull; Mr. Gandish insisting upon the indifference to 'igh art' as shown in the neglect of his monster pictures, and talking of the heroic in his vulgar language, afford a hundred examples of the ridiculous. Most of the actors in the Newcomes are tinged with it, but the quality is always in subjection to truth. There is none of the farcical extravagance which calls forth peals of laughter, always easy to be provoked by absurdity and caricature. In Frederick Bayham there is a two-fold source of merriment, for besides the smiles produced by unconscious infirmities, there is a fertile vein of fun in his expedients and vivacity. It is a peculiar charm of the light and pleasant wit which sparkles through the narrative that it never has the air of being studied. It shines forth in a name, an epithet, a parenthesis, in numberless undefinable ways, and always as if it sprung out of the subject, and had not been introduced for the sake of being facetious.

The execution of the work is not below the conception. Mr. Thackeray is deeply imbued with all our best literature. Numerous phrases and fragments of sentences attest his fami-

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liarity with the classic authors of his country—a familiarity which is not less surely shown by the perennial flow of his easy and graceful language. There is no appearance of effort, no studied artifice of composition, but neither is there any approach to baldness in the simplicity of his phraseology, or to carelessness in the freedom of his style. The narrative runs on in a rich abundance of strong, idiomatic, sterling English, often applied in a novel and felicitous manner, and sufficiently adorned by occasional metaphors of the same masculine stamp. He even manages to give additional raciness by the not unfrequent use of colloquial vulgarisms, which if they were introduced with less skill would debase his style. It is with reluctance we confess that he has turned language to good account which in all other hands has hitherto revolted every person of cultivated mind, for we fear the evil effects of his example, and are sorry the black patches should heighten the beauty.

'The stories he reads,' says Mr. Thackeray, speaking of the objections urged by the critic, 'and the characters drawn in them, are old sure enough. What stories are new? All types of all characters march through all fables.' It may be so; but it is equally certain that these points of resemblance do not necessarily interfere with the claim to originality. It is not, as we have already intimated, the crude passions with which the novelist works that constitute him a copyist, any more than the beauties of Sir Joshua Reynolds can be said to be copied from the virgins of Raphael because both have noses, eyes, and mouths. Colonel Newcome has several leading qualities in common with Uncle Toby—both are soldiers, both simple as children, both overflowing with benevolence—but they differ as widely as did the costume of Marlborough's hero, the cocked hat, Ramillie wig, and scarlet breeches, from the blue swallow-tail coat and duck trousers of the Indian dragoon. Though human nature is always the same, propensities contract a certain individuality from their owner, and are modified in their expression by those accompaniments and manners which are perpetually changing. The world of 'fable-land' will never be exhausted; each generation will supply new materials for the novelist no less than for the historian, and whoever has the cunning to reproduce truly what is passing before his eyes will by that very circumstance be an original writer. In the Newcomes we have 'the form and pressure of the very age and body of the time' as regards huge masses of society; and the author not having been forestalled by contemporaries, is safe from the rivalry of predecessors. But more than this, he is, in the whole construction of his story, in his style, in his sentiments,

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unlike any other novelist; there is not one of whom it is truer to assert that he is a voice and not an echo. Fielding is the genius whom he most nearly resembles—for there is the same manliness, the same fidelity to nature, the same deep and precise knowledge of the mixed motives which influence mankind; but there is little similarity in the application of these qualities, which, if a comparison were instituted, would be found to have produced rather a contrast than a parallel.

Although Mr. Thackeray is not an imitator of others, it has sometimes been objected that he repeats himself. This is a charge which may be preferred against every master of the craft. What novelist who has written more than a single great work has not in some degree re-trodden the circle in which he first walked with success? Is it Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, or Scott? In truth, it is to complain that genius, in itself so rare, is not multiplied indefinitely in the same individual, that a man has one mind instead of fifty, and that a dozen dissimilar fruits cannot be gathered in successive crops from the same tree. Those who, ambitious of the praise of variety, have endeavoured altogether to change their hand, have usually failed in the attempt, or have been reduced to copy from existing models. The fair test to apply to each succeeding production of an author is, whether it has enough of novelty and excellence to give pleasure to the reader, and make him feel that he would have been a loser by its suppression. Who, when future generations speak of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis' as we now talk of 'Tom Jones' and 'Joseph Andrews,' of 'Roderick Random' and 'Humphry Clinker,' would be willing that the 'Newcomes' should have been wanting to the series? Mr. Thackeray sometimes dips his bowl into the old well; but the new springs he has opened are many in number, deeper in their source, and the waters that flow from them more fresh and sparkling. The goad which is applied too freely by contemporary criticism to abate the pride, or stimulate the flagging imagination of popular authors, is at any rate not called for in the present instance. Posterity, which adopts another standard, and measures rather by depth than superficies, would not be likely to depreciate Mr. Thackeray even if he had confined himself to far narrower bounds. Sir Walter Scott had a genius more facile, fertile, and various than Fielding, but there is nothing so perfect and profound in the multifarious romances of the author of 'Waverley' as the first half of 'Tom Jones;' and by virtue of this superiority of excellence most would consider that 'the father of the English novel' still retained his title to be called the greatest of English novelists. Tried by this

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this rule the 'Newcomes' alone would ensure Mr. Thackeray a lofty pedestal.

There are not many defects in the work to set against its merits. Rapidity of movement, a throng of incidents, is never a characteristic of Mr. Thackeray's stories; and such is the interest he excites by the development of his characters, that we do not usually desire that he should quicken his pace. Sometimes, however, he lingers too long, and we are only surprised that in a copious novel, of which the precise length is fixed at starting, and of which the beginning is given to the world before the middle and end are composed, there should not be more than two or three scenes which have been unduly drawn out to fill their ample frames. A more substantial fault is the part which is assigned to Laura Pendennis—a portrait in itself as true to life as any in the book. There is a pragmatic assumption about her goodness, an air of prudery and self-conceit—the strings by which she leads her pliant husband, who esteems her the more for her pretension—but which render the praises bestowed upon her, and the general confidence reposed in her, somewhat distasteful. Pendennis himself is, to be sure, the ostensible writer, and the admiration he entertains for his wife, and his parade of her virtues before the public, are, as far as he is concerned, consistent traits in his character; but then again we are by no means reconciled to this exhibition of uxorious weakness in the reputed author of the book, who does not even offer the usual apology,—'though I say it that shouldn't.' In fact, Arthur Pendennis becomes an excrescence. As long as he was kept in the back-ground he was neither an ornament nor a blemish, but when he comes forward as an actor in the story, as well as the narrator of it, we wish him away, and should prefer that Mr. Thackeray would tell his own tale without the unnecessary interposition of an Editor. The advantage of the auto-biographical novel is, that where the hero and the historian are the same, an appearance of reality can be given to events, as may be seen in the 'Gulliver' of Swift, and the 'History of the Plague,' the 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Colonel Jack' of De Foe, which almost amounts to a perfect illusion. But when the bulk of the story is related in the ordinary way, and the auto-biographical method is too sparingly employed to secure any of its benefits, a pretended editor, thrusting himself from time to time upon the notice of the reader, appears an officious and offensive personage. It has the additional drawback that the fictitious author is quite unworthy to hold the pen of the veritable master. However modest it may be in Mr. Thackeray to ascribe his writings to a person of no greater calibre

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calibre than his very inadequate representative, the incongruity is too glaring, and no one can for an instant bring himself to believe that the intrusive Mr. Pendennis could have written the 'Newcomes.'

That there is little plot, in the strict sense of the word, and that little of no very exciting kind, is not to be numbered, in our opinion, among the defects of the tale. To be hurried on in breathless suspense distracts the attention from the merits of style, sentiment, and character, and appeals chiefly to minds which are incapable of appreciating more sterling qualities. Mr. Thackeray has simply been faithful to the instincts of his genius. The true and the probable are his domain, and he intuitively casts aside whatever offends against his theory of his art. Few lives would furnish the outlines of romantic stories, but every person has his hopes and fears, his passions and trials which are unceasingly in play beneath the smooth routine which scarce presents a salient point to the common observer. The merit of the plan can only be fully estimated by those who are aware how much easier it is to imagine marvels than to devise details, which shall be at once unhacknied, attractive, and consistent with the ordinary realities of life. The weak part of the plot is the clumsy and now stale device by which Clive and Ethel are brought together at last. The earliest author, whoever he may be, did not gain in originality what he lost in propriety of design, when to vary the old and approved method by which lovers are carried through tortuous paths and much suffering to the foot of the altar, he involved the hero in a preliminary marriage with somebody who was not the heroine, and afterwards brought in Death to cut the knot it was impossible to untie. The relentless tyrant is not usually so accommodating as to kill off the first wife in time for the much-enduring husband to contract a second marriage with the first love. When the contrivance has not even novelty on its side, it has nothing to recommend it, though we willingly admit that Mr. Thackeray has managed it with his usual skill. In one particular we miss the word of rebuke which nobody knows better how to administer with effect. It is consistent, no doubt, with nature that Clive, finding he had made a mistake in wedding Rosa, should pine after Ethel when it became evident that with a little further patience the prize might have been won. But though there are precedents for the course, they appertain to the evil side of humanity, and we wish that Mr. Thackeray had marked his consciousness of the wrong done to an unoffending girl by the neglect of her husband and the passion he continues to indulge for Miss Newcome. If Clive had not been the hero of the story, we should have inferred the

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the condemnation without its being expressed. When however he is represented as a manly, and, in the main, a worthy fellow, we look for some exception to be made to the almost dastardly abandonment of every attempt to do his duty to the well-meaning puppet he had taken to wife, leaving her harsh mother to jerk the wire at the bidding of her low-minded passions. 'The shoe,' says Mr. Thackeray, 'was a very pretty little shoe, but Clive's foot was too big for it.' He might not the less have attempted to guide the little foot, and kindly helped it to keep step with his own. The one occasion in which this unresisting victim exhibits any emotion is at the close of the history, when a visit from Ethel calls forth those pangs of jealousy which agitate hearts that everything else has ceased to stir. 'Ah me! what a story was there; what an outburst of pent-up feeling! what a passion of pain!' But there are no struggles on the part of Clive, no subsequent remorse to alleviate the selfishness with which he plucked the flower and then flung it aside to wither, because the perfume it yielded was not that which he preferred. Nevertheless we must add Mr. Thackeray's apologetic reflection, which, if it does not altogether absolve his hero, is too good to be omitted.

'The little ills of life are the hardest to bear, as we all very well know. What would the possession of a hundred thousand a-year, or fame, and the applause of one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman,—of any glory, and happiness, or good-fortune,—avail to a gentleman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it? All fame and happiness would disappear, and plunge down that shoe. All life would rankle round those little nails.'

Duration is of more importance than intensity. No ill is great of which the painful effects are brief, none is small of which the irritation is perpetual. To be pricked for a life-time with pins would be worse than a single cut from a sabre, a never-ending tooth-ache than the amputation of a limb.

When we turn from the specks in the story, and they are nothing more, to the group of characters with which Mr. Thackeray has covered his thickly-peopled canvass, we must repeat our admiration at the unerring hand with which they are drawn. The real, though not the nominal hero, is Colonel Newcome. The story begins with his birth and ends with his death, and it is he that is the principal object of interest throughout. He is the very soul of modesty, honour, and benevolence—in every inch an officer and a gentleman. His scorn of everything ungenerous and ignoble gives a rare dignity to his simple nature so happily set off by his old-fashioned courtesy, and we know of no other character in fiction which is at once more thoroughly estimable and

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and thoroughly human. With an expansive kindness of heart he has, what is not always found in company with it, an extraordinary fervour and stability in his individual attachments. Thus his early affection for the daughter of his French master, an *emigré* noble, is never obliterated. As no second object can take her place, it is out of the stock of his general benevolence, and not from love, that he marries in India the forlorn widow of a brother officer. Being unworthy his compassion, she makes him a bad wife; and the sole benefit he derives from a union, happily terminated by her death, is a son upon whom to bestow the overflowing stores of his fond nature. It is for him that the Colonel lives, and returning from India to England, whither the lad has been sent long before, he knows scarce any other pleasure than that which is reflected from the beaming countenance of his boy. The first part of their intercourse has no alloy, but Clive is at an age when a single stride forwards carries him from his constant place at his father's side into the larger companionship of young men like himself. The Colonel now discovers that love does not return upwards with the same force it flows downwards, and that he must be content to possess a divided property in the advancing youth. In this frame of mind he goes back to India to complete his service, his attachment unabated, and still resolved to make the road of life as smooth as a garden-walk to his son, who is left to saunter over Europe, and, since he has chosen to be an artist, to work or play at painting as he will. The Colonel is again in England, having made his fortune by taking shares in a bank, and must now put the crowning-stone to his schemes by marrying Clive, and establishing him in wealth and happiness. As Ethel, the lady of the young man's heart, is not to be had, the Colonel endeavours to bring about a match with Rosa Mackenzie, the niece of an old friend; and to this pretty, insipid girl Clive gives his hand, partly from the apathy produced by the extinction of better hopes, and partly to gratify his doating father. The fabric thus built up proves to be a house of painted cards, gaudy and unsubstantial. The prosperity of Clive is not the natural growth of circumstances; it has been forced upon him by the impatient love of his father, who is irritated when he sees that all his sacrifices and exertions have only resulted in the moodiness and discontent of the object of his idolatry. The history is unfolded with a thousand refined and natural strokes of character, but nothing is more delicately shaded than the picture of the Colonel under the combined influence of his domestic disappointments and worldly grandeur. He is injured in just the degree that so excellent a person would be by riches and

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and fine living; and though the metal remains the same, spots of tarnish begin to show upon its surface. 'If it cannot be said that his new life had changed him, at least it had brought out faults for which there had hitherto been no occasion, and qualities latent before.' In this interlude of his history he stands upon the liberal interest for Newcome out of hostility to his nephew, Sir Barnes, and his nature is admirably developed upon the occasion. He is totally ignorant of politics and has compounded a system out of his feelings. With military loyalty to his sovereign, traditional reverence for the constitution, and benevolent sympathy for the labouring classes, he is a contradictory medley of the high tory and the socialist.

'He was for having every man to vote; every poor man to labour short time and get high wages; every poor curate to be paid double or treble; every bishop to be docked of his salary, and dismissed from the House of Lords. But he was a staunch admirer of that assembly, and a supporter of the rights of the crown. He was for sweeping off taxes from the poor, and as money must be raised to carry on government, he opined that the rich should pay.'

He is preserved from the further effects of the corrupting and confusing atmosphere into which he is plunged by the breaking of the bank, which with a chivalry that scorns all mercantile considerations he refuses to abandon when it is tottering to its fall, and devotes every sixpence he possesses to the attempt to prop it up. The fortune of Rosa is swallowed up in the same gulf; and her penurious, greedy, and despotic mother, has also trusted her accumulations, by the advice of the sanguine Colonel, to the Bundelcund bubble. This coarse, passionate, hardened woman never ceases reproaching the noble-minded old man with her own and her daughter's ruin, and repeatedly tells him to his face that he is a swindler. The Colonel, as we have said, is the soul of honour; he feels an imputation upon it like a wound; to this honour he falls a martyr. Because it was through him that the loss was incurred, he writhes under her invectives, and does not venture to raise a finger to ward off blows which strike him to the dust. In spite of the offers of assistance, and the sympathy of friends, his mind begins to break down under the cruel scourgings of his mean and brutal task-mistress. When he has endured them for a while he finds a new home. Annuities are pressed upon him; doors are thrown wide open to receive him as a life-long guest; but he was educated, and his son after him, at the Cistercian school, or, to call it by its true name, the Charter-house, and he prefers to be appointed one of the 'poor brothers,' and end his race where it began. Like the stag represented in the initial engraving of one

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one of the chapters, he goes to die where he was roused. It was a happy thought to conduct him to this asylum, recommended by old associations, the humility of his nature, the independence which will not permit him to be a burthen to others, and the appropriateness of the place for a wounded and prostrate spirit, unfitted for society and anxious to escape its notice and turmoil. To a superficial eye it might seem a melancholy close to a benignant career, but true nobility is in the mind and not in the trappings external to the man. It is here that his better self gains undivided sway; that, elevated above frivolity and false aspirations, he devotes himself to his prayers, to his Bible, to Heaven. To have been daily more and more leavened by the world, to have had his finest impulses stifled in crowded rooms, to have been drawn deeper and deeper into the whirl of ambition, jealousies, and petty rivalries—this is what would have been melancholy indeed, however encompassed by outward prosperity; and it was impossible for Mr. Thackeray, who discriminates so acutely between what is solid and what is specious, to have committed such treason against his exquisite creation. The solemn parts of his subject are passed gently over with a reverent abstinence. He has not thought fit in a work intended for general amusement to bring religion into a prominence by which the sacred might be profaned by its proximity to the secular, but he has said enough to indicate his opinions and to enable the imagination to fill up the outline. The last days of the Colonel at the Charter-house supply the climax to the moral, which is as plainly stamped upon the Newcomes as the name upon the title-page—that all is vanity except goodness and love, that the highest employment of man is the service of his Maker. The concluding scenes are masterly in the extreme; the description of the good man's death simple and sublime. Fiction affords no more beautiful page.

As Hazlitt was riding in a public conveyance from Paris to Versailles, one of the passengers spoke of the marriage of a couple that morning who had been ten years engaged. A second person remarked that they had at least this advantage, that they were thoroughly acquainted with each other. A third dissented from the conclusion, and shrewdly rejoined that perhaps the wife would appear next day in a different light from what she had ever been seen in the ten years of courtship. The case is common; and Mr. Thackeray has furnished in Mrs. Mackenzie a forcible illustration of it. Her object is to win Colonel Newcome for herself, which she soon discovers to be hopeless, and Clive for her daughter. She appears an active, gay, obliging widow—affectionate to Rosa, and kindly to everybody. In that probationary

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tionary period she kept her violence to the bedroom, where she boxed her poor girl's ears in secret. The sobbing over, she put her arm about her darling's waist, and led her fondly to the drawing-room, where she talked to the company of her maternal solicitude, and prayed Heaven to provide for the happiness of her dear child, 'who had never known an instant's sorrow.' She has gained her end. Clive is married; Rosa gives birth to a son, and her mother has arrived for the interesting occasion. 'Assuming the command of the household, whilst her daughter kept her sofa, Mrs. Mackenzie had set that establishment into uproar and mutiny. She had offended the butler, outraged the housekeeper, wounded the susceptibilities of the footmen, insulted the doctor, and trampled on the inmost corns of the nurse. It was surprising what a change appeared in the campaigner's conduct, and how little in former days Colonel Newcome had known her.' The power of self-control vanishes with the motive for it; but the mask is not wholly dropped till the family reverses, when she stands revealed a furious scold, a grovelling schemer, an avaricious cheat, who charges her own vices upon probity and honour. '"What a woman that Mrs. Mackenzie is," cries F. Bayham. "What an infernal tartar and catamaran! She who was so uncommonly smiling and soft spoken, and such a fine woman, by jingo! What puzzles all women are." F. B. sighed, and drowned further reflection in beer.' Who does not remember that maxim of Swift—'The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.' How deep a response must the deceased Captain Mackenzie have sighed if he ever chanced to hear of the pithy saying of the Dean.

The manhood of Clive does not sustain the expectation raised by the description of his early days. He has spirit, truthfulness, the generosity of youth, and not a little of the selfishness which grows out of boyish thoughtlessness. His subsequent want of self-control, his inability to cope with the annoyances of his position, or, to say the truth, his entire subjection to them, destroy our respect for him. Ethel, on the contrary, is a charming example of the force of resolute virtue. Mr. Thackeray is not, for the most part, a flattering painter of women. The clever are artful and wicked; the good are insipid. Ethel is a great exception, and has no counterpart in 'Vanity Fair' or 'Pendennis.' There are three stages in her career, and each is distinguished by the nicest traits of nature. In the first she is a blooming girl, endowed with beauty, talent, and artlessness, and blessed with an independent mind which lifts her above the sordid atmosphere in which she is bred—the latent haughtiness of her disposition, softened

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softened by her feminine gentleness, and gracefully blending with it. She sympathises with whatever is good, has the instinct to discriminate, the courage to countenance and uphold it. In the second stage she figures under the influence of her match-making grandmother, Lady Kew, in that world of fashion

'Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold.'

Here the admiration she receives, the language she hears, the dazzling attractions of rank and wealth to one so young, coupled with the lessons of her overbearing, satirical, wily chaperon, begin to spoil her. She grows coquettish and wayward; but retains her generous impulses, her proud spirit and indomitable will, and would marry her cousin Clive in spite of angry relatives, if, upon the whole, she did not prefer a nobleman she despised to affection and a commoner. In a word, she yields to the exaggerated importance attached to social distinctions by all who approach her, and commits the crime of becoming no better than her neighbours. Yet as she had too much conscience to act avowedly from the usual motives, she persuades herself that she is chiefly influenced by the desire to obtain a position in which she can promote the interests of her family. There are two events for which the story prepares us—the elopement of the wife of her eldest brother, and her own marriage with Lord Farintosh. The completion of the first tragedy is ingeniously contrived to prevent the second. Ethel is now alarmed by the fatal consequences of mercenary alliances; the opportune death of Lady Kew releases her from the control of that evil genius; she sees the peril and degradation of her course, her subsiding worth regains an immediate ascendancy, and, with the determination inherent in her character, she breaks through the artificial network which had held her in bondage, dismisses Lord Farintosh on the eve of their marriage, and appears under her third and abiding aspect. If a nature like hers has the strength to shake off its toils, it is no half goodness which results. Shame at the past, the necessity to recover her own self-respect, the native nobility of her disposition, unite to make her a pattern of self-denial, and diligence in the discharge of humble duties. When she breaks with Lord Farintosh, she is ignorant of the marriage of Clive. To have lost him through her folly at the moment she was about to welcome his suit is a new source of vexation—the severest of the taxes which she pays for past weakness; but she who has played so long with the hearts of others surpasses them all in schooling her own; and a more estimable being than Ethel Newcome, when she emerges purified

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purified from the stains contracted in her worldly time, cannot well be imagined.

This book will open the eyes of many a girl who is dimly conscious of her position, and lead some, perhaps, to avoid the error of Ethel, or, more difficult still, enable them, like her, to retrace their steps. The 'Newcomes,' by precept and example, is designed above all to shame a debasing traffic, which is carried on under so thin a veil that 'a good match' has long ceased to mean anything good in the contracting parties, but stands only for money or station. 'God forbid,' said Lord Kew, when he drew back from his engagement with Miss Newcome, 'that she and I should lead the lives of some folks we know; that Ethel should marry without love, perhaps to fall into it afterwards.' Ill-assorted unions abound in the story; and they flow so naturally out of the circumstances, are so varied and arranged, that there is no appearance of a wish to force a moral by the arbitrary collection of cases, after the fashion which was sometimes practised by Hogarth in his department of art, as when, to aggravate the distresses of his 'Enraged Musician,' he gathers under his window every discordant sound which was scattered throughout the length and breadth of London. Mademoiselle Léonore resigns Thomas Newcome to marry, in obedience to her father, the Comte de Florac, who is older than her father himself. What is begun in duty is carried on in the same spirit to the end. In being a martyr she becomes a saint. By piety, resignation, and the rigorous discharge of every obligation she has contracted, she attains to the peace which the earnest execution of our appointed task never fails to bring. Her meek acceptance of her part, her faithful performance of it, her angelic disposition, and the subdued sadness which hangs about her perpetually—the effect of that old love-wound never healed—are brought out by those ethereal touches in which Mr. Thackeray excels, and which, light and almost incidental as they seem, leave a perfect image upon the mind. Madame de Florac is an example how a wise and worthy woman may make, under disadvantageous circumstances, the happiness she does not find. Colonel Newcome, after his manly fashion, is not behind her, as we have seen, in accommodating himself to his mistaken marriage. Clive, with far better materials at his disposal, and in a kindlier situation, resigns himself to chagrin, and passes the period of his wedded servitude in moaning over his fate. The weak Lady Clara, repelled by a worthless, tyrannical husband, and solicited by the lover her parents obliged her to refuse for the sake of a monied lump of selfishness, suddenly snaps the tie she can endure no longer,

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longer, and elopes with Lord Highgate. These are the several fruits of the misalliances introduced into the 'Newcomes.' Notwithstanding the energy with which he denounces them, Mr. Thackeray reminds us, through the mouths of some of his characters, that love-matches have constantly as unprosperous an issue. But how many of these deluded adorers would have been happy with anybody? The qualities for the purpose are wanting; and whether the marriage was suggested by calculation or passion, the issue would be vexation and strife. If the blind god, at an age when affection is strongest and judgment weakest, misleads some who were worthy of a better lot, the majority of them do but end where the traffickers begin. Because, argue the Lady Kews, there are blanks in the lottery of love, therefore let us ignore love altogether, crush it in young bosoms, compel them to do violence to it, and put all our trust in venal and sordid marriages.

There are many characters in these volumes subsidiary in the space they occupy, or in their action on the main story, which are not inferior in execution to the central figures. Such is Lord Kew, highminded, unassuming, with a disposition naturally turned to rectitude, flinging aside his youthful vices, and settling down upon his paternal estate, where his virtues and good sense, backed by his station, have a diffusive influence throughout and beyond his domain; an improver of land, a builder of churches and schools, a friend to his tenants, and a benefactor of the poor. Such is the oily Charles Honeyman, a fop vain of his person, who, without truth or seriousness, turns clerical actor, plays his sanctimonious part with sleek hardihood, his doctrines fashioned to the varying hour, a parasitical pastor fawning and fawned upon, and who, notwithstanding Mr. Thackeray's assurance that he has removed to India, still, we fear, preaches at Lady Whittlesea's chapel. Such is Sir Barnes Newcome, a banker on his father's side, and connected on his mother's with the aristocracy, who blends the meanness of a covetous trader with the vulgar insolence of an upstart moving in the outer circle of fashionable society; a bully, who strikes his wife, and turns pale at the cane of Colonel Newcome; a man without a heart or conscience, and whose only check is the fear of being thought a scoundrel by the world, yet a man who believes himself knowing in his generation, who considers life to be a game of selfishness, and who, without supposing himself to be a saint, would be surprised to find what an ugly portrait he made. Such is jovial Frederick Bayham, a large consumer of meats and drinks, a frequenter of all societies where good cheer is on the way, with empty pockets and inexhaustible spirits, a confident presence and rattling vivacity, not over-nice in the methods by which he builds up his own or

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other people's fortunes, but one of the staunchest and most zealous of friends as well as one of the liveliest of companions. Such is Paul de Florac, a *roué*, with a heart full of kindness and generosity, who comes before us under various phases, the result of new situations and increasing years, and whose attempts, in acts and conversation, to graft the Englishman upon the French stock are a surprising specimen of exact observation and humour. Exceedingly beautiful, too, is his reverence for his religious mother, his deference to her feelings, and his assumption of the outward sobriety of dress and deportment which will be most grateful to her solemn and chastened spirit. 'Shall not I,' he says, 'who have caused her to shed so many tears endeavour to dry some?' Rawdon Crawley, with his warm fatherly affections, Harry Foker, with his vivid sense of honour, are questionable characters of the Paul type, and we are half-ashamed of the favour they find in our eyes till we observe that there is a healthy spot in full play in their hearts amid the surrounding contamination, and that it is by this alone that our sympathy is won.

The merit of the 'Newcomes' cannot be judged from quotations. They are like the stones of the temple, whose beauty is in their proper place, as parts of a design. Characters are built up bit by bit, and many admirable traits depend for their effect upon the knowledge of the antecedents. The passages we give are selected because they can be separated from the context, and not because they are otherwise the best. Mr. Thackeray deals largely in irony, and here is an example of his mode of satirizing vices under the guise of commending them:—

'To push on in the crowd, every male, or female, struggler must use his shoulders. If a better place than yours presents itself just beyond your neighbour, elbow him and take it. Look how a steadily-purposed man or woman at court, at a ball, or exhibition, wherever there is a competition and a squeeze, gets the best place; the nearest the sovereign, if bent on kissing the royal hand; the closest to the grand stand, if minded to go to Ascot; the best view and hearing of the Rev. Mr. Thumpington, when all the town is rushing to hear that exciting divine: the largest quantity of ice, champagne and seltzer, cold pâté, or other his or her favourite fleshpot, if gluttonously minded, at a supper whence hundreds of people come empty away. A woman of the world will marry her daughter, and have done with her, get her carriage, and be at home and asleep in bed whilst a timid mamma has still her girl in the nursery, or is beseeching the servants in the cloak-room to look for her shawls, with which some one else has whisked away an hour ago. What a man has to do in society is to assert himself. Is there a good place at table? take it. At the Treasury or the Home Office? ask for it. Do you want to go to a party to which you are not invited? ask to be asked. Ask A., ask B., ask Mrs. C.; ask everybody

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everybody you know.. You will be thought a bore, but you will have your way. What matters that you are considered obtrusive, provided that you obtrude? By pushing steadily, nine hundred and ninety-nine persons in a thousand will yield to you. Only command persons, and you may be pretty sure that a good number will obey. How well your shilling will have been laid out, O gentle reader, who purchase this, and, taking the maxim to heart, follow it through life! You may be sure of success. If your neighbour's foot obstructs you, stamp on it; and do you suppose he won't take it away?'—vol. i. p. 72.

These are the people who, passing beyond the instincts of selfishness, erect it into a law, and pride themselves upon the easy victories they win through bad manners and a bad heart. The impulsive selfishness of anger is less coolly calculating, but the results are similar, and full as effective:—

'When Lady Kew heard that Madame d'Ivry was at Baden, and was informed at once of the French lady's graciousness towards the Newcome family, and of her fury against Lord Kew, the old Countess gave a loose to that energetic temper with which Nature had gifted her; a temper which she tied up sometimes, and kept from barking and biting, but which, when unmuzzled, was an animal of whom all her ladyship's family had a just apprehension. Not one of them but in his or her time had been wounded, lacerated, tumbled over, otherwise frightened or injured by this unruly brute. The cowards brought it sops and patted it; the prudent gave it a clear berth, and walked round so as not to meet it; but woe be to those of the family who had to bring the meal and prepare the litter, and (to speak respectfully) share the kennel with Lady Kew's "Black Dog!" Surely a fine furious temper, if accompanied with a certain magnanimity and bravery which often go together with it, is one of the most precious and fortunate gifts with which a gentleman or lady can be endowed. A person always ready to fight is certain of the greatest consideration among his or her family circle. The lazy grow tired of contending with him; the timid coax and flatter him; and, as almost every one is timid or lazy, a bad-tempered man is sure to have his own way. It is he who commands, and all the others obey. If he is a gourmand, he has what he likes for dinner, and the tastes of all the rest are subservient to him. She (we playfully transfer the gender, as a bad temper is of both sexes) has the place which she likes best in the drawing-room, nor do her parents nor her brothers and sisters venture to take her favourite chair. If she wants to go to a party, mamma will dress herself in spite of her headache; and papa, who hates those dreadful soirées, will go upstairs after dinner, and put on his poor old white neckcloth, though he has been toiling at chambers all day, and must be there early in the morning. He will go out with her, we say, and stay for the cotillon. If the family are taking their tour in the summer, it is she who ordains whither they shall go, and when they shall stop. If he comes home late, the dinner is kept for him, and not one dares to say a word, though ever so hungry. If he is in a good humour,

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how every one frisks about and is happy! How the servants jump up at his bell, and run to wait upon him! How they sit up patiently, and how eagerly they run to fetch cabs in the rain! Whereas, for you and for me, who have the tempers of angels, and never were known to be angry or to complain, nobody cares whether we are pleased or not. Our wives go to the milliner's and send us the bill, and we pay it. Our John finishes reading the newspaper before he answers our bell and brings it to us; our sons loll in the arm-chair we should like, fill the house with their young men, and smoke in the dining-room; our tailors fit us badly; our butchers give us the youngest mutton; our tradesmen dun us much more quickly than other people, because they know we are good-natured; and our servants go out whenever they like, and openly have their friends to supper in the kitchen.'—vol. i. p. 321.

Madame de Girardin has the same idea, but not worked out with the same felicitous prodigality of detail, in her disquisition upon 'profitable defects.' She adds obstinacy to the list, because, she remarks, 'every one says of an obstinate man, "You will get nothing from *him*," and he is let alone in consequence.' The reflections we have quoted treat of outside frailties: in the next our great explorer of the human heart conducts us into one of its inner chambers.

'The writer of these veracious pages was once walking through a splendid English palace, standing amidst parks and gardens, than which none more magnificent has been seen since the days of Aladdin, in company with a melancholy friend, who viewed all things darkly through his gloomy eyes. The housekeeper, pattering on before us from chamber to chamber, was expatiating upon the magnificence of this picture; the beauty of that statue; the marvellous richness of these hangings and carpets; the admirable likeness of the late Marquis by Sir Thomas, of his father, the fifth Earl, by Sir Joshua, and so on; when, in the very richest room of the whole castle, Hicks—such was my melancholy companion's name—stopped the cicerone in her prattle, saying in a hollow voice, "And now, madam, will you show us the closet *where the skeleton is?*" The scared functionary paused in the midst of her harangue; that article was not inserted in the catalogue which she daily utters to visitors for their half-crown. Hicks's question brought a darkness down upon the hall where we were standing. We did not see the room; and yet I have no doubt there is such an one; and ever after, when I have thought of the splendid castle towering in the midst of shady trees, under which the dappled deer are browsing; of the terraces gleaming with statues, and bright with a hundred thousand flowers; of the bridges and shining fountains and rivers wherein the castle windows reflect their festive gleams, when the halls are filled with happy feasters, and over the darkling woods comes the sound of music—always, I say, when I think of Castle Bluebeard, it is to think of that dark little closet which I know is there, and which the lordly owner opens shuddering—after midnight—when he is sleepless and

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and *must* go unlock it, when the palace is hushed, when beauties are sleeping around him unconscious, and revellers are at rest. O Mrs. Housekeeper, all the other keys hast thou, but that key thou hast not! Have we not all such closets, my jolly friend, as well as the noble Marquis of Carabas? At night, when all the house is asleep but you, don't you get up and peep into yours? When you in your turn are slumbering, up gets Mrs. Brown from your side, steals down stairs like Amina to her ghoul, clicks open the secret door, and looks into *her* dark depository. Did she tell you of that little affair with Smith long before she knew you? Psha! who knows any one save himself alone? Who, in showing his house to the closest and dearest, doesn't keep back the key of a closet or two? I think of a lovely reader laying down the page, and looking over at her unconscious husband, asleep, perhaps, after dinner. Yes, madam, a closet he hath, and you who pry into everything shall never have the key of it. I think of some honest Othello pausing over this very sentence in a railroad carriage, and stealthily gazing at Desdemona opposite to him, innocently administering sandwiches to their little boy.—I am trying to turn off the sentence with a joke, you see—I feel it is growing too dreadful, too serious.'—vol. i. p. 112.

There are many eloquent passages in the 'Newcomes' upon the unhallowed marriages which are the grand theme of the work. Two paragraphs contain the summary of Lady Clara's tragic history—what she was, and what she might have been; the fair prospect which nature had provided for her, and the dark fate to which her parents condemned her.

'Poor Lady Clara! I fancy a better lot for you than that to which fate handed you over. I fancy there need have been no deceit in your fond simple little heart, could it but have been given into other keeping. But you were consigned to a master whose scorn and cruelty terrified you; under whose sardonic glances your scared eyes were afraid to look up, and before whose gloomy coldness you dared not be happy. Suppose a little plant, very frail and delicate from the first, but that might have bloomed sweetly and borne fair flowers, had it received warm shelter and kindly nurture; suppose a young creature taken out of her home, and given over to a hard master whose caresses are as insulting as his neglect; consigned to cruel usage; to weary loneliness; to bitter, bitter recollections of the past; suppose her schooled into hypocrisy by tyranny—and then, quick, let us hire an advocate to roar out to a British jury the wrongs of her injured husband, to paint the agonies of his bleeding heart (if Mr. Advocate gets plaintiff's brief in time, and before defendant's attorney has retained him), and to show society injured through him. Let us console that martyr, I say, with thumping damages; and as for the woman—the guilty wretch!—let us lead her out and stone her.'—vol. ii. p. 168.

The catastrophe is not long in coming. Lady Clara elopes with the Jack Belsize, who possessed her heart when she gave her hand to Sir Barnes, and how well does Mr. Thackeray tell the consequences of the attempt to rectify wrong by wrong!—

'So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant, but to what a rescue? The very man who loves her, and gives her asylum, pities and deplores her. She scarce dares to look out of the windows of her new home upon the world, lest it should know and reproach her. All the sisterhood of friendship is cut off from her. If she dares to go abroad she feels the sneer of the world as she goes through it, and knows that malice and scorn whisper behind her. People, as criminal but undiscovered, make room for her as if her touch were pollution. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man whom she loves best, that his friends who see her treat her with but a doubtful respect, and the domestics who attend her with a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of the country town, neighbours look aside as the carriage passes in which she sits splendid and lonely. Rough hunting companions of her husband's come to her table: he is driven perforce to the company of flatterers and men of inferior sort; his equals, at least in his own home, will not live with him. She would be kind, perhaps, and charitable to the cottagers round about her, but she fears to visit them lest they too should scorn her. The clergyman who distributes her charities blushes and looks awkward on passing her in the village, if he should be walking with his wife or one of his children. . . . . No wonder that her husband does not like home, except for a short while in the hunting season. No wonder that he is away all day; how can he like a home which she has made so wretched?'—vol. ii. p. 197.

From these calamities of life—sorrows which know no healing, and spread over the whole of existence like a pall—we turn to give a specimen of Mr. Thackeray's mode of representing the lighter incidents of everyday occurrence, and take for this purpose one of those offshoots from the tree which can be transplanted without injury. Paul de Florac has married for her money the daughter of a Manchester manufacturer, a good, vulgar little body, who lived for a considerable period, separated from her husband, at her villa at Rosebury, where she is looked down upon by the clergyman, Dr. Potter, and his wife and daughters, who are visited occasionally by a county family. Sir Barnes Newcome has at last electioneering motives for taking up the neglected Madame de Florac, and resolves to call upon her.

'One day the carriage-and-four came in state from Newcome Park, with the well-known chaste liveries of the Newcomes, and drove up Rosebury Green, towards the parsonage-gate, where Mrs. and the Miss Potters happened to be standing, cheapening fish from a donkey-man, with whom they were in the habit of dealing. The ladies were in their pokiest old head-gear and most dingy gowns, when they perceived the carriage approaching; and considering, of course, that the visit of the Park People was intended for them, dashed into the rectory to change their clothes, leaving Rowkins, the costermonger, in the very

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very midst of the negotiation about the three mackarel. Mamma got that new bonnet out of the band-box; Lizzy and Liddy skipped up to their bed-room, and brought out those dresses which they wore at the *déjeuner* at the Newcome Athenæum, when Lord Leveret came down to lecture; into which they no sooner had hooked their lovely shoulders, than they reflected with terror that mamma had been altering one of papa's flannel waistcoats, and had left it in the drawing-room, when they were called out by the song of Rowkins and the appearance of his donkey's ears over the green gate of the rectory. To think of the Park People coming, and the drawing-room in that dreadful state! But when they came down stairs the Park People were not in the room, the woollen garment was still on the table (how they plunged it into the chiffonier!), and the only visitor was Rowkins, the costermonger, grinning at the open French windows, with the three mackarel, and crying, "Make it sixpence, Miss—don't say fippens, Maam, to a pore fellow that has a wife and family." So that the young ladies had to cry—"Impudence!" "Get away, you vulgar, insolent creature!—Go round, sir, to the back door!" "How dare you?" and the like; fearing lest Lady Ann Newcome, and young Ethel, and Barnes, should enter in the midst of this ignoble controversy. They never came at all—those Park People. How very odd! They passed the rectory-gate; they drove on to Madame de Florac's lodge. They went in. They stayed for half-an-hour; the horses driving round and round the gravel-road before the house; and Mrs. Potter and the girls speedily going to the upper chambers, and looking out of the room where the maids slept, saw Lady Ann, Ethel, and Barnes walking with Madame de Florac, going into the conservatories, issuing thence with Mac Whirter, the gardener, bearing huge bunches of grapes and large fasces of flowers; they saw Barnes talking in the most respectful manner to Madame de Florac; and, when they went down stairs and had their work before them—Liddy her gilt music-book, Lizzy her embroidered altar-cloth, Mamma her scarlet cloak for one of the old women—they had the agony of seeing the barouche over the railings whisk by, with the Park People inside, and Barnes driving the four horses.'—vol. ii. p. 177.

Every one can judge of the truth of a scene which every one has witnessed, and may remark what reality is given to the narrative by that accumulation of characteristic details upon which so much of the novelist's art depends. The husband of Madame de Florac is reconciled to his wife, goes down with her to Rosebury, and determines to act the part of a thorough Englishman. His appearance in that character, which he has so elaborately got up, is a perfect sketch, equally ludicrous and truthful:—

'"En Angleterre je me fais Anglais, vois tu, mon ami," continued the Prince. "Demain c'est Sunday, et tu vas voir!" Sunday morning arrived in the course of time, and then Florac appeared as a most wonderful Briton indeed! He wore top-boots and buckskins; and after breakfast,

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breakfast, when we went to church, a white great coat with a little cape, in which garment he felt that his similarity to an English gentleman was perfect. In conversation with his grooms and servants he swore freely,—not that he was accustomed to employ oaths in his own private talk, but he thought the employment of these expletives necessary as an English country gentleman. He never dined without a roast beef, and insisted that the piece of meat should be bleeding, "as you love it, you others." He got up boxing-matches, and kept birds for combats of cock. He assumed the sporting language with admirable enthusiasm—drove over to cover with a steppère—rode across countri like a good one—was splendid in the hunting-field in his velvet cap and Napoleon boots, and made the hunt welcome at Rosebury.'—vol. ii. p. 180.

Another brief episode of the dramatic kind shall conclude our extracts. The elopement of Lady Clara Newcome occurs just as Lord Farintosh is about to marry Ethel; and his Lordship's two shadows, whose business it is to keep him in good humour with himself, and by consequence with them, have to deal as they best can with the effect which the stigma upon the family of the intended bride may produce upon their noble chief:—.

'It may naturally be supposed that his Lordship's gentlemen-in-waiting, Captain Henchman, Jack Todhunter, and the rest, had many misgivings of their own respecting their patron's change in life, and could not view without anxiety the advent of a mistress who might reign over him and them; who might possibly not like their company, and might exert her influence over her husband to oust these honest fellows from places in which they were very comfortable. The jovial rogues had the run of my Lord's kitchen, stables, cellars, and cigar-boxes. A new marchioness might hate hunting, smoking, jolly parties, and toad-eaters in general, or might bring into the house favourites of her own. I am sure any kind-hearted man of the world must feel for the position of these faithful, doubtful, disconsolate vassals, and have a sympathy for their rueful looks and demeanour as they eye the splendid preparations for the ensuing marriage; the grand furniture sent to my lord's castles and houses, the magnificent plate provided for his tables—tables at which they may never have a knife and fork; castles and houses of which the poor rogues may never be allowed to pass the doors. When, then, "the elopement in High Life," which has been described in the previous pages, burst upon the town in the morning papers, I can fancy the agitation which the news occasioned in the faithful bosoms of the generous Todhunter and the attached Henchman. My lord was not in his own house as yet. He and his friends still lingered on in the little house in May Fair; the dear little bachelor's quarters, where they had enjoyed such good dinners, such good suppers, such rare doings, such a jolly time. I fancy Hench coming down to breakfast and reading the "Morning Post." I imagine Tod dropping in from his bedroom over the way, and Hench handing the paper over to Tod, and the conversation which ensued between these worthy men.

'"Pretty

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'"Pretty news, ain't it, Toddy?" says Henchman, looking up from a Perigord-pie, which the faithful creature is discussing. "Always expected it," remarks the other. "Anybody who saw them together last season must have known it. The chief himself spoke of it to me."

'"It 'll cut him up awfully when he reads it. Is it in the 'Morning Post?' He has the 'Post' in his bed-room. I know he has rung his bell: I heard it. Bowman, has his lordship read his paper yet?" Bowman, the valet, said, "I believe you, he *have* read his paper. When he read it he jumped out of bed and swore most awful. I cut as soon as I could," continued Mr. Bowman, who was on familiar, nay, contemptuous terms with the other two gentlemen. "Enough to make any man swear," says Toddy to Henchman, and both were alarmed in their noble souls reflecting that their chieftain was now actually getting up and dressing himself; that he would speedily, and in the course of nature, come down stairs, and then most probably would begin swearing at *them*. The most noble Mungo Malcolm Angus was in an awful state of mind, when at length he appeared in the breakfast-room. "Why the dash do you make a tap-room of this?" he cries. The trembling Henchman, who has begun to smoke—as he has done a hundred times before in this bachelor's hall—flings his cigar into the fire. "There you go—nothing like it! Why don't you fling some more in? You can get 'em at Hudson's for five guineas a pound," bursts out the youthful peer.'—ii. p. 200.

'Satire or sense, alas! can Henchman feel?'

His brethren, who belong to the genus toad-eater, unless they are of the identical species described by Mr. Thackeray, nor perhaps even then, will not recognise their likeness. Major Pendennis, who might be termed a toad-eater unattached, who called no single peer master, who flitted from table to table, and was of the courtliest and most finished breed, despised the members of the family who served a single owner, followed him like a dog, obeyed his whistle or call, crouched at his feet, and ran where he was hied. 'My Uncle and Captain Henchman,'—it is Arthur Pendennis who reveals the fact—'disliked each other very much, I am sorry to say: sorry to add that it was very amusing to hear either one of them speak of the other.'

'Happy, harmless fable-land,' exclaims Mr. Thackeray. The fable-land of his creation is more than this. Those who have traversed it leisurely have found it as healthful as it is beguiling, and it is through its more sterling qualities that he has won for his book a loving admiration in many a home where genius alone would have been faintly welcomed. It is a proud privilege to have been able, month by month, for nearly two years, to interweave his fictions into the daily existence of his readers, and bring his mimic characters into competition with the living world, till forgetting

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forgetting they were shadows, we have followed their fortunes, and discussed their destinies and conduct as though they had been breathing flesh and blood. 'What a wonderful art!' so we may suppose some future critic of the English humourists to say—'what an admirable gift of nature was it by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people, speculate gravely upon their faults or their excellences, and talk about them as if we had breakfasted with them this morning in their actual drawing-rooms, or should meet them this afternoon in the Park! What a genius!—what a vigour!—what a bright-eyed intelligence and observation!—what a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! What a vast sympathy!—what a cheerfulness!—what a manly relish of life!—what a love of human kind! What a poet is here!—watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! What scholars he has formed and accustomed to the exercise of thoughtful humour, and the manly play of wit!' Such is Mr. Thackeray's character of Fielding—such to the letter is the character, as a novelist, of the author of the 'Newcomes.'

ART. IV.—*Selections from the Family Papers preserved at Caldwell*, 1496-1853. Presented to the Maitland Club by William Mure, M.P. Glasgow. 1854.

THESE three substantial quartos are among the very valuable of the many contributions to that excellent Society, the Maitland Club, to which our historians and archæologists have been so much indebted. By this lifting up another corner of the curtain hung over the private scenes of auld lang syne, glimpses of the manners of our Scottish forefathers are offered, and an insight is given of the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, by which their days were rounded off: thus introduced to their homes and hearts, we become familiar with details too much neglected by grave historians, whose stilty pen seldom condescended to deal with trifles below their dignity. Recorders only of events at which the world grew pale, they noted down the thunder-crashes that scarred the mountain summits, while the humble valleys beneath lay overlooked in their obscurity. These family papers, rescued from the moths of muniment rooms, from the tidy matron or the fatal housemaiden—these planks saved

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from the wreck of ages, are relics of increasing value; they form the basis of national investigation, which widens with the diffusion of education and enlightened curiosity. In an exhaustion of the present, inquiry which must be fed, falls back on first principles, and is driven to the past; and whatever draws us from the present, elevates in the intellectual scale. Thus poor finite mortals, who remount the stream of time, give battle to oblivion, and dispute victory with the grave.

No apology was needed from Mr. Mure on the ground of the little claim which the private memoirs of a private family might have to public attraction. It is from such untampered materials that history in the aggregate is best constructed; and in early periods how much of general history was included in that of individuals, by whom the form and pressure of the age and its spirit was illustrated! And here, once for all, we must enter our literary protest against Mr. Mure's usual intitulation of Colonel; this brevet rank militates against all our inkstand associations, and throws an air of improbability over learned and critical authorship. We have already called attention in our No. 139 to Mr. Mure's classical pilgrimage to Greece, which, undertaken in true Homeric faith, formed a fitting preparation to his *opus magnum*, 'The History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece,' a work discussed in our No. 174, and which, combining all the research and accuracy of the German school without its dulness and want of good taste, is written in a most searching, liberal, and genial spirit. Strong indeed must be the coveys of militia captains, majors and minors, whose brigaded brains could have furnished one chapter. Let right men ever be in right places; and well will our muscular country-gentlemen teach the young idea to shoot, and assuredly from their nurseries many, the stoutest and bravest, will march with honour to the East, who would have quailed and failed when examined in Polybius and political economy. Mr. Mure, recognising the duties as well as the rights of property, and acting as became the chief of his time-honoured race, for a while laid down the pen for the sword; and if he exchanged the banquet of the Homeric gods for the mess, let it be hoped that, induced by his example, the sons of clansmen bold mixed a thought of Castalian streams with their native farintosh. Be that as it may, we can only deal with the Colonel in our and in his critical phase.

Our learned compiler has illustrated these volumes with a running commentary of notes, by which this evidence from the tomb is explained; he has throughout exercised an amiable caution, both in the avoidance of tender, disputed points, as in refraining

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refraining from opening many ticklish questions now settled, rightfully or wrongfully, which might jar with the politics and opinions of his readers whatever they may be. He has moreover prefixed to these Selections a memoir of the genealogy and leading incidents of the House of Caldwell, and thus introduces his readers in this prologue, to the principal performers of a drama extending over the three centuries (acts, as it were) on which the destiny and well-being of Scotland hinged. Thus, in this Banquo glass, in this moving diorama, so full of interest first the armed chieftain of the clan hurries on to the raid and foray, to the slaughter of foeman and the sacking of fortress. Anon, as the feudal spirit of the age is changed, the tragic wail of war, civil and religious, is heard, and the crumbling throne and altar tingle to the social extremities; then, when the hurricane, spent in its own violence, is passed, the horizon brightening up with the coming of better days ushers in the union with England, and the epithalamium, joined in by the chorus of Caldwell, constitutes a happy conclusion and epilogue. The details which mark the gradual transition from an iron age to a golden one of law and order revealed from these repositories, often amusing as a romance, possess the charm of truth—that *sine quâ non* to the British ηθος, and which is often stranger than fiction—whatever may be predicated and practised across the Channel.

The Mures, an ancient, although untitled family, would, had they flourished beyond the Elbe or Niemen, have been princes at the least: they descend from Sir Reginald Mure, who in 1329 was Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland. The family name was differently written in different periods: More and Moore are the most ancient forms; Mure and Muir the most usual; but a settled nomenclature is a nicety of modern orthography. Early in the fourteenth century, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Adam Mure, married her cousin the Earl of Strathaven, who, succeeding to the throne as Robert II., was the first sovereign of the House of Stuart, and by him she became mother of the whole blood royal of that race: her grand-uncle cemented the connexion by marrying the wealthy sister of Robert's first wife. No wonder that finally a Mure—backed by royal alliances and grants of forfeited lands—should become one of the richest and most powerful subjects. The family split into many branches, of which the House of Caldwell, although not the chief, has ever ranked very high; and their estates in Ayr and Renfrewshire were acquired about the close of the fourteenth century by the marriage of a Mure with the heiress of Caldwell of that ilk. While we pass rapidly over the detailed links of a clearly made out pedigree,

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as an inquiry of private rather than of public interest, the honest pride of birth which stimulated this genealogical labour of love, claims the respect of all who, like ourselves, are believers in race. The organic laws of breeding from a good stock are not to be defied, and blood must tell in the long run of every race of honour. Nor does the tendency to truth, *bon sang ne peut mentir*, form a bad point in 'raising' an historian.

However the sons of nobodies may affect to sneer at these vanities of vanities, and pretend that a pot of clay is as good as porcelain, to be born an Hidalgo, a son of somebody, is a distinction that courts cannot confer, nor mobs take away; and its real value may be tested by the cash a millocrat millionaire would pay down for a genuine grandfather. The *nouveau riche* finds it easier to be inscribed in the *Grand Livre de Rentes* of the Bourse at Paris, than in the *Libro de Oro* of aristocratic Venice. Nor is this infirmity one from which strongest minds can escape: thus Byron was prouder of his seat in the House of Lords than of his place in the poets' corner on Parnassus. Mr. Mure has grafted a new laurel on the ancestral stock by adding to the accidental honour of birthright, the personally achieved aristocracy of intellect. Thus, our *Hidalgo*, as the Spaniard has it, is also *Hijo de sus obras*—son of his own works—and is himself, had it been needed, a founder of a family to which those who come after might honestly look up.

Since the days of Horace, name and birth *without* property has not been rated in the books so high as vile sea-weed; a fiscal dilemma from which the Mures are happily exempt, and have long been. Touching their ample territorial possessions, one of the earliest documents, dated 1496, is an instrument of sazine of Sir Adam Mure's—Nobilis viri Adæ Mur de Cauldvel—peaceably and legally conveying a small hamlet called Kempisland, alias Breedsorrow, so named because of the 'grate sorrow it bred in debatting and contesting for the hereditable right thereof.' This 'canting' term *kemping*, an old Scotch word for 'striving and fighting,' was a symbol and commentary of a disputatious age, when border chiefs, great coveters of Naboth's vineyard, converted many an adjoining field into a *campus belli*, of which the strongest man reaped the harvest with his claymore.

This forefather Adam, knighted by James IV. as a preux chevalier and Cid Campeador, is described by flattering annalists as 'a gallant stout man, having many feuds with his neighbours, which were managed with great fierceness and much bloodshed.' 'Hector Mwyr,' son of this worthy sire, was killed in 1499, by the Maxwells of Pollok, whose laird narrowly escaped the *vendetta* of Caledonia and the wild justice of Hector's brother. This pretty quarrel

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quarrel long remained an heirloom in the families, and the spirit of the age is read in the indictment of the avenger John for laying an ambuscade for John Maxwell and his man, and capturing them with 'wikid malice wrangwislie and violentlie.' Neither did this John respect the holy church, for in 1515 we find him busy 'with maister full spoliatioun,' sacking the palace at Glasgow of Archbishop Beaton, and 'breking down of the samyn with artazary [artillery] and utherwaies.'

This feat was more political than sacrilegious; the prelate, a supporter of the Regent Duke of Albany, was opposed by the Lennox league, and this bold partisan Mure, a master of his art, was no hand at mere legal logomachies. The triumph of the league was short, and the very next year, when the Regent recovered the ascendant, an action was brought 'aganis Johnne Mure for the wrangis and violent ejection.' The curious indictment printed at p. 54 enumerates the items of the damages done. At the inventory of the household stuff of a Scottish lord-chancellor and archbishop of that day, Lincoln's Inn and Lambeth—not to say the most non-erastian manse of the Free Kirk—may blush. The wardrobe of the prelate was in truth rich in 'gowns of scarlet lynit with furreis,' in rings of gold 'with precious stanes,'—articles of greater value than size, and easily carried off in troublous times. The bishop was stronger in feather-beds than towels, and while he possessed '13 roasting-spets and 18 pots,' his plate veschell [vaisselle] consisted only of '5 duzane of pewder; his larders, garde viandes, were stocked with 15 swine, 4 dakyr of salt hyds, 6 duzane salmon, and 1 last of salt herring.' The stronghold was victualled with vivers for the garrison, perhaps more substantial than elegant. But the prelate's private provision was of another kind: his grocery, 'pepir, saffron, ginger, sugar, clovis, and cannel,' infer a reasonable sipping of loving-cups and spicy bishop, while the '12 tunnes of wyne' in the cellar judiciously relieved the salt diet. The store of ordnance and 'villanous saltpetre' was commensurate with the commissariat: '6 barrels of gunpowder, 11 gunnis, 14 halkirks, 14 steel bonnets, and 13 pair of splints,' formed the outer defences of this castle of the church militant. In this schedule the backward condition and discomforts of the epoch are revealed; few even in this mansion of a magnate and minister are the evidences of intellectual enjoyment: no vestige is to be traced of a library—that larder for the mind; no Bible, not even a breviary for the bishop, is catalogued.

The 'lands and guts' of the said John Mure were so 'compelled and distrensed' for these damages, that he was driven to mortgage an estate for 'auchtt hundredth merks,' an incumbrance from which

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which he was relieved in 1527 by the Earl of Eglington, with whom he was connected by marriage; but the benefit was burdened with a bond of manrent, and limited space alone prevents our citing the curious deed. The laird thereby became bound, 'me and myne airs perpetuallie to bekum man and servant till the Erle, and till his airs perpetuallie,' and to do him military service so long as the sum lent should remain unpaid; and the lender, in further security, was conditionally 'infeft' with a portion of the lands of Caldwell. The obligation of service hung long over the house, and in 1665 the Lord Eglington of the day called for the penalty of the bond, on some alleged default of performance. The two opinions of learned counsel repudiating the validity of the claim, illustrate the transition from feudal violence to constitutional law. The signature of Caldwell affixed to the original deed, with 'his hand on the pen led by the notary,' offers evidence that he could not write; this faculty, now common to every cottar's son in Scotland, was rare then among lairds and laymen. The power to wield the pen—an accomplishment clerical not military—was held to unfit the hand for the sword. The rude barons and mere soldiers despised letters, and looked down upon men of learning and scholars, who, then as may be now, quietly returned the compliment; and the priests, too wise to risk the substance for the shadow, and in possession of the monopoly of knowledge—power—chuckled when brute and armed force that feared no sword, trembled before the crosier. The bold but unlettered Sir John was killed in his time and turn by the Cuninghams of Achett, by whom soon after the Earl of Eglington was also dispatched; the family honours and habits were worthily maintained by Sir Robert Mure, son and successor of this Sir John, who, when cited at the trial of a kinsman accused of many murders, for tampering with witnesses, pleaded successfully 'that he could not be expected to act otherwise when a clansman's life was at stake.'

The first act of the Caldwell drama closed with this bright knight, few of whose predecessors died peaceably in their beds or were longevous; yet their life, if short, was lively, 'very exciting, sir,' as fighting Picton said amid the bombs of Badajoz. The resources of human vegetation in the country were rare before turnpikes, turnips, and quarter sessions were invented; and when war was the serious business, and the chace, its mimic, the recreation, the transition was easy from stalking the red deer to the ambuscade and 'slochter' of a neighbour foe. In remote counties, hardly yet over-fertile in events and novelties, injuries were long brooded over: the monotony of life was broken by the plotting and committing great crimes, and by the discussion and remembrance

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remembrance of them afterwards; thus to wipe out the stain of a murdered kinsman was the inheritance of generations, and the demon of revenge, the first duty of a good chief, was immortal.

A change had come over the social spirit when the second act of our drama commenced. The monarchical principle, which, by absorbing petty tyrants into the throne, had triumphed over the feudal, was now itself to be put to severe trial, and the increasing importance of the middle classes led to that reaction of the many against the monopolies in Church and State of the few, which, commenced before by Knox, was now to be consummated by Cromwell. Soon the coming calamities cast a shadow before them, for however good may have emerged ultimately out of the fermentation of evil, the happiness of thousands was wrecked during the process. The little black cloud rising on the horizon could not escape the far-seeing; thus the dying voice of one of this family in 1640 expresses, in the quaint Anglo-Scoto language, a solemn foreboding which cannot be misunderstood:—

'For sa mickel as at this tyme thair is great appeirance of trubles and warres in this land, whilk God of His infinit mercie prevent, and grant ane happie and gude reformatioune to the glorie of His name. Howbeit I, Robert Mure, of Cauldwell, am now baith weill and haill in bodie, spirit, and mynd; yit, considering there is nothing more certaine nor death, and nothing more uncertaine nor the tyme and manor yrof . . . thairfor I heirby mak my latter will and testament.'

This long foreseen hurricane passed comparatively gently over the house of Caldwell, whose owners were minors during the downfall of Charles and the ascendancy of Cromwell; but the factory accounts of their guardians mark unmistakeably the general malaise of Scotland. Unfortunate Caledonia, alternately a victim to royalist and republican, might well exclaim, 'A plague on both your houses!' Meantime the lairds, youthful and unfashed with politics, cared little for these things, and rejoicing in horseflesh, were curious in costume and became the dandies of their day; constant charges occur in their 'small accounts' for 'dozanes of silver and gold buttones,' doublets of 'Pan velvet,' with 'sweit Cordiphant gloves.' These items, the 'Pannos' of Italy, the perfumed skins of 'Cordova,' with the 'claithes of Holland' and 'Frenche serges,' denote a dependence on the foreigner for most articles of luxury and refinement, and indicate the backward condition of national manufacture, and this in the vicinity of Glasgow. Meanwhile the expenditure of the young gentlemen in 'ink-hornes and buiks' fell below the charges for spurs and 'buitts,' nor could the 'waidgs' and offerings to their schoolmaster, and doctor be pronounced prodigious by the most modest of Dominies.

The accounts are kept in the Scotch money of the time: this currency,

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currency, full of sound and show, signifies but little compared to the sweet simplicity of the unpretending sterling. According to Caledonian Cockers, the merk, 13*s.* 4*d.* Scot, is worth about 13 of our pence, and the *pund Scot* is only equal to the twelfth part of a pound sterling, or to 1*s.* 8*d.*, the Scot shilling being thus equivalent to the English penny. The use of the pound sterling only obtained when the golden age of Scotland dawned after the Union with England and her guineas. It is evident, without studying Adam Smith, that the value of coins current and in which accounts are usually kept, offers a test to the wealth of nations: thus our plain pound shrinks from no comparison with the roubles or florins of Russia and Austria, imperial and impecunious; nor need this Protestant pound aforesaid, much fear the fivepenny Paul of the successor of St. Peter, infallible and insolvent; so Spain, proudest of paupers, repudiates in *reales*, in nothing less than royals, worth about twopence-halfpenny; while poor Portugal promises to pay in kingly Reis, the infinitesimal fraction of a farthing; but all this mint magniloquence cheers the pride of poverty with the mirage of millions.

The factory accounts of these Mure minors, like the Northumberland and household-books of past centuries, throw much light on statistical and politico-economical details, particularly as regards the ordinary outgoings of a Scottish laird and a country estate of the period. The best evidence is also afforded of the incident law expenses, of the rate of interest on charges, of the variations of prices, and of the gradual rise of rents and fall in the value of money. A long series of tacks or leases furnish curious conveyancing precedents, while, to those who judge of character by handwriting, the facsimiles of landlords' and other lords' complicated signatures, when they could sign and deliver their acts and deeds, offer suggestive materials. The rents, from the scarcity of coin, were partly paid in kind,—for instance in poultry, eggs, and even cream,—a payment which occasioned and sustained the rude hospitality of the lairds, with whom ready money and luxuries were scarce, wants and comforts few.

These accounts offer collateral evidence of that sad state of Scotland during the civil and religious struggle, so truthfully and vividly depicted by the great Wizard of the North in his Bothwells and Balfours of 'Old Mortality:' they tell of times when the land was overrun by the armed stranger, when houses were converted into barracks, and the owners 'dragooned and eaten up.' Charges occur at every page for horses taken by the Inglishman, for 'tour gaitts' which the Inglishman 'brak,' and with allowances to tenants for free quarterings and billetings of troupers,

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troupers, for 'levyis,' cesses, and maintenancies of 'Inglish garrisonns.'

The House of Caldwell escaped better from the 'plague and pestilence' which, sure followers of the camp, filled poor Scotland's miseries to the brim. Fortunately the guardians of the Mures were possessed of certain marvellous medicines, which, in spite of the selfish injunction in the MS. receipt-book never to divulge these family secrets, have been considerately given to the public by their descendant, and submitted, in these days of dreaded cholera, to the learned College of Physicians, and to the confiding patients of water-doctors, homœopathists and hygeists in general. We subjoin a specimen, in our earnest desire to combine useful with entertaining knowledge, and give a peep into the pharmacopœia of a period long before Dr. Buchan's book on 'Family Medicine'—by making every patient his own physician—hurried thousands of good Scots to an untimely end.

'Tak three mutchkeens of Malvosie, and ane handfull of red sage, and a handfull of rew, and boyll them till a mutchkeen be wasted; then straine it, and sett it over the fyre againe; then put thereunto ane pennieworthe of long pepper, half ane of ginger, and ane q^{r}ter of ane ounce of nuttmegges, all beatten together; then let it boyl a litle, and put therto fyve pennyworth of mithridat and two of treacle, and a qu^{r}ter of a mutchkeen of the best angelick water. Keep this all y^{r} lyfe above all bodlie Treasures. Tak it alwayes warm both morning and evening, ane half spoonfull if ye be in healthe, and one or two if ye be infected, and sweet thereupon. In all the plague tyme (under God) trust to this; for ther was never man, woman, nor chyld that this deceived. This is not onlie for the comon plague, wh^{ch} is called the seeknesse, but alsoe for the small pockes, missells, surffete, and diverse other deseases. This copied of a Paper found in my Boxchamber, at the desye of Besse.'

To continue these sanitary revelations, by the leave or without the leave of sweet Besse:—

'Take of asphodell Romano, and sett it under the sone in the Caniculare dayes, till it become in whyte ashes or lyke whyt powder. That done, put it in a boxe. Then to applye: Tak the blood or matter of the wound on a cleane linning, and lay on a little of the powder to the blood or matter; and keep the cloathe in a boxe, qu^{re} it may nither gette muche cold nor too muche heat. This done, dresse the wounded persone everie day once, and keepe alwayes linning cloathes above the wound. But let no linning cloathe which hathe been used or worne by anie woman com neare the powder or wounded persone. Observe this secreet, and keepe it to yourselfe.'

This misogynist mixture is followed up by a medical diagnosis on

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on a Mure of the feminine gender, and not, we trust, sweet Besse:—

'Sir,—The bearer labours under the common weakness of being now more feard y^e^ is just, As she was formerlie a little too confident in her own conduct. The spinal bon head hath never been restor'd intirly, q^ch^ will make her sensible all her days of a weakness in a descent, but will be freed from all achin paines if she nightly anoint it wth the following oyl, viz., Take a littl fatt dogg, take out only his puddings, and putt in his bellie 4 ounces of Cumingseed; rost him, and carefullie keep the droping, qrin boyl a handfull of earth wormes quhill they be leiklie; then lett it be straind and preservd for use, as said is. My humble dutie to you, Ladie. I am, Glanderstoune, your most humble servitor, JOHNSTOUNE.'

The feud and the foray, the skein dhu and claymore, alone could have kept down the population of a country possessed of such checks to death, undevised in the multitudinous pamphlets of Mr. Malthus, or the speculations of Miss Martineau.

The vials of wrath were emptied in all their stern reality upon the house of Caldwell at the restoration of Charles II.; the national joy of Scotland was soon clouded over by the revival of the hierarchy, by prelatist persecutions, and by the bad faith of the king, in whose family, sincerity was no marked feature. He indeed, in his hour of need at Breda, had subscribed to the Covenant, and had confirmed the Presbyterian Church as a condition of his accession; but now, backed by Clarendon, over whom the spirit of Laud brooded, and disliking the religion of the Presbyterian as one not fit for a gentleman, Charles, who hated the Puritans both from creed and policy, lapsed readily—although in reality he cared little for religious things, the papacy perhaps excepted—into a cognate prelacy. The darkest period of Scotch historical tragedy extended during his reign and that of his brother James II. This poor bigot, who preferred desolation to disaffection, thought the fair lands near the Forth 'never would be well untill reduced to a hunting field,' while Lauderdale, his ferocious minister and the tool of the apostate Archbishop Sharp—sent to his dread account in 1679—re-echoed the paternal sentiment, and held it to be better 'that the West bore windle straws and sand larks than rebels.' But civil rights are easier to be trampled on than religious opinions in Scotland, where an antipathy to the episcopacy and a loathing of Erastian dependence was a second nature and conscience. Then where popery and its shadow, the prelacy, was held to be the harbinger of slavery to mind and body, the field conventicle soon superseded the cathedral, and the faithful, excited by preaching in the wilderness, speedily made it a rendezvous of rebels. Scotchmen, serious by

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nature,

nature, and who really believed, in those days neither knew nor practised toleration, that spiritual panacea under which modern indifferentism masks itself so plausibly. But persecution was in vain, and their church waxed strong when watered by the blood of martyrs. Meantime, while war was waged to the knife on both sides, between the massacring and massacred, as the turn might be, the national character became deteriorated under the mutual exasperation, and men, worn down by penalties and persecutions, by torturings and inquisitions, grew weary of their lives.

In 1666, a year fatal to the West of Scotland, William the Laird of Caldwell, irritated beyond endurance, set forth, when none could remain neuter, with his armed and mounted tenants to join the Covenanters, when marching on Edinburgh. They dispersed, however, on hearing of the defeat of the Whig insurgents at Pentland on the 28th of November. Caldwell, who was then attainted, fled the country, by the assistance of devoted clansmen and the supporters of liberty, by whom he was highly esteemed. The moneys advanced to him are acknowledged in 'obligations' under the equivocal signature of William Robertssone—William Mure the son of Robert—a method of disguising a real name, without substituting one altogether fictitious, commonly adopted by the conscientious Covenanters in these perilous times of proscription. Our exile died in Holland, broken by the disasters of his family and country. His forfeited estates of Caldwell were given to General Thomas Dalzell, who was thus rewarded for his victory at Pentland. To this unscrupulous tool of the priests, who had learnt cruelty during his early service in Russia, is ascribed the introduction of the torturing screw, the thumbekin, while wives and sons were put to death by him for sheltering husbands and fathers. The hand of the new owner fell heavily on the house of Caldwell, the tenants were rack-rented, and the time-honoured tower and manor place levelled to the dust. One vein of good nature ran through this granite old General; his permission is preserved and printed giving a brother officer leave 'to put a boat in the lock att Caldwell, and to recreate himselfe by taking of fishes, or any uther why he pleases,' and we learn by a note that this 'Locklyboth' luckily still teems with the finny tribe.

The sins of this William Mure were moreover visited on his widow and orphans. The 'Lady Caldwell,' plundered of her personal property and jointure, was with her three daughters imprisoned for three years in the Castle of Blackness; nay, this mother, when a child was on its death-bed only two miles from the castle, was refused by the Council, when she petitioned to be allowed to visit it, although she offered to take the whole garrison with

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with her as a guard, and to maintain it while she performed the last offices to her fatherless bairn.

The hereditary property of Caldwell, restored to the Mures in 1690 by a special Act of Parliament, passed in 1710 on the failure of the elder male line, to William, the head of the cadet branch of Glanderstone, one which had been severed from the parent stock by Sir John Mure in 1554.

The sister of this William gave birth in 1649 to the celebrated William Carstairs, afterwards chaplain to William III. and his principal adviser in Scottish affairs; for the King, busied with distant and more important affairs, gladly availed himself of the service of this brave and discreet man. Carstairs himself also had been schooled in adversity, being imprisoned in 1683 after the Rye House plot; when put to the torture, his resolute keeping of important secrets secured to him, on his settling at the Hague, the confidence of the Prince of Orange. When he accompanied the King to England at the Revolution, the identical instrument whose terrible torments he had resisted was presented to him by the Council as a delicate attention. William desired to see the relic, and tried it on, bidding Carstairs to turn the screw; but at the third 'gentle violence' His Majesty cried out 'Hold, Doctor, hold!—another turn would make me confess anything.'

The difficulties of the house of Mure passed away with the dynasty of the Stuarts; William III., the rising sun, was welcomed from Holland by the Presbyterians, who were patronised by the new King from political motives, when a fresh germ of dissension arose from the prelatists of Scotland becoming Jacobites.

The MS. journal kept in 1685, by this Carstairs during his journey to Holland—then the asylum of persecuted Covenanters—and still preserved in the archives of Caldwell, is written in a small parchment-bound memorandum book, one sold, as the printed docquet—the cover—records, 'by Joseph Paste, stationer in the Piatza, on the north side of the Royal Exchange, London;' to this little tome is also appended an account of the travels of his cousin, our William Mure, in 1696, when he visited the head-quarters of King William, and was hospitably welcomed by Carstairs, who evidently in those handbookless days had lent him his journal; whereupon the canny Scot availed himself of the spare blank pages to make his own notes on.

The twin journals here printed in extenso,—although neither would nowadays go down in Albemarle Street,—offer a characteristic contrast in their treatment of the same scenes by the different hands of a grave clergyman and a garrulous Scotch

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laird.

laird. In those serious times of persecution the professors of an austere, morose creed—one suited better to the cheerless North than to the genial, sunshiny South—cared little for nature and the fine arts which refine and civilise; curiosity was Calvinised by the repulsive disciples of Geneva and Knox. Having dipped their Bibles in vinegar, and dwelling more on the terrors of hell than on the joys of heaven, they resisted the seductive siren Beauty in all its shapes, and offering no idolatrous sacrifice to the Graces, warred to the death against the Vatican as the mystery of iniquity, and scouted all its appeals to the heart, passions, enjoyments, wants, and weakness of poor humanity, which that system, with the wisdom of serpents, had enlisted into its service.

The tour of William Mure was made in 1696, and the commonplace curiosity of that period is now become a curiosity of itself. 'Le style est l'homme,' and we recommend to our excellent friend Peter Cunningham the detail of the lions of London a century and a half ago. The traveller from Caldwell put up at first in the city with 'one Mr. Mure, a merchant,' and doubtless a Scotch cousin. From there he went to the Pell Mell—

'Where I [ipse loquitur] lodged with one Mrs. Noris att the 2 pigeons, where I had a most desyreable societie. There I stayed until the 24 of May. I went frequently alongst the Tames to the city, where I went upon the tope of Paul's church, a most famous building both for hight and fabricke, where I had a speciall view of the city. I saw the Towre, and in it the Armourie, Crowne, with diverse oyer rarities; such as Lyons, Tygers, and outlandish wild cattes. I went also to Bedlam, where I saw most humbleing sights of distempered people of all kynds, great care being taken of them in their lodgeings and dyet. Some were reclaiming, others reclamed, serveing the rest. I went to Grassame, where were a great many rarities of stones, foules, fishes, East and West India rarities, and mummies. Att other tymes I went to Whitehall, Westminster; but frequently to St. James' Park and the Mell, where I diverted myself oft. Againe to Chelsey, where ther is a hospitall of invalide souldiers, who are well cared for. They have their chapland, who morneing and eveneing sayes prayers. Besyde their lodgeing and dyet they have, according to their qualitie, soe much a day for their pocket money. There are the most regular gardens and pleasant lookeing to the Thames yt are about London, except the Earl of Montague's, who has a most noble house with a large fair staircase, large roomes, fine finishing, furniture, and painteing, that I have seen; a mighty dale of silver plate. Upon the sute off arras hangings there's a Scots highland wedding, acted lively, with all y^r^ ordinare garbes.'—i. 171.

This Mr. Mure, after all the perils by sea and land, died quietly in his bed, full of years and honours. He was succeeded by

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by his nephew William, who began life as a barrister, and died M.P. for his county; an extract printed from his 'contingent expenses' illustrates the life and habits of a laird apparent while leisurely following the law in Edinburgh at the beginning of the last century. The student had a keener relish for spitchcock eels and creature comforts than for the Pandects or the spiritual manna of the Kirk. The Scotch youth of that day, when escaped from the durance of the domestic roof—of which more anon—made up in wine and wassail for the thin potations and paternal brose. Yet the 'cartes à payer' of the emancipated youngster, kept in 'punds Scot,' prove that the son was no prodigal, and that, although on pleasure bent, he had a frugal mind: his dinner, averaging 8 shillings Scot, can hardly be pronounced extravagant compared to the 1*l.* 10*s.*, 3*l.* 4*s.*, &c., which generally follow up when he 'wined' with boon companions. In all this intolerable quantity of sack, while 'wine, brandy, punch, and ale' figure copiously, not one passing allusion is made to toddy. No mention whatever occurs of whisky in the household or cellar-books of Caldwell; the Mures were ripened by good 'ail and wyne' until 1745, when the present *vin du pays* of Scotland, usquebaugh, that water of life, as this phlegethontic fluid of death is miscalled, crept down to the Lowlands after the battle of Culloden. This *short* concentrated dram, which, suiting a damp dreary climate, had cheered the chilled breekless Highlander, now bids fair to convert modern Athens into a gin-palace and pandemonium, in spite of Forbes Mackenzie's Act and temperance societies.

Be this as it may touching whisky, the wigs in 1710—the periwigs, not politicians—were to the rising generation an evil and expense no less ruinous than cigars are in 1855. Thus on one day, June 23, we find noted in the account: 'To a wigg, 36*l.*; to Charles Murthland to buy a London wigg, 8 guineas'—103*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* Scot; nor are some Irish ones much dearer in St. James's Street to this day.

The high and low life traditions of Old Reekie in auld lang syne are vividly chronicled by the lively daughter of this William; the lairds and elders about the year 1730 are thus touched off:—

"'Their manners was peculiar to themselves, as some part of the old feudle system still remained. Every master was revered by his family, honour'd by his tenants, and aweful to his domestics. His hours of eating, sleeping, and ammusement were carefully attended to by all his family and by all his guests. Even his hours of devotion was mark'd, that nothing might interupt him. He kept his own sete by the fire or at table, with his hat on his head; and often perticular dishes.

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dishes served up for himself, that nobody else shared off. Their children aproach'd them with awe, and never spock with any degree of freedom before them. The consequence of this was that except at meals they were never together; tho' the reverance they had for their parents taught them obedience, modisty, temperance. Nobody helpd themselves at table, nor was it the fashion to eat up what was put on their plate. So that the mistress of the family might give you a ful meal or not, as she pleased; from whence came in the fashion of pressing the guests to eat so far as to be disagreeable. Their tables were as full as at present, tho' very ill dress'd and as ill served up. They eat out of pewder, often ill cleaned; but were nicer in their linen than now, which was renewed every day in most gentlemens familys, and allwise napkins besides the cloth. The servants eat ill; having a sett form for the week, of three days broth and salt meat, the rest megare, with plenty of bread and small bear.'—i. 260.

The holidays, few and far between like angels' visits, were chiefly connected with the church, as the name implies; nor would a new-born Scot by any means have fancied that he was ushered into a world of privation from the first impressions of it.

'On the forth week after the mother's delivery, she is sett on her bed on a low footstool; the bed coverd with some neat piece of sewed work or white sattin, with three pillows at her back coverd with the same; she in full dress, with a lapped head-dress and a fan in her hand. Having informed her acquaintance what day she is to see company, they all come and pay their respects to her, standing or walking a little throw the room (for there's no chairs). They drink a glass of wine and eat a bit of cake, and then give place to others. Towards the end of the week all the friends were ask'd to what was called the Cummer's Feast. This was a supper, where every gentleman brought a pint of wine to be drunk by him and his wife. The supper was a ham at the head and a pirimid of fowl at the bottom. This dish consisted of four or five ducks at bottom, hens above, partrages at tope. There was an eating posset in the midle of the table, with dryed fruits and sweatmeats at the sides. When they had finished their supper, the meat was removed, and in a moment everybody flies to the sweatmeats to pocket them. Upon which a scramble insued, chairs overturned and everything on the table; wrassalling and pulling at one another with the utmost noise. When all was quiet'd they went to the stoups (for there was no bottles), of which the women had a good share. For tho it was a disgrace to be seen drunk, yet it was none to be a little intoxicate in good company. A few days after this the same company was asked to the christening, which was allwise in the church; all in high dress; a number of them young ladys, who were call'd maiden cummers [*the French commère*]. One of them presented the child to the father. After the cerrimony they dined and supped togither, and the night often concluded with a ball.'—i. 265.

The introduction of the herb that cheers but not inebriates, began

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began a social reform; for *la destinée des nations dépend de la manière dont elles se nourrissent*, according to Brillat Savarin.

'About the same time that tea tables were established, it was the fashion for the men to meet regularly in change-house, as it was called, for their differant clubs. There they spent the evening in conversation, without much expence; a shillings reckening was very high; and for people of the first fashion it was more generall from four pence to eight pence the piece, paying besides for their tobacco and pipes, which was much in use. In some of those clubs they played at backgamon or catch honours for a penny the game. All business was transacted in the forenoon and in the change-houses. The lawiers were there consulted, and the bill payd by the employer. The liquor was cherry in Muchken stoups. Every new Muchken was chalked on the head of the stoup. It was increadable the quantity that was drunk sometimes on those occaisons. Everybody dined at home in privit, unless called to some of the entertainments mentioned above; but the tea tables very soon intredused supping in private-houses. When young people found themselves happy with one another they were loath to part, so that supping came to be the unniversal fashion in Edin; and least the family they visited might be unprepared, they sent in the morning to know if they were to drink tea at home, as they wished to wait on them. Amongst friends this was alwise considered as a supper, and any of their men acquaintances ask'd that they could command to make up the party. The acquaintance made up at public places did not visit in this way; they hir'd a chair for the afternoon, and run throw a number of houses as is the fashion still. Those merry suppers made the young people find a want when they went to the country, and to supply the place of them was introduced colations after supper; when the young people met in some one of their bed chambers, and had either tea or a posset, where they satt and made merry till far in the morning. But this meeting was carefully concealed from the parents, who were all ennimys to those collations. Those manners continued till the sixty, or near it, when more of the English fashions took place, one of which was to dine at three, and what company you had should be at dinner. These dinners lasted long: the weman satt for half an hour after them and retired to tea; but the men took their bottle and often remained till eight at night. The weman were all the evening by themselves, which pute a stope to that general intercourse so necessary for the improvement of both sexes. This naturally makes a run on the public places; as the women has little ammusement at home. Cut off from the company of the men, and no familie friends to occupie this void, they must tire of their mothers and elderly sosiety, and flee to the public for reliefe. They find the men there, tho leat in the evening, when they have left their bottle, and too often unfitted for everything but their bed. In this kind of intercourse there is little chance for forming attachments. The women see the men in the worst light, and what impression they make on the men is forgot by them in the morning. These leat dinners has entirely cut

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cut off the merry suppers very much regreated by the women, while the men passe the nights in the taverns in gaming or other amusement as their temper leads them. Cut off in a great measure from the society of the men, its necessary the women should have some constant ammusement; and as they are likewise denied friendships with one another, the parents provides for this void as much as possible in giving them compleat education; and what formerly begun at ten years of age, or often leater, now begines at four or five. How long its to continue the next age most determine; for its not yet fixed in this. Reading, writing, musick, drawing, Franch, Italian, geografie, history, with all kinds of nedle work, are now carefully taught the girles, that time may not lye heavie on their hand without proper society. Besides this, shopes loaded with novels and books of amusement, to kill the time.'—i. 271.

This diorama of men and manners in Edinburgh contrasts with a companion picture drawn in Hanover by Mrs. Scott, a sister of Mrs. William Mure, and wife to a diplomatic agent. Less easily to be pleased, she carried abroad the likings and dislikings of her country and creed: thus while a sermon was her summum bonum, cards—the deil's buiks—were her detestation.

'Perhaps you desire to know something of the diversion of the Carnival. For my part I find none; and were I to make an exact description of it, you would say perhaps that I had mistaken the penances imposed on reasonable people on Ash Wednesday for ye pleasures that Shrove Tuesday put an end to. But I will give you a hint of the Redoubt. It is the town-house with several rooms; but in the large one that opens with a great gate into the street is the place of public diversion. In this house is put up a bar like the inner house, within which is the dancing, where everybody that can buy or borrow a masking habit is a companion for ye princes, he or she: without this bar are tables for game, where the Electrice, or any other that weary of the dancing, plays, and the whole mob has free egress and regress, so that the Electrice herself shall have her table crowded with such as our Caddies; and to speak the truth our Caddies are at all possible points very much their superiours. To avoid being stiffled with dust, the room is wet all over the hour that the Redoubt begines; so that none need have vapours, if the smell of a new-washed room (or rather a room that has been laid under water, for they know no other way of washing), tallow ruffis, filthy feet, breath perfumed with garlick and sour crude (a stinking kind of kail), can cure them. The last time I was there there were some masques appeared so loathsome that I could not stand near them; for all the mob, male and female, has a masque on. The consequence of that is the stealing from their masters to equipt themselves for ye carnival, and till three or four in the morning they are coming in. There is rooms to retire to, to drink or do what else they please. Tho' I believe people ill disposed may have fitter places for lewd actions, yet I may say the mischievous effects of this are only to

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to be imagined by those who are witness to the snares it is to them who may rather be said to want prudence than virtue. In short I believe it is only among the Germans, or people as phlegmatick, that such licentiousness can be tolerat without runing all to ruin. And this way of diversion for the princes is here wisely likened to our Queen going incognito to the House of Commons to hear the freedom of speech; as if a German canailly, met together without thought, at least of good, were the same with the Parliament of Brittain assembled to consult of affairs of the last importance to all the Christian world!'—Part i., p. 207.

The caustic sketches of a gross, sensual, vulgar German Court, recall the style of a sister of this Mrs. Scott—Mrs. Calderwood, the heroine of the 'Coltness Collection,' noticed by us in No. 140. These clever but cantankerous ladies were daughters of Sir James Stewart, the founder of Scotch Political Economy, who, long exiled from political causes, was pardoned during the ministry of Lord Bute, through the influence of his first cousin Baron Mure. These she-Lismahagos were homesick creatures, of provincial prejudice; and as Mrs. Scott partook more of crabbed 'Mauses' of Old Mortality, than of the mirthful daughter of the Mures just quoted, those curious in the elegances of Hanover must be referred to the original text now printed in tome two.

We turn therefore to the hero of this Epos, to the Mentor and Nestor of our learned Homeric compiler, the Solon, the one, of all the men he had ever known, who, in the experience of Professor Jardine, came nearest up to his notion of a wise man. Traditional reverence to a benefactor is natural and pardonable in a promoted tutor, as also in a dutiful grandson. William Mure, baro et vir bonus, was born in 1718; his father having died suddenly a few days after his election for Renfrewshire, the infant heir was left under the sole guardianship of a mother of genuine piety and good sense. He was educated at home by an eminent Scotch divine, William Leechman, who afterwards, by the interest of his pupil, was promoted to the Principal's chair in the University of Glasgow; but tutorship is the natural stepping-stone to the young ambition of the mace and mitre in posse. When the toga virilis was assumed the customary continental tour was made, not indeed on the grand scale; a desire to represent his native county, which he did in 1742, limited his circuit. The future Judge, comely then as a Quentin Durward, signalised himself in France without wig or toga: we quote from the journal of a visit to the same countries performed thirty years afterwards by one of his own sons:—

'I remember going to see the Chateau de Sceaux, belonging to the Count

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Count d'Eu, a descendant of Louis XIV., and then almost a rival to Versailles, but plundered and destroyed at the Revolution: in the fine park was a large piece of water; our guide through the grounds entertained us with the following story:—Many years ago two impudent Englishmen, who had been permitted to see the place on a very hot day, took advantage of not being observed as they supposed, to bathe in the lake: the Countess however got word of what was going on much to the consternation of the bathers, who had just time before she came up to regain their clothes and effect their retreat into the wood; our guide added that the strangers were both above six feet high, and that as they hurriedly dressed themselves and slunk away, the princess remarked, "What fine tall fellows they were:" on my repeating this story to my father on my return home, he asked if our cicerone had told us the names of the two tall Englishmen, and on my answering that he had not, he said, "Then I will tell you; the one was the late Sir John Maxwell of Pollock, the other myself.'"—Part i. p. 30.

Sir John Watson Gordon might attempt for the next Exhibition this feat of his distinguished countrymen, as a rival to the magnificent Pisa cartoon of the Bathers by Michael Angelo. Our Scotch Adonis having donned his senatorial robes, sat for three sessions a silent member until 1761, when he was appointed a Baron of Exchequer; his range of public activity and influence, limited to Scotch politics and internal administration, rendered him the highest authority in all improvements of land, commerce, and manufactures in Scotland; and one constantly referred to as a sort of standing chamber counsel, with a special retainer.

The Baron, amongst other strong points, possessed the faculty of forming and maintaining friendships with great men—Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est. In his infinite correspondence—a portion of which only is now selected, specimens abound from persons of every rank and station acknowledging benefits conferred, or soliciting advice and assistance, nor was it likely that one who was the right hand of Lord Bute in the disposition of loaves and fishes in Scotland, should on any lawful day lack a letter; yet with all his post-office practice the Baron himself was a bad correspondent, unbusiness-like, irregular, and long in answering; his letters scrawled in an almost illegible hand when written at last, frequently wanted dates, and were put too late in the post: their quality again is strained, and the composition studied; the copies of them, carefully kept by their author, demonstrate the value he put on them, and the difficult gestation of Mural parturition. His 'brain babes,' hammered out invitâ Minervâ, bear small sign of the current quill: such ponderous labourings to be lively, when compared to the dash and capering of his contemporary

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temporary Horace Walpole, resemble an Ursa Major's attempt at a Scotch reel.'

The Judge, be it observed, was from the beginning the leading personage of his grandson's compilation; the greater portion of the two last volumes was printed and prepared for circulation in separate integrity more than ten years ago, although from accidental circumstances the distribution was postponed. The work, originally consisting of two quartos, was specially entitled 'The Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers of Baron Mure;' a third tome has since been added, and one, with its wider scope and pithy annotations, which to our minds is by no means of the least interest.

Many who fully admit the good sense and conduct of the hero, may hold him to be a trifle tiresome; indeed when off the bench, and dealing with lighter literature, the best of Barons may be a bore; an inference not incompatible with the pursuits of law or political economy. As the bones of rabbits fed on madder turn pink, so the turn of mind and exponent style of one crammed with matter, maigre as poor-law gruel, with difficulty becomes poetical or pleasant; nor was the threat of the Duchess of Douglas towards the guardian of her antagonist, the Duke of Hamilton, without some consequence. 'Ah! that Baron Mure!' exclaimed her Grace, shaking her fist in the air, 'if I catch him, I'll mak him as barren a muir as ony in Scotland.' We must decline, therefore, the temptation of critically eviscerating and embalming the Baron and his epistles, partly from a respect to those of our weaker English brethren, to whom statistics, theories of Scotch banking, currency, and the culture of flax, &c., suaves res, may seem savourless; and again, because the dicta of this wise man of the North will more appropriately appear in all their length and weight in the pages of a respected colleague, when full justice is done to an illustrious countryman and judge.

Mr. Mure, by his experience in local matters, had greatly assisted Lord Bute in the improvement of his dilapidated Scotch estates, and the Earl, kind by nature and never disinclined to advance a North countryman, repaid the service by intrusting his active agent with the Government patronage of Scotland; this power of the keys during the Bute Ministry rendered the Baron the person perhaps of the greatest influence north of Tweed—an influence that was preserved by his own personal character, after political power had passed away from his patron; nor could the dispensing deputy complain of those on whom he bestowed his good things, for while many kept up with him a relation nearly resembling that of patron and client in ancient times, others nominated

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nominated him and his descendants heirs—failing their own heirs—of destination to their property, nor was this an empty compliment on parchment, for these settlements have in various instances benefited the Caldwell family; nor, however thoughtful of his friends, did the Baron altogether forget that sinecures began at home—or perhaps this great fact was not forgotten by his patron; so in 1763 a patent was passed granting him the reversion of the office of Receiver-General in Jamaica, a snug thing then worth about 700*l.* a-year. Few givers-away of such loaves and fishes have wanted a friend, and many of the Baron's ranked as bright luminaries of the period, although they now, in the distance of time, are scheduled away into dim oblivion, and lumped with the fortem Gyam fortemque Cleanthum, of ephemeral notoriety. Brief indeed is the span of the majority of judicial and official personages; and few now-a-days can recollect even the names of the Presidents of the Court of Session or Lords of the Bed-chamber of those days.

In this firmament of the now forgotten, two names shine forth as fixed planets, that of David Hume the historian and of John, Earl of Bute, the premier of George III. when he first ascended the throne. Tardy justice is now done to this calumniated minister, during whose short-lived power the game of unscrupulous opposition was easy; then mob prejudices needed only to be pandered by all who envied him his office, and who traded on the soreness felt in the South by the irruptions from Scotland. Thus the ancient border irritation—incidental to the friction of neighbourhood—was soon fretted into a fever, and the North Britons were ranked in the national antipathy with the rats of Hanover, as aliens and paupers who came to suck the vitals of England. Bute became the butt, and the unpopularity of the minister recoiled on his royal master. He was baited by a party who, ever hungering for place, are oligarchs when in, and 'friends of the people' and 'something more' when out; for the temperature of such loyalty, barely warmed by the sunshine of place, soon passes below the zero of Democracy. Wilkes in prose and Churchill in verse were the foul mouthpieces of the Vox Populi, while caricaturists symbolised the Earl with their king's mother by jack*boot* and petticoat, and the whole pack was hallooed on to the death by Temple and Fox. But truth is great, and ultimately will prevail; and now that time has opened the despatch-box and destroyed the spell of 'Private and confidential,' we know the great men of the past better than their contemporaries did; and how the character of that brave, honest, and truly English king, the much maligned George III., rises with every new revelation of

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of authentic papers, and how our surprise is lessened that he and the 'King's friends' should have been hated and pecked at by the Wilkites of that day!

The correspondence of the Earl with Baron Mure corrects the inventions of the enemy, and neutralises many an acid aspersion of the lively but prejudiced partisan Horace Walpole, with whom hatred to a Scot was a second nature, although the private notes, written by Lord Bute and his brother at moments snatched from the business of high office, and speaking with the authority of knowledge, may be less spicy and entertaining than the tittle-tattle of an idle semi-Parisian man about town, a creature of coteries and gossip, a professed composer of letters, and a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, which it must be confessed, he often set marvellously in false paste. Full evidence is now offered, says our compiler, of their patriotism and the purity of the motives by which the Bute system of local administration was guided; their

'ruling principle of patronage was expressly stated in more than one "Detur digniori" consistently with this principle, preference may have been shown to friends rather than opponents; but of that unscrupulous party favouritism, of those mercenary jobs, or that reckless expenditure of public money, which were so generally recognised as the practice and privilege of placemen in those days, there is no vestige whatever. No less agreeable is the light reflected by Lord Bute's letters on the more amiable points of his private character, his generous temper, affectionate heart, high sense of personal honour, and elegant accomplishments.'—i. 33.

We cannot resist citing a characteristic inkling or two shot thus from the secret quiver of the premier's thoughts:—'What strange things,' writes the patron to his protégé, 'have passed since you left this! O quando licebit—procul a negotiis, &c. Why am I doomed to climb ambition's steep and rocky height, who early in life had the meanest opinion of politicians—opinions that maturer age and dear-bought experience too well confirm?' (Vol. i. p. 119.) Short as was his tenure of office, he was 'long tired of the anxiety, envy, and disgust of a situation ill suited to his temper or habitudes of life' (vol. i. p. 175); yet, courageous in his devoted loyalty, he would have done battle to a faction greedy for place as he was indifferent, had his physical powers been equal to his moral fortitude. 'Many, many reasons justify this resignation in a prudential light, but none of these should have had weight with me at present, if my health had permitted my continuance; the state of that made it impossible, and I yield to necessity.' (i. 176.)

The possession of power which hardens, and the shafts of calumny

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calumny which sadden, never soured the milk of his human kindness; he clung fondly to the memory of private and real friends, much as he knew the full emptiness of mere heartless lip-service and obsequiousness to the man in public office.

'The death of my worthy, dear Stewart goes to my heart—the only remaining legacy of my father out of five or six, all of whom loved me with that fraternal affection, that inviolable attachment, that this iron age will seldom parallel! Few are the real friends that fifty years of life has made; for within a twelvemonth I have seen so much that I blush at my former credulity, and now know that the school of politics and the possession of power is neither the school of friendship nor the earnest of affection. Attachment, gratitude, love, and real respect are too tender plants for ministerial gardens: attempt to raise them, and they are either chilled on their first springing, or if they once appear they fade with the very nourishment that is given them.'

Lord Bute, relieved at last from the cares of State, truly enjoyed the otium cum dignitate, and safe in his much longed for procul a negotiis, thanks to his enemies, lived down calumny. His latter years, spent at Luton, are thus sketched by his son:—

'He is no longer abused in print, nor tormented with people desiring his interest: that indeed has left him to a miracle. Ambiguous expressions, double cabinet, &c., no longer amuse the Houses of Lords and Commons in the mouths of Lord Chatham and Mr. Burke. Lord Bute is entirely free to amuse himself with planting and building at Luton, without being accused of governing the king and his ministry in London. All the world are, I believe, convinced that he has nothing now to say (behind the throne): the ministry knew that all along, however many of them said to the contrary; their only support was the cry of undue influence: the event we talk of put an end to that, and with that an end to opposition; they dursten'd not any longer make a handle of my father's name, as they knew it was too weak a basis to stand on.'—ii. 200.

A verdict of honourable acquittal must also be given to another friend and voluminous correspondent of the Baron—to James Stuart Mackenzie. This amiable and accomplished gentleman, whose earnest wish also was to put the right man in the right place, was appointed by his brother Lord Bute to be Lord Privy Seal, and to direct Government in Scotland; his dismissal was forced on George III. in 1765 by the unbending over-rated dictator George Grenville, to whose petty spite against his King, London owes a Belgravia of bricks, when the site might have been added, for a miserable sum, to Buckingham Gardens, and through whose pig-headed bad policy England lost America. Mr. Mackenzie, to accommodate George III., had surrendered a former place, and was given this Scottish direction in its stead, which,

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which, as it was not a patent one, the King promised upon his honour never should be taken away during his reign; but the painful sacrifice of word and friend was insolently extorted, and the imputed sins of the favourite were visited on an unoffending brother. Mr. Mackenzie was in 1766 restored to his office of Privy Seal by Mr. Pitt, who, although no admirer of Lord Bute, felt the unworthy affront offered to a gentleman and a king. The Scotch patronage was not restored, nor was it regretted by Mr. Mackenzie, who knew that political gratitude consisted too often in a lively anticipation of future favours.

Enough of fleeting party and politics: turn we now to matters more enduring. The fruits of the happy union with England were soon manifested in Scotland, where, as national differences dissolved, faction and fanaticism broke down before the material prosperity of the country—where, as we have seen in Ireland in our times, the evil birds that speculate on public distress expatriated themselves—their occupation gone—for the public good; then the sound portion of the Scotch nation turned to individual interests, with a passing tribute to literature. This was the Augustan age of Scottish letters; when adult education progressed without Manchester agitation or eleemosynary grants from the consolidated fund; but the national hunger for instruction was then natural, not forced. The most remarkable among the Baron's intimate associates, says our compiler, was David Hume. The historian, although many years the senior, survived the Baron, and deplored, 'as a loss irreparable, the death of the oldest and best friend I had in the world;' adding, 'I should be inconsolable, did I not see an event approaching which reduces all things to a level.' And in four short months afterwards he too was gathered to his forefathers. 'The Philosopher,' as he was familiarly called in the Mural circle, was certainly one of its most distinguished dramatis personæ. The appearance of his outer man is here recorded by one 'who as a boy was struck with his ponderous, uncouth person equipped in a bright yellow coat spotted with black.' Even the judgment of Paris was perplexed by the corpus dilecti. It must be owned, writes Andrew Stuart to the Baron, that—

'Some of his admirers were at first a good deal surprised with the largeness of his figure: they had generally in idea clothed him with a person very little encumbered with matter. Diderot among others was in this mistake, and told Mr. Hume at their first interview, that in place of taking him for the author of his works, he should have taken him for *un gros Bernardin bien nourri*.'—i. 25.

L'habit ne fait pas le moine, nor have fat paunches always lean pates, and so—

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'All ranks of people,' continues Stuart, 'courtiers, ladies, old and young, wits and savants, vied with each other in the incense they offered up to the célébré Monsieur Hume. Amidst this intoxicating worship [drunk with Gallic praise and Gallic wine—according to Mason] he preserves his own natural style and simplicity of manners, and deigns to be cheerful and jolly, as if no such things had happened to him.'

Meantime our partycoloured Philosopher, the observed of all observers at Paris, where 'motley's your only wear,' was moreover hailed as the apostle of Atheism, and was welcomed by the D'Alemberts, and advocates of the rights of man, who, having cleared the ground of Christianity, brought infidelity and republicanism into fashion, leading the way logically, first by denial of God, to the guillotining the king. Thus Voltaire—the high priest—speaking of David, said to Mr. Moore, 'You mos write him, as I am hees great admeerer. He is a very great onor to Ingland, and above all to Ecosse.'—ii. 203. So Rousseau, before he had quarrelled with his honourable friend, described Scotland as 'l'heureuse terre où sont nés David Hume et le Maréchal d'Ecosse.'—i. 250.

Hume, according to his own showing, passed his life, when out of this 'happy land,' not so unpleasantly at Paris:—

'I continue to live here in a manner amusing enough, and which gives me no time to be tired of any scene. What between public business, the company of the learned, and that of the great, especially of the ladies, I find all my time filled up, and have no time to open a book, except it be some books recently published, which may be the subject of conversation. I am well enough pleased with this change of life, and a satiety of study had before paved the way for it.'—i. 254.

The Philosopher, astonished at his success, concludes:—'Those who have not seen the strange effects of modes will never imagine the reception I met with at Paris from men and women of all ranks and stations: the more I resiled from their excessive civilities the more I was loaded with them;' and Horace Walpole, at that time at Paris, describes Hume, Whist, and Richardson (*i. e.* his novels) as 'the *only Trinity* now in fashion here.'

When France set the fashion, no one can be surprised that the Baron's better half, a lady distinguished in her early days for beauty and wit, allied to a certain eccentricity of manners, should also 'admeer' David, or be always at home to him, at her town residence at Abbey Hill. Still less is it to be wondered that this, the Holland House of Edinburgh, should become the favourite evening haunt of the great man in his best yellow and black spotted coat. While the Baron was the dispenser of the patronage of Scotland, this suburban villa shone like a petty court, and my

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my lady's levees were better attended by men of letters and waiters on providence than those at Holyrood House. Mr. Hume too, besides joining in the chat, made one at the card-table. He piqued himself on the good game he played at whist, but—

'His proficiency in the history of card kings was not rated high by the professors of Hoyle of those days. And on this point, although David could not bear criticism, Mrs. Mure was wont to find fault with him *à tort et à travers*. One night they got into such a warm discussion on his play, that the Philosopher lost his temper; and taking up his hat, and calling a pretty Pomeranian dog, that always accompanied him, "Come away, Foxey," walked out of the house, in the middle of the rubber. The family were to start the next morning for Caldwell; and David, who then lived in St. Andrew's Square, a good mile distant, was at the door before breakfast, hat in hand, with an apology.'

Other ladies indirectly suffered worse: thus a letter from London informs the Baron that there—

'Are many squibs thrown out against our friend the Philosopher, but so scurrilous and silly that I did not think they were worth sending him: tell him, however, this fact, that a certain lady of very high rank and distinction miscarried last week, and told Sir John Pringle, President of the Royal Society, that this was entirely owing to the brusquerie of a puppy at her table throwing out impertinent reflections against Mr. Hume in favour of Rousseau.'

This Ishmaelite of the inkstand, who in his half crazy conceit fancied the universal world to be combined in one conspiracy of envy and malevolence to persecute and crush him poor inoffensive Jean Jacques, was very well at one time with David; so the Genevan philosopher, when in London, became the lion of the English one, who soon, like the rest of mankind, felt inclined to clothe the recreant in calfskin. 'They are lodged together,' writes a friend to the Baron, 'in Buckingham Street, Strand—

'Where many go from civility [curiosity ?] to see him [Rousseau]. Our friend David is made the shower of the lion: he is confoundedly weary of his pupil, as he calls him; he is full of oddities, and even absurdities. A friend of mine has offered him a retreat in Wales, where he is to board in a plain farmer's house, for he would not stay at St. James's unless the king took board.'—ii. 63.

The morbid egotist finally settled at Chiswick; 'boarded in a small house, his landlady a grocer: he sits in the shop and learns English words, which brings many customers to the house.'—ii. 71.

Next to his skill at cards, David prided himself on the purity of his style, and bore the Baron's criticisms less philosophically than the whist strictures of his better half Mrs. Mure.

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'I am surprised,' replies Hume to his reviewer, 'that you should find fault with my letter. For my part, I esteem it the best I ever wrote. There is neither barbarism, solecism, equivoque, redundancy, nor transgression of one single rule of grammar or rhetoric thro' the whole. The words were chosen with an exact propriety to the sense, and the sense was full of masculine strength and energy. In short, it comes up fully to the Duke of Buckingham's description of fine writing: exact propriety of words and thought. This is more than what can be said of most compositions. But I shall not be redundant in the praise of brevity, tho' much might be said on that subject. To conclude all, I shall venture to affirm that my last letter will be equal in bulk to all the orations you shall deliver during the two first sessions of parliament.'

Hume, however heavy in person, skimmed lightly with his pen, and was, what seldom happens with infidels, tolerant of religion: thus when our compiler's father and uncle were taken as boys to see St. Paul's, and had been told (tell it not to the Dean) by the beadle who showed it,

'That the daily service was not attended, and that even on Sundays the congregation was small; wishing to curry favour with their sceptical friend, on repeating this conversation, added "How foolish to lay out a million on a thing so useless!" David rebuked them mildly, saying, "Never give an opinion on subjects which you are too young to judge: St. Paul's, as a monument of religious feeling and taste of the country, does it honour, and will endure; we have wasted millions on a single campaign in Flanders, and without any good resulting from it."'

At home, as abroad, Hume's amiable character, and the

'Charm of his conversation, caused his society to be courted even in quarters where his religious scepticism was least likely to meet with approval. The tone of scoffing in which he was occasionally tempted to indulge was also seasoned with so much good humour, and so lively a vein of pleasantry, as to prevent its being offensive. The compiler can vouch for the authenticity of the following anecdotes derived from family sources. One Sunday forenoon, going forth to his walk, the philosopher met Sir James Hunter Blair (the compiler's grandfather), then an eminent banker in Edinburgh, afterwards M.P. for that city, on his way with his lady to church. They asked Hume to turn and accompany them. "What," he replied, "go to church with you! with publicans and money changers; the same who were driven with scourges out of the temple! No, no, I'll never be seen entering a church in such company."'

Whatever our philosopher might believe or disbelieve touching another world, he could quote Scripture, whenever it served his turn, in this: thus when building a new house in St. David's Street—his name-sake tutelar—he used daily to take a short cut from the old town, across what was then a swamp, and on

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'One occasion, while picking his steps, made a slip, fell over and stuck fast in the bog: observing some Newhaven fish-women passing with their creels, he called aloud to them for help, but when they came up and recognised the wicked unbeliever David Hume, they refused any assistance unless he first repeated in a solemn tone the Lord's Prayer: this he did without pause or blunder, and was extricated accordingly. He used to tell this story with great glee, declaring that the Edinburgh fish-wives were the most acute theologians he had ever encountered.'—ii. 178.

Nous avons changé tout cela; and we have heard that the Poundtexts of the Free Kirk, now avoiding this perfect prayer as savouring of ritualistic form and bookery, indulge in an extemporaneous periphrasis of their own. Our David, however indebted, like pious Æneas, to these interposing female divinities, died a tough old bachelor. When young and more tender, he courted a well-born beauty of Edinburgh, and was rejected. 'But several years afterwards, when he had obtained celebrity, it was hinted to him by a common friend that the lady had changed her mind: "So have I," replied the philosopher.' (ii. 178.) Αι δευτεραι φροντιδες σοφωσαται, said the sages of old; and second thoughts are still sometimes the best in these delicate dilemmas.

Mr. Hume, before he built this new house in the New Town, by which he was led into the quagmire, occupied a lodging in the lofty building called St. James's Court, at the south end of the earthen mound. On the floor below lived Mrs. Campbell of Saccoth, mother of the Lord President, Sir Islay Campbell. One Sunday evening Hume, who was on friendly habits with Mrs. Campbell's family, stepping down to take tea with her, found assembled a party of pious elderly ladies met to converse on topics suitable to the Sabbath. David's unexpected entrance on such an occasion caused some dismay on the part of the landlady and her guests; but he sat down and chatted in so easy and appropriate a style, that all embarrassment soon disappeared. On the removal of the tea-things, however, he gravely said to his hostess, 'Well, Mrs. Campbell, where are the cards?' 'The cards, Mr. Hume! surely you forget what day it is.' 'Not at all, madam,' he replied; 'you know we often have a quiet rubber on a Sunday evening.' After vainly endeavouring to make him retract this calumny, she said to him, 'Now, David, you'll just be pleased to walk out of my house, for you're not fit company in it to-night.'

The placid philosopher quitted the world and these ladies at peace, and when on his death-bed, and taking leave of Mrs. Mure, with whom he had had many a critical rub and rubber,

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'Gave her as a parting present a complete copy of his History. This tradition is confirmed by the existence, in the Caldwell library, of his own last edition of his great work (8 vols. 8vo. 1773), inscribed on the title-page of the first volume, "From the Author." She thanked him, and added, in her native dialect, which both she and the historian spoke in great purity, "O, David, that's a book you may weel be proud o'; but before ye dee, ye should burn a' your wee bookies!" To which, raising himself on his couch, he replied with some vehemence, half offended, half in joke, "What for should I burn a' my wee bookies?" But feeling too weak for further discussion of the point, he shook her hand and bade her farewell.'

Baron Mure, lukewarm in his own orthodoxy, was partial from associations of his youth to foreign education, which was increased by his fondness for Hume and French philosophy, then all the mode; so he sent his two scapegrace sons who fell foul of St. Paul's, with a private tutor, Mr. Jardine, to the fashionable Parisian 'Pension Bruneteau.' The details of this part and parcel of the 'ancien régime,' and how the juvenile Scots were French polished, recall a scholastic state of things doomed never to return again. One of the pupils, however, the Baron's brother, did return, after a lapse of forty-eight years; and did our limited space permit, his graphic reminiscences should have adorned our pages. Such a revisit after a long interval soothes, and may be saddens; the progress of time is arrested, and the hand of the dial marks as it were backward, while the old stand on the charmed sites. How unaltered everything, where the visitor alone is changed!—and here at Paris, while the buildings, the carcase of the school had been spared in the Revolution, the spirit was fled, and even the names of the former masters had passed away, as the memory of a guest that remaineth for a day, and like our own sweet youth, which never can be recalled.

Notwithstanding this literary legacy, and in despite of all the promise of the Pension Bruneteau and the Baron, the breath was no sooner out of the body of the worthy Judge than his son and heir turned from Minerva to Mars, and 'listed in the Blues.' Having gone with much credit and suffering through the wretched and mismanaged campaign in America, he quitted the regular service, and settling at Caldwell, judiciously became the Distributor of Stamps for Glasgow. He held this good thing for forty years, amusing his official leisure with playing at war, by commanding fencible and militia regiments. His military capacity was fully appreciated by his early friend Sir John Moore, whose father, a Glasgow surgeon, had been travelling tutor to the Duke of Hamilton, on the recommendation of Baron Mure, his Grace's guardian. The letters of the hero of Corunna now selected are simple,

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simple, straightforward, and savour more of the soldier than the scholar; but nature had destined his right hand for the sword, not for the pen, and, in those 'dark days,' no 'competitive examinations,' or tests, risked the exclusion of the best men from the camp; no pedants with softened brain bothered bold men of muscle and action,—theoretic civilians, who to a dead certainty would have 'plucked' both Nelson and Wellington.

The aspirations of Baron Mure for learned accomplishments—right honourable and superexcellent things in the right man and place—were realised in the next generation; and if there be consciousness in the grave, with what pride and pleasure must he turn to the son and heir of this gallant officer, to his grandson, the traveller, scholar, and critic, and the historian of his ancient clan, whose broad estates he holds, and whose fair fame he upholds and extends. Lands indeed are easier to be entailed than intellect; and genius, the rarest of inheritances, is the gift of the Great Giver alone;

> Rade volte risurge per li rami
> L' Umana probitade; e questo vuole
> Quei che la dà, perchè da lui si chiami!

Mr. Mure has, indeed, as we said, grafted new laurels on the stock of distinctions, almost hereditary in his house; for he too has represented his native county in Parliament, and has been invested with the 'blue ribbon' of Scottish literature, as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Assuredly, when in after times another edition is called for of this Caldwell Roll, in order that new worthies may be installed, a foremost post in the Fasti of the family will be assigned to him, their first chronicler; nor will our posterity willingly let die a name already inscribed with so much honour on the mantle-hem of the immortal Homer.

Art. V.—1. *The Charities of London: comprehending the Benevolent, Educational, and Religious Institutions, their Origin and Design, Progress, and present Position.* By Sampson Low, jun. London. 1850.

2. *The Million-peopled City.* By the Rev. J. Garwood.

3. *The Rookeries of London.* By Thomas Beames, M.A. London. 1850.

4. *Meliora.* First and Second Series. Edited by Viscount Ingestre.

5. *Chapters on Prisons and Prisoners.* By the Rev. J. Kingsmill.

6. *The Sorrows of the Streets.* By M. A. S. Barber. 1855.

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7. *The Hearths of the Poor.* By M. A. S. Barber. 1852.
8. *Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, principally among the Dens of London.* By R. W. Vanderkiste, late London City Missionary. London, 1854.
9. *Sought and Saved.* A Prize Essay on Ragged Schools and kindred Institutions. By G. J. Hall, M.A. London. 1855.
10. *Ragged Schools; their Rise, Progress, and Results.* By John M'Gregor, M.A.
11. *Social Evils; their Causes and their Cure.* By Alexander Thomson, Esq., of Banchory. London. 1852.
12. *Juvenile Delinquents; their Condition and Treatment.* By Mary Carpenter. London. 1853.
13. *Home Reform.* By Henry Roberts, F.S.A. London.
14. *London Labour and the London Poor.* By Henry Mayhew. London.
15. *The Ragged School Union Magazine.*
16. *The City Mission Magazine.*
17. *The Scripture Reader's Journal.*

THE sweeping accusations of neglect and inhumanity with which the works before us abound are to a certain extent their own refutation. A charitable literature called into existence by the interest which the public takes in works of charity belies its own complaints. In fact there never was a time when the condition of the poor engaged so much of the attention of the legislature, or occupied so large a portion of the time and energies of individuals. East Indians, returned from their long exile, have been heard to complain that the air must be more unwholesome, the population more ignorant and vicious, and the country poorer, than when they left it in their youthful days: never before had they heard so much of hospitals, churches, schools, and poorhouses. It is no reproach to the cause of benevolence, but in fact only a further proof of its popularity, that we may sometimes see it abused for the selfish purposes of literary or political ambition. Throughout the whole frame of society we find a disinterested anxiety to alleviate the evils incident to a high state of civilization, and a general recognition of the widely-extending obligations of Christian charity.

So far this is satisfactory; but, nevertheless, the aggregate of public exertion, considerable as it is, falls short of the public need, and many, especially in London, stand aloof from the work of charity and withhold the co-operation which we might expect from their humanity, and which their wealth and intelligence would render highly important and efficient. Many of the wealthier classes treat their periodical visits to London as a mere

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episode in their existence, and regard their country homes as the allotted scene of their duties. The landowner, familiar with the wants of the agricultural population, knows little of the condition and habits of the metropolitan poor, and is apt to avert his eyes from an unexplored evil, which he deems it hopeless to relieve and useless to investigate. Thus many a man of feeling in his walks through London is harassed by two contradictory convictions—on the one hand he knows that somewhere in the wilderness of brick-work with which he is surrounded is to be found some scene of wretchedness which a mere trifle would relieve (and who has not felt a thrill of awe on discovering what utter ruin a mere trifle may at times avert?); on the other, experience has forced on him something more than a suspicion that every case which obtrudes itself on his notice is one of vagrancy or imposture. Accordingly, his charity is hesitating and inconsistent; he gives in defiance of his judgment, or denies in doing violence to his feelings. Not unfrequently, perhaps, the very zeal with which the cause of charity is advocated produces an unfavourable impression. To not a few the bewildering multitude of applications suggests an excuse for neglecting all. Some supinely infer that everything is done which can be done; while others, on the contrary, are disposed to disapprove the plans they have never examined; they find reasons for distrust in the means employed or the persons engaged, and allow the scepticism which should rouse them to inquiry to sink them to apathy and inaction. And yet if chance brings to the knowledge of the public some unquestioned case of genuine distress, the donations which pour in from unknown benefactors prove how freely the stream of charity flows when the ice of incredulity is broken. As long as this state of feeling is common among the opulent classes, precise information is a more effectual stimulant to benevolence than the most eloquent appeals; and, in fact, we are persuaded that to point out how charity may be bestowed without the fear of imposition, and with the certainty of doing good, is all that is needed to call into action the sensibility which now lies idle, useless to the public and burdensome to the possessor.

In this belief we shall endeavour to present to the reader some account of the London poor, and of the machinery which has been organised by charity for their relief. From the vastness and complexity of the subject our sketch must necessarily be slight and imperfect. Many of the topics it will embrace are important enough to deserve a separate consideration hereafter; and in the meantime it must be our endeavour rather to point out the objects best deserving the attention of the charitable than to satisfy in full their benevolent curiosity.

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A great advance was made in the work of charity when the haunts of poverty and crime were explored, and their melancholy statistics were ascertained. This has not been accomplished by any single and uniform effort: it is the combined result of Parliamentary inquiry and of the exertions made by private associations and by individuals to penetrate the terra incognita of London misery; and, appalling as are the facts thus brought to light, it is much that we know the worst. To probe the social gangrene is the first step to its cure.

In every society a portion of its members must annually drop into pauperism. Age disables, or sickness and accident surprise, those who have made no provision for the evil day. Manhood is cut off in its strength, and leaves those who depended on its labour a helpless burden on the community. Many trades are affected by the seasons of the year, and all, in towns periodically emptied of the wealthiest portion of their inhabitants, suffer a corresponding periodical stagnation. At these times, many, especially the unskilled hands, are thrown out of work. Where population presses closely on the means of subsistence whole classes live in the constant and imminent danger of distress. A slight fluctuation in the trade of silk half starves the wide district of Spitalfields. The long frost of last winter caused bread-riots among the marine and river population. The 'costermongers,' or vendors of provisions in the streets, amounting, it is calculated, to not less than 30,000, may at any time be brought to the verge of famine by a three days' rain. Many callings, at the best, scarcely supply the necessaries of life. Decayed gentility struggling to extract a livelihood from the accomplishments of happier days; artists who have mistaken their profession, or in pursuit of fame have thrown away their bread; the overworked sempstress, whose grievances are well known to the public; the poor charwoman, who by her hard and precarious earnings tries to eke out a scanty subsistence for her children—all these are but the more prominent figures among large groups condemned to similar toil and privation.

If to these inevitable causes of distress we add the effects of folly and vice, we shall see the lineaments of our overgrown metropolis beginning to darken the canvas. Reckless improvidence reduces to destitution thousands who have had ample means of providing for the future. Intemperance brings want, disease, and crime. Idleness and the love of pleasure tempt to theft and consequent ruin. Whole classes eat their bread on condition of good conduct; and they annually supply a large percentage of defaulters to fill the ranks of destitution. There are numbers claiming the respectable rank of householders whose

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whose small trade scarcely raises them above poverty, and whose equivocal dealings connect them rather with the criminal than the industrial classes—such, for instance, are the booksellers who derive their chief profit from scandalous publications; lodging-house keepers who in many ways deserve a harsher designation; pawnbrokers who 'ask no questions;' or 'general dealers,' whose open shop fronts present a dingy array

> Of rusty locks and dusty bags
> And musty phials and fusty rags—

and whose back rooms are open for the sale of any quantity and every variety of plunder. But the most remarkable feature of London life is a class decidedly lower in the social scale than the labourer, and numerically very large, though the population returns do not number them among the inhabitants of the kingdom,* who derive their living from the streets. To obtain in this way the means of subsistence every resource that could be devised by ingenuity has been exhausted. But for the most part their utmost efforts do little more than maintain them in a state of chronic starvation. We have already alluded to the sellers of provisions: for the other trades, the variety of which is immense, we must refer the reader to Mr. Mayhew's interesting volumes. Another less respectable portion, scarcely raised above mendicancy, derive their gains from the gratuitous bounty of the public—ballad-singers, musicians, street showmen, the owners of happy families, mountebanks—their name is legion—the sweepers of crossings, and the linkboys, whose designation attests the antiquity of their calling, once so useful in ill-lighted London, the most clamorous of licensed beggars. Others try to earn a few pence by holding horses or doing jobs, or literally pick up a livelihood in the streets by retailing the fragments of cigars, old rags, or lumps of coal which they have found on the pavement. Very many have, besides their acknowledged calling, another in the background in direct violation of the eighth commandment; and thus by gradations, imperceptibly darkening as we advance, we arrive at the classes who are at open war with society, and professedly live by the produce of depredation or the wages of infamy. The evils of over population are further exasperated by a constant immigration from the provinces—the idle, the dissolute, the credulous, the despairing, all flock to the metropolis. Homeless and penniless, they trust to theft or to charity for food, and to chance or the streets for a shelter. The colony of Irish alone,

* Mayhew, Preface.

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and it is annually increasing, equals the population of many a great European capital.

The dwellings in which for the most part this pauper population is stowed away rather than lodged are revolting to humanity. In all great cities from the earliest times the poor man is meanly housed. Competition raises house-rent; and when he can no longer pay a higher price he accepts inferior accommodation. Landed proprietors know how difficult it is, even with the patriarchal control which is given them by the absolute ownership of the cottages on their estates, to prevent improper subletting whenever accident has brought a temporary accession to the population of their neighbourhood. In London this process of compression has been going on slowly and gradually for centuries. Wherever a colony of the very poor is to be found, the tendency to indecent and unhealthy crowding operates with baleful activity. Thus even in the neighbourhood of our handsomest squares, in the centre of the healthiest quarters, are to be found 'rookeries,' as they have been called, to the infinite disparagement of the rooks, the cleanest and the most orderly of bipeds, which, as plague spots of moral and physical contagion, may rival the well known districts of St. Giles's or Saffron Hill. In the eastern parts of London, which, instead of being improved to meet the demands of advancing civilisation, were successively abandoned to poorer and lower classes of inhabitants, population has reached the extraordinary density of 185,751 persons to each square mile,* and the hardship suffered even by the industrious of the labouring classes is proportionally great. Out of lanes the meanest, it might be thought, which could be built for human habitation are courts and alleys meaner still. The picture is by no means over drawn which the author of 'Sorrows of the Streets' presents us of one of these 'diminutive squares of towering houses, black with the soot of many generations, room piled above room, each the dwelling of a separate family, and topped with a workshop glazed all round.' Blackened beams stretch across to prevent the bulging walls from falling inward. Yet even here there is relative prosperity. In one window a goodly array of flower-pots, in which green leaves are sprouting in defiance of London smoke, attests that the poor soul, who pines for country sights and sounds within, has still a taste for innocent pleasures and a few pence to spare from the necessaries of life.

'In a corner of the court is a habitation containing four rooms, one above

* Report of the District Visiting Association for 1853, p. 6.

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above the other. There is no ventilation—no room at the back. Here dwell four families and twenty-one children, six on the first floor, four on the second, three on the third, and eight at the top. The father and mother and eight children have dwelt all the winter in that little room, and yet the children are clean and tidy, the poor mother calm and submissive to her lot. All the long winter, in sickness and in sorrow, she has never left that little room.'—p. 102.

In yonder alley is a lodging-house where, besides its habitual inmates, are heaped together all who seek and can afford to pay for its miserable shelter. There seems no limit to its capacity till it is ascertained what is the smallest quantity of atmospheric air on which life can be supported. Within its walls all self-respect is lost, all decency is outraged. It is not possible to exaggerate the moral contamination or physical loathsomeness of such a dwelling. We spare the reader the disgusting details. Yet this is a 'moral lodging-house.' Let him infer from this the condition which we dare not describe of those dens of infamy where vice professedly holds its orgies, and where crime seeks fellowship and concealment in numbers.*

The indignation with which humane writers discuss this subject is not unnatural; but their remedies are for the most part such as could be applied only by some beneficent and despotic Haroun al Raschid, and their accusations are unjust. Their declamations would imply that, by the pressure of human regulations, this wretchedness is artificially created, and that to promote the convenience of the rich the poor are thus cruelly circumscribed. But what has taken place is in exact conformity with the laws which regulate supply and demand. The body corporate is to blame only for omission. It has not interfered to modify or suspend in the poor man's favour the operation of those laws which, in ordinary cases, it is found best to leave to their unrestricted action. An American writer (Dr. Channing), quoted by the author of the 'Rookeries,' acknowledges the bountifulness of British charity, but warns us 'to be just before we are generous, and to remember that private liberality will not atone for selfish institutions.' But what institutions, we would ask this able writer, could avert—what, except those of socialism, even profess to avert these evils?—what institutions has America for the purpose? It is not unnatural that an American should confound the local advantages of his country with her institutions; but when she no longer possesses the resource of a vast unemployed territory; when her capitals teem with a redundant population, it will then be seen whether her institutions will prevent the growth of a pauper population, or

* Beames's 'Rookeries,' p. 79.

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whether

whether her pauper population will destroy her institutions. We are not stepping out of our way to pick a quarrel with our transatlantic critic. It is precisely because our social evils cannot be corrected by any change of institutions, and can only be mitigated by the best directed efforts of the Legislature, that they belong to the province of private charity.

The notions of charity which were entertained by our predecessors must be much enlarged to adapt them to the use of modern times. To relieve suffering merit, though its most pleasing, is by no means its most frequent nor its most important task. Guilt and poverty are closely connected. Misconduct leads to poverty, poverty tempts to crime. To discriminate between them would be as hard a task as that imposed by the Lord Mayor on the mutinous scavengers when they remonstrated that they were hired to remove the dirt, but not the snow. The civic Solomon admitted the plea, but enjoined them with all haste to separate the one from the other. It matters not with what views the philanthropist begins his task. The humane are anxious to supply the physical wants of the poor, the statesman tries to raise their social condition, the missionary sighs to enlighten their spiritual darkness. The means which all must employ are the same. If they would christianise, they must civilize. If they would feed, they must reform. In short, charity must embrace every effort which benevolence can devise to rouse the slothful, tame the brutal, instruct the ignorant, and preach the Gospel to the native heathen.

But in thus enlarging the aims of charity it is necessary to prescribe some limits to its exercise; and in this country the law which allows no one, however worthless, to want a bare subsistence, enables us to draw the boundary line with some precision. Private charity withdraws its aid from the detected impostor and the shameless mendicant, the incorrigibly idle and the dissolute, and leaves them to the stern justice or to the cold bounty of the law. There is indeed a case where charity would fain interpose if possible. As workhouses are now constituted, it is painful to consign age and infirmity to their inhospitable shelter. But this is an artificial difficulty, the existence of which is contrary to the intentions of the law and the dictates of humanity. The poor-house, which is justly made distasteful to the able-bodied vagrant, should present a different aspect to those who are driven thither by no fault of their own, and the grievance we have to complain of is one which, for the sake of all concerned, should be remedied without delay. It is the insolence of its officials and the insubordination of its inmates that make the poor-house (what we have heard respectable paupers call it) 'a hell

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'a hell upon earth.' It is intolerable that an asylum established by law, instead of being made formidable to the bad by the order it enforces, should be made revolting to the good by the licence it permits. We impute no blame to the poor laws, but we are glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of pointing out a defect in their execution, which every magistrate and poor-law guardian may do something to amend.

The charitable machinery which has gradually been organized to assail the ever-growing mass of social evils is the work of many founders, and so happily has the variety of tastes and sympathies directed their disconnected efforts that the whole presents the appearance of a combined plan. The number of charitable institutions is so considerable that Mr. Low's catalogue of them, though the information it gives is most judiciously condensed, occupies no less than 450 pages. Of these various schemes, comprising every resource which man's ingenuity has as yet invented to aid man's infirmity, it is difficult to devise such a classification as may enable the reader to comprehend them in one view as component parts of one uniform whole. But perhaps we may best perceive their relations to each other and to their common object by arranging them as they represent, first, the simpler, and then the more complex notion of charity as it successively enlarged its views to meet the wants of advancing civilization. Thus to the first class belong those institutions whose simple aim is to provide for the old, instruct the young, heal the sick, and preserve life under various circumstances of peril. To the second, those which have been set on foot with the hope of effecting social improvement and moral reform.

At the head of the first class stand those time-honoured foundations raised by the pious of former days—'Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, leaders of the people by their counsels, wise and eloquent in their instructions, rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations.' * These for the most part have been magnificently endowed, and require nothing from posterity but that degree of interest and attention which may suffice to preserve them from decay by ventilating them with the free current of publicity. The first idea that occurs to the philanthropist of a rude age is to provide an asylum for the old. There is a time, thought our ancestors, when man can no longer toil for his bread. There is a time when his care should

* Eccles. xliv. The fifteen first verses of this beautiful chapter are usually read on the commemoration days of the great foundations. It is known as the 'Founder's chapter.'

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be directed to the bread of life alone. And they loved to dwell on the image of old age rescued by charity from toil and want to atone for the follies of youth, by

'Counted beads and countless prayer,'

and to send up daily orisons for the soul of its benefactor.

The earliest of these foundations is St. Katherine's, whose modern Gothic is so conspicuous in Regent's Park. The most celebrated are the Royal Hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea, but it would be unjust to the claims which their inmates possess on the gratitude of their country to class them among eleemosynary institutions. Exclusive of these Mr. Low reckons eleven colleges and superior foundations, and eighty-two almshouses. Many of the latter, which have been erected in modern days, depend in part on voluntary contributions, and also are restricted by limitations which are intended to make them subserve the cause of morality and religion. But the zeal for founding institutions of this class was materially abated by the enactment of the Poor Laws, which superseded the necessity for them, and the doctrines of the Reformation, which discountenanced vicarious devotion, and has in modern days almost entirely given way to sounder plans of dispensing charity. Associations which limit their aid to the grant of an annuity afford a more welcome relief to the distressed, and extend the benefits of the charitable fund much further, than expensive foundations which impose the obligation of residence.

The first 'Benevolent Society' was founded in 1811, by Peter Hervé, who (Mr. Low tells us) injured his health and his fortune in the attempt (an arduous one at that time, when the public were less accessible to appeals of this kind than they are at present), and who lived to need, but would never accept, the help of his own charity. Its object is to supply small pensions from 20*l.* to 30*l.* a-year to persons of a better class (who have reached the age of 60), without distinctions of country or religion. The candidates are elected on a poll of the subscribers, but no case is placed on the list till it has been investigated and approved by the committee. Mr. Low reckons sixteen of these societies with slight variations in their rules and restrictions. Since the last edition of his work was published a society exclusively for Governesses, and another for Gardeners, have been established. He estimates their united funds at 18,000*l.* a-year, of which 15,000*l.* depend on the precarious payments of annual subscribers. There are few charities to which it is possible to contribute with greater certainty of doing good, and few, if we may judge from the earnest canvassing

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canvassing for admittance, and the large number of disappointed candidates, which stand more in need of increased support.

The foundations for the education of youth are such as befit the grandeur of the cities of London and Westminster. The more important of these are familiar to all. But we cannot pause to pay even a passing tribute to the talents and genius they have fostered, or the virtues that have adorned them; our present business is with the humbler institutions, for the most part of recent date, which are supported chiefly or solely by voluntary subscriptions. Besides the parochial schools and other 'merely local establishments,' Mr. Low enumerates fifteen schools for the maintenance and education of orphans, and sixteen for 'necessitous children, whether orphans or not.' Of the former some are restricted to particular classes. The most ancient was instituted for the orphan children of the clergy, four are for the orphans of soldiers and sailors, and one for those who have been deprived of their parents by the cholera. Of the latter, St. Ann's School, at Brixton, is best known to the public by the active canvass which is constantly going on to obtain admission to its benefits. It is open to all, without restriction, except that a preference is accorded to those who have known better days. These institutions maintain and educate an aggregate of 14,500 children. In a majority of cases the admissions depend on the votes of the subscribers. But (as is also the case in the Pension societies) any opulent contributor may obtain immediate admittance for a duly qualified candidate by the payment of a fixed sum, which varies in different institutions from 50*l.* to 200*l.* Both parties profit by the transaction. Donations of this kind are funded for the permanent benefit of the charity, and the benefactor obtains an excellent education and maintenance for the object of his charity at a trifling cost.

The efforts to promote national education, though now superintended by the Privy Council, and assisted by grants from Parliament, were originated, and are mainly supported, by the energy and the bounty of individuals. Though so much remains to be done, we cannot, without a sense of gratitude, recollect that the parent societies, and the network of schools with which they have covered the country, have been called into existence since the days, which many of our readers can well remember, when Bell and his follower, Lancaster, brought into general notice the subject of education. Both pursued a similar plan of tuition, but they differed in one vital point. Dr. Bell made religion an integral part of his system, and of course could teach only the doctrines he professed, those of the established church. Lancaster, who was a dissenter, desired to make it only an accessory,

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sory, and by leaving to his scholars the choice of their religion, to open his schools to the professors of all creeds. Since then, these two systems have divided the advocates and promoters of education. The National Society is the representative of the one party, the British and Foreign School Society of the other.

Midway between places of education and infirmaries, and partaking of the character of both, are the schools for those who are suffering from some privation imposed upon them by step-dame nature at their birth. The institutions for the Indigent Blind, and for the Deaf and Dumb, would each furnish materials for a longer paper than we can devote to the entire charities of London. We would entreat the reader to pay them a visit: he will be well rewarded by witnessing the wonderful effects produced by human ingenuity and perseverance, when inspired by Christian love. The visitor will find these institutions (and indeed all the others to which we have referred) in what is called a flourishing state, that is to say, they are admirably managed, and rich enough to be eminently useful: the annual income for the most part equals the annual expenditure, and not many among them are reduced to the alternative either of encroaching on their capital, or diminishing their usefulness. Does he ask what more is needed? Let him call on any subscriber and see the applications for admission, perplexing by their variety, distressing by their importunity, which cover the table, or, it may be, fill the waste basket; and let him reflect that unless the means of the society are enlarged, each successful candidate destroys the hopes of a dozen not less deserving than himself.

Among the benefactors of mankind enumerated by the wise Son of Sirach, we should not have omitted 'such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing.' It was neither Prelate, Prince, nor Peer, but the minstrel of Henry I., Rahere by name, who founded St. Bartholomew's, the first London hospital 'for the relief of 100 sore and diseased persons.' It is strange that no similar foundation followed till St. Thomas's, Southwark, in 1553, was endowed out of the spoils of the monasteries. The increased value of property has raised the income of both these hospitals to upwards of 30,000*l.* a year. Early in the eighteenth century, the munificence of Mr. Guy, a bookseller at Tamworth, and subsequently of Mr. Hunt, endowed the hospital which bears the name of its first founder with sums amounting to upwards of 450,000*l.*, the largest, Mr. Low remarks, ever contributed by private persons to charitable purposes.

The remaining nine of the twelve General Medical Hospitals are supported by voluntary contribution; and all, we regret to say, have to complain of resources undeveloped for want of means

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means or of expenditure exceeding their income. Moreover, the aggregate of the whole, as the district visitor will tell us to his sorrow, falls short of the need of the metropolis. The general hospitals are aided by various establishments for affording medical treatment and relief in special cases, and so numerous are these, that (together with the dispensaries) they fill sixty of Mr. Low's pages. Every year adds to their number, but we dare not set this down as so much clear gain to the cause of humanity. There is reason to fear that the funds of the larger hospitals have declined, as the bounty of the public has been diverted to other channels.

Among the special hospitals most remarkable for the benevolent thoughtfulness of their conception, the hospital for Convalescence is pre-eminent. The poor patient who cannot recover in the close atmosphere and on the meagre diet of his home, may find in the establishment at Walton-upon-Thames the fresh air and generous food which, more than all the drugs of the pharmacopeia, are needed to recruit his strength. Alas! in how many ailments of the poor it is the cook and not the physician which should prescribe!*

The institution for training nurses is admirably designed as the complement to our hospitals. Kindness of heart, it is true, cannot be taught, but method, economy of labour, and all the routine of treatment which kindness would suggest, may be learnt as a lesson. Much of the efficiency, and more of the comfort of the hospitals, depend on the nurses. It is bad economy to pay them ill; it is cruelty to the patients as well as to themselves to overtask their strength. By such ill-treatment their health will be impaired and their standard of duty lowered. Persons of respectability will be deterred from taking the situation, and the service of the wards will eventually suffer.

Mr. Dickens's amusing portrait of Mrs. Gamp is not so far from truth as we could desire. To those who lead a life of hardship, petty sensuality (such is the contradiction of human nature) is apt to become a besetting sin.† Familiarity with the sight of suffering, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, hardens our passive sensibility to witness it, and in refined and

* The Empress Maria Louisa (Granduchess of Parma) established in her kitchen a department for the supply of well-dressed and wholesome food to such poor patients as could produce a medical certificate that they needed it. Might not a branch of the Convalescent Hospital be established in London for a similar purpose? But, unfortunately, that institution itself is reduced to the greatest difficulties by the bankruptcy of Messrs. Strahan and Co.

† This remark is especially confirmed by the testimony of those who have had an opportunity of observing the working of the rigorous rules of monastic institutions upon their inmates.

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generous natures stimulates our active sensibility to relieve it, but it acts thus on refined and generous natures only. The nurse who is a mere nurse has a tendency to become cruel. The corrective of this must be an active superintendence on the part of the authorities, and judicious regulations which provide for the health and comfort of the nurse as well as of her patients. There is another remedy, which recent events have made familiar to our imaginations—we mean the admixture of voluntary and unpaid labour, undertaken by those who make it their office to tend the sick for charity. It is not our duty to suggest what class of persons may with safety and propriety undertake this task. There is no general solution to be given of the delicate problem, how far the obvious and ordinary duties of life may be set aside to undertake the more arduous and exceptional. Many there doubtless are who, without neglecting duty, may engage in this office of charity, and thus shun the dangers of a world they dread, or find a refuge from the hardness of a world which has lost its power to please though not to wound them; and thus far at least is clear, that whether they sacrifice its pleasures or seek a shelter from its vexations, their presence at the sick bed will diffuse the zeal of love and the charm of refinement over an office which has hitherto at the best been executed with the cold regularity of routine.

In almost all the hospitals supported by voluntary contributions, a preference is given to the patients who are recommended by subscribers or governors; this is the result of sheer necessity. Many would refuse to subscribe unless they secured some privilege in return; and many more are reminded of the duty of subscribing only by some accidental circumstance, which makes them desire to procure admission for a patient.

A certain annual subscription, or the payment of a certain sum, constitutes a governor, and by a general body of governors meeting at an open board, or by a select committee of them, the affairs of all hospitals are managed. Those who have leisure cannot bestow it more advantageously to the public than on this unremunerated service. All human institutions have a tendency to collect abuses as seaweed gathers damp. The carelessness of to-day becomes the habit of to-morrow. Ill-timed parsimony creates a nuisance; ill-judged liberality degenerates into a job. The most active officials are apt to be *optimists*, and to maintain that all is for the best in their own, the best of possible institutions; and it is scarcely credible to those who have no experience on the subject, by how trifling a cause the health of the patients may be affected. Constant vigilance is the only safeguard. Let not the humane be deterred from visits of inspection by vague apprehensions

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apprehensions of painful sights and sounds, and offensive smells. The clean and well-aired wards, the ingenious contrivances for saving labour, the care bestowed on the patients, and the comforts accumulated round them, will leave on his memory little but the soothing impression of charity well directed, and suffering relieved.

The institutions for preserving human life from the opposite perils of fire and of water have their head-quarters in the capital, but they extend their benefits directly to all parts of the country. Of these the Royal Humane Society, as might be guessed from the vagueness of its title, is the earliest Had societies for humane purposes been more common, its founders would have endeavoured to find some more discriminating appellation to convey to us that it was set on foot to rescue those who are in danger of drowning. It much resembles in its general management the society for the preservation of life from fire.* Both are supported by voluntary subscriptions, and both offer rewards to stimulate exertion in favour of those whose lives are endangered.

Much has been said on the subject of low motives and the impropriety of substituting the sordid inducement of gain for the loftier impulses of humanity. But it is not to be supposed that a trifling gratuity or a trumpery medal is held out as an adequate motive or reward for the risk of a life: it is merely a recognition on the part of the public of desert, and as such it affords a very high and a legitimate gratification to the individual who obtains it.

'The committee feel that they are not substituting one motive for another, but are acting strictly in imitation of the great Governor and Lawgiver of the universe, who, whilst He has offered his creatures the purest and highest principles for their guidance, has at the same time surrounded them with a thousand minor helps and secondary springs of action, none of which they can with impunity despise or reject.'

This sentence is quoted from the Report (for 1853) of the Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck, which also offers similar medals and prizes. This society too has its principal office in London, and must often engage the sympathy of the Londoner in his summer tours to our dangerous coasts. It appears that in the three last years 2600 vessels have been wrecked; and of the many lives lost in consequence, it is calculated that at least one-half might have been saved if the proper means had been at hand; and as yet the income of the society is quite inadequate for the task it has undertaken. Its president, the Duke of Northumberland (as we learn from the

* See Quarterly Review, No. cxci., p. 37.

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Report for 1853) has established, at his own cost, at the principal stations of his own neighbourhood, life-boats on an improved construction, and supplied with all the necessary apparatus and appendages—a piece of munificence which has acted most favourably in stimulating the humanity and activity of the neighbouring peasantry, and from which the tourist, without being unreasonably sentimental, may derive his full share of satisfaction. The grave-yards which surround the striking ruins and picturesque churches 'of mountainous Northumberland' are full of the mournful records of youth cut off in its bloom and manhood in its prime by the tempestuous waves. Each stone has its own sad tale—of brothers found locked in each other's embrace—of a father who perished in the vain attempt to save his son—of whole families, united in industry and affection, and undivided in death, swallowed up in the little craft that constituted the whole of their worldly wealth. He must be 'duller than Lethe's dull weed' whose heart does not swell as he reads the simple tale of their struggles and their fate, and whose eye does not glisten when he hears of the munificence which has done all that on that dangerous coast can be done to avert such catastrophes in future. Few can follow such an example. Few can guard the coasts of a county, but many can bestow a guinea, and thanks to the power of combination—blessed indeed when exerted in a good cause—the feeble many, by their union, can surpass the efforts of the strongest in their single strength.

But the great problem which perplexed our ancestors less than ourselves, only because in a less crowded state of society social ills were more easily dealt with, was mendicancy. In every community there must always be some who cannot dig, and in the most primitive there are always some who will not, and are no ashamed to beg. From the earliest times the sturdy mendican has constituted himself the representative of 'the poor,' in whose behalf the Gospel pleads so authoritatively. In that character he lounged at the convent-grate, he devoured his dole at the Baron's hall door, he clamoured for alms at the church-porch, and in that capacity we presume he is accepted by the modern advocate (happily few in number) of indiscriminate almsgiving. But even in the most picturesque times, when he pretended to show the scollop-shell from the Holy Land in his hat, or perhaps the scars of infidel sabres on his body, he was but a good-for-nothing vagabond. We do not know whether the critics have agreed to class Belisarius among the street beggars, but we are certain that if he really belonged to that fraternity, the virtues of the patriot hero would not have withstood three months of such companionship. The enactment of the poor law in Elizabeth's reign was occasioned rather

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rather by the desire to effect a social reform than by any necessity created by the dissolution of the convents,* to which it has been the fashion to attribute a much larger share in feeding the poor than they ever took in this or any other country. Our ancestors were determined to get rid of the vagrant and the mendicant; and to give themselves the right to prohibit their shameless trade, they imposed on themselves and their successors the prodigious sacrifice of the poor law. But though from that time forth acts against able-bodied paupers were multiplied, the vagrant continued to prefer idleness and independence to work or the poor-house, and the tender-hearted, in spite of experience, persisted in being duped. By degrees the number of beggars swelled, till they exceeded the powers of the beadle and constable to arrest, and of the gaol or poorhouse to contain, and, by the impotence of the law, and the forced connivance of its ministers, they acquired an all but legalised existence. At the close of the great European war the evil had reached its height; ostentatiously loathsome objects paraded the great thoroughfares; professional beggars, by a police of their own, quartered the town amongst them, and stories were currently told of the nightly carouses and orgies which were defrayed by the proceeds of their frauds on the credulous public. In 1818 an association was formed for the purpose of effecting that which the state neglected to do, or despaired of doing. It took the name of the 'Society for the Suppression of Mendicity.' A large staff of paid agents was engaged, and a committee for its management was formed, counting among its members many naval and military men, who, having no longer any professional employment, brought their habits of business and administrative talents to the service of the new Society. It was enabled to enforce the laws against mendicity by combining with them a system of discriminating charity, which made their execution practicable. The Society issues to its subscribers or to purchasers tickets for distribution, which ensure to the holder a meal, the examination of his case, and employment, if he chooses to take it, at the Society's work yards. The good which it has effected can hardly be estimated, except by those who remember the condition of the streets before it began its operations. The work, no doubt, is still incomplete; but for the greater part of the evil that remains the good easy public must blame itself. As long as indolent pity will give without inquiry, ingenious roguery will contrive to present its

* Acts relating to mendicancy were passed before the dissolution of the monasteries. The Romish system was and is favourable to mendicancy, but the convents never had the power or the will to perform the gigantic task which is popularly attributed to them.

petition.

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petition. A sponge, a comb, a box of lucifers, enables the vagrant to importune passengers at pleasure. Many beg in defiance of the law. Some, without asking, will stand in mute despair, or lie down as if exhausted by fatigue. One worthy was long known in the profession as the 'cabbage-eater.' Clothed in scarcely decent rags, he would station himself in some great thoroughfare, and, apparently unconscious of the gazing crowd, he would devour with famished eagerness a coarse raw cabbage-stalk; he marked not the pence which some poor woman, advancing with hesitation, would slip into his hand—he only stared at the shilling thrown to him by the benevolent old gentleman. The whole man seemed absorbed in satisfying the animal craving for food, till at last he would rise staggering and stupefied at the bidding of some good Samaritan, who takes him home, feeds, clothes, and dismisses him to repeat the same performance in a distant part of the town.

The offer of a mendicity ticket will generally cause the professional impostor to betray himself, though he will not always be so maladroit as directly to refuse it; when the applicant gives an address, the case may be referred to the society for investigation, but in a majority of instances the address will prove false. The tender heart may be consoled by dispensing these touchstone tickets instead of pennies and sixpences, assured that if the distress is real it will receive suitable relief.

Yet destitute and houseless strangers are sometimes to be found in the streets of London. They know not where to find the workhouse, and they want intelligence to inquire for it. To aid such as these, nightly refuges have been established. Mr. Low mentions one in Old Broad Street, and another in Market Street, Paddington, which he calculates in one year afforded lodging to 70,000 persons, and rations to many more. But it must not be dissembled that this is a subject full of difficulty. The refuges are also the resort of the vicious and depraved, nor do we see how it is possible to prevent the mischief which their 'evil communications' are said sometimes to have caused.

The Mendicity Society also undertakes to investigate the cases (which, without such aid, would be so perplexing to the charitable) of the higher class of beggars, who write letters, or who pay personal visits, and, by the respectability of their appearance, often succeed in obtaining an interview. The begging visitor is generally so well 'got up' to play his part, with so close an observation of life and manners, that we might fancy he could write a good novel; and he displays a presence of mind and a power of acting which would make his fortune on the stage. He often presents the card (which he has taken from the last vestibule to which he

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he was admitted) of some 'gentleman who has greatly befriended him,' or perhaps he ventures to say who has recommended him. Every variety of fiction has been tried. Men of science and clergymen in difficulties—Poles of illustrious rank—military men involved by the misconduct of a friend, present themselves in numbers, and the Report of the Society for the last year contains a caution against persons who represent themselves as the collectors of charitable institutions, and present charity lists with every appearance of authenticity.

The concoction of begging letters is the usual resource of those who have received a better education, and perhaps held a place in society which they have forfeited by misconduct. It is often continued as a profession by those who once adopted it as a resource in times of real distress. The ingenuity and talent displayed in this branch of business are really admirable. The following case, which is quoted in one of the Reports of the Society, is remarkable for its novelty. The writer always took care to speak the exact truth. Mrs. C—— B——, who represented herself as the last of a long descended line who had known better days, lived at Walworth in a large house, and at a considerable annual expense. She paid her tradesmen regularly, but on the strange condition that she should always be compelled to do so by a legal process. Thus, when the clergyman was commissioned to make inquiries, he found the sheriff's officers at the door. The landlord when applied to could truly affirm he was distraining for rent. The butcher and the baker when questioned could conscientiously assert they had sent executions into the house, and for years this ingenious system prospered. Even the references, especially when voluntarily offered, are often impostures. On one occasion a supposed clergyman excited suspicion by commencing his testimony with presenting his *complements*, and on referring the case to the Mendicity Society, it was discovered that the whole story was a fabrication. Advertisements in the newspapers, or circulars in behalf of cases of fictitious distress—appeals in favour of institutions which have no existence—projects for the relief of distressed needle-women, or any other object that attracts public sympathy at the time, 'putting forth statements as to their supporters, patrons, and patronesses, wholly unwarranted,'* are of the most frequent occurrence, and all inculcate the lesson which cannot be repeated too frequently, 'never to give without inquiry.'†

* Mendicity Report for 1854. Page 44.

† It is a proof of the union and concert which exist among this fraternity, that those who answer their appeals are constantly importuned by them, and those who steadily adopt a system of investigation and inquiry soon cease to be solicited at all.

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The Mendicity Society keep a register of their discoveries, and preserve all letters and other documents that are referred to them, in order to facilitate their future researches, or, if possible, to secure the conviction of imposture. As several officers are engaged exclusively in these investigations, the Society require, to defray the necessary expenses, an additional subscription from those who wish to employ their services in this way. We had not intended, in giving this sketch of London charities, to say a word to bias the reader's decision in favour of any one, but we must be allowed to depart so far from our reserve, as to urge that no one who wishes to walk in the streets of London, with the entire right to disregard the importunities of its mendicant population, should refrain from contributing his mite to the Mendicity Society.

But those who would really be acquainted with the condition of the London poor, and especially those who aspire to legislate for their benefit, must occasionally, if not habitually, visit them in their own homes. A personal acquaintance with the dwellings and habits of the poor is necessary to give energy of purpose and distinctness of aim to our projects for their social improvement. As early as 1785, The Stranger's Friend Society* was founded for this purpose. But it was not till the approach of the cholera created the 'movement' in favour of sanitary reform, that a general visitation was carried into effect. On that occasion recesses were penetrated which had hitherto been considered inaccessible, and misery was brought to light which was not believed to exist. Here and there, among the victims of misfortune, and in the midst of the most squalid wretchedness, were found families who had known better days, and having been deterred by sickness, helplessness, pride, and despair, from applying to the parish, were actually perishing from want. At the present time there is organised in almost every parish in London a district visiting society. In 1843 was established the General Metropolitan Visitors' Association, the objects of which are to promote the formation of local societies where they do not previously exist, and to collect funds for the purpose of aiding the various parochial societies, when the local contributions are insufficient.

The parochial societies are under the direction of the minister of the parish, and the task of visiting is executed by such of their parishioners, of either sex, and of all classes, as he can induce to take a share in the duty. These societies endeavour to introduce all the machinery—including penny clubs, clothing clubs, and provident societies—which in rural neighbourhoods

* The objects of its benevolence were (as its name denotes) principally, but not exclusively, strangers to London.

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has been found so effectual to improve the condition of the poor, and they supply the most powerful means that have yet been devised to revive the parochial system in London. By furnishing the clergy with the means of dispensing relief, they enable them to penetrate where, on no other condition, they could obtain access, and to soften prejudices which have hitherto proved insuperable. By uniting all in the common work of charity, they bring classes into communication who are apt to misunderstand each other, and they bring home the personal obligation of charity to the feelings of many who had hitherto considered it as the privilege or duty of the rich alone.

Above all, they are strongly impressed with the reformatory character which is distinctive of modern charity. Their object is to raise the moral not less than the physical condition of the poor, and to give a permanent character to temporary relief, by teaching the poor to help themselves. They offer aid at the critical moment when some impending calamity threatens to sink the sufferer to a depth whence no subsequent energy can raise him. In sickness they provide medical attendance or tickets for the hospitals, and when debt and want of work combine to compel the workman to part with what little remains unpledged of his worldly goods, that he may qualify himself for admission into the workhouse, they step in to save him from that last resource of his despair, whence he can issue only with character blemished, energies impaired, and destitution such as he never knew before. But the district-visitor is not the bearer of material relief alone. By the unwonted words of kindness he may often arm the sufferer with courage, and rouse him to exertion; he is ever on the watch to drop the seasonable word which may open to the mourner the highest sources of consolation, or point out to the fallen his true enemy, in idleness, drunkenness, or some besetting sin, which he must overcome before he can rise to comfort and respectability. But it must not be forgotten that superiority of station, and the consciousness of good will, do not confer a right to enter the poor man's dwelling to dictate and reprove. His confidence must be won before his feelings and his judgment can be influenced. To calculate that the expectation of relief will ensure his patience is deliberately to make him a hypocrite. The object is persuasion, and if the visitor neglects those means of persuasion which he would be quick enough to discover where his own interests were concerned, he shows how much less carefully he does his Master's work than his own. But on the other hand, firmness and sagacity are needed. Investigation and caution cannot be dispensed with. At first the poor are inclined to treat the visitor merely as a supernumerary relieving officer,

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officer, and many will exert all their ingenuity to deceive him.* The visitor must not be too ready to trust to professions unsupported by proofs. The poor are quick at learning a religious jargon if they find it the road to pecuniary relief. The extreme of caution must be united to the extreme of kindness. But let not the charitably disposed be scared by the many high qualifications that are needed to visit the poor with complete effect. If we hesitate to perform every duty in which we cannot acquit ourselves to perfection, we shall stand idle in the market-place till the sun is down. He who begins the task with a hearty good will, with real love for his neighbour, and with humility and patience to profit by his own mistakes, and the experience of others, cannot fail of success.†

It is said that books lose half their usefulness because they cannot, like letters, be sent sealed to their address. Mr. Dickens's character of a district visitor might be profitably studied by those engaged in the same work of charity. Mrs. Pardiggle (for that is the woman's portentous name), restlessly active, harsh, unsympathising, coldly methodical, valuing herself on the quantity of work done, indifferent to the effect produced, exhibits in her own person all the faults which, in their combination, it is to be hoped are found in none, but each and all of which the district visitor should most carefully avoid. So far this negative instruction is most useful. But to those who are anxious to find some pretext for taking no active part in works of charity, this frightful example suggests the very excuse which their own timidity had already suggested, and which their indolence is so ready to accept, namely, that their interference would do more harm than good. And yet (we cannot forbear urging), according to the gifted novelist's own showing, Mrs. Pardiggle on the only occasion on which we are introduced to her company performs a blessed day's work; she persuades his two amiable heroines to accompany her on her visits, and there, from their own personal experience, they learn how much of comfort a few kind words can impart to the wounded spirit. If after making this discovery they neglect to turn it to account, we submit that Mrs. Pardiggle's faulty performance is less culpable than their total neglect.

We have often wondered that from the metropolitan pulpits we hear so seldom the enforcement of these duties, and an ex-

* It is often desirable to give relief as much as may be in kind, in order to remove from the objects of charity the temptation to abuse it.

† When the system of district visiting is perfected, a certain amount of paid agency will be found expedient, but no paid agency can supply the place of the love that wins.

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planation how they may be efficiently performed. Those who have not reflected by what infinitesimally small motives human actions are influenced, would scarcely believe how slight an amount of shyness and helplessness will paralyze the impulses of conscience for years, and how quickly they may be dispelled by a little practical information.

When the first difficulties are surmounted, the personal visitation of the poor will bring with it its own reward. Charity is not, as it is described in novels, a perpetual reciprocation of beneficence and gratitude. Like all else, it has its discouragements and disappointments, but in spite of many instances of fraud and imposture and incorrigible vice, the district visitor will find among his poor clients an amount of patient suffering, resignation, true delicacy, and forbearance which will amply repay him for all his sacrifices.

Nothing perhaps has so much contributed to drive away the opulent from the dwellings of the poor as the dread of their unwholesomeness and dirt—the very evils which render a personal inspection so necessary, and the correction of which lies at the root of all reformatory charity. It is useless to address the word of advice and instruction to those who are herding together, like animals in all but their innocence, in dens ill ventilated and undrained, where no decency, no self-respect, can be maintained, and where human beings must be utterly wretched if they are not utterly degraded.

Many of these over-peopled districts belong nominally to opulent proprietors, but the houses have been let on long leases, and are sublet, it often happens, to a series of middlemen in succession, the last of whom is some poor tenant, who hopes to make his own rent by becoming landlord and crowding yet more human beings into the overcrowded space. He is not always a cruel or hard man. He inflicts only what he has suffered and in some degree shares, and if a qualm of conscience seizes him, he overcomes it with the reflection that 'a man must live.' The result of all this is, that a poor family pays for one sordid room three or four times as much as would procure them a comfortable cottage in a rural district, and the aggregate of the rents of one crazy tenement equals the price of a moderate-sized house in an airy quarter of the town. (*Rookeries*, p. 150.) The correction of these evils is the necessary preliminary to all improvement. But let it not be supposed that it is a burden imposed on the charitable alone. It is indispensable to sanitary and social not less than to moral reform, and concerns the Epicurean who seeks only his own health and safety not less than the philanthropist who is animated by zeal for his neighbour's welfare.

'Mr.

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'Mr. Simon (says Mr. Roberts, p. 23), the able medical officer of the Corporation of London, estimates, that of the 52,000 deaths which occur annually in the city of London, one-half might have been averted by the use of means at our disposal; whilst the untold amount of acute suffering and lingering disease, caused by neglect, is beyond calculation.'

Nor are the effects of the moral malaria less detrimental. We are not now urging the danger, so often insisted on, of allowing this mass of corruption to ferment beneath the surface of society till, like some foul gas, it explodes and causes a disruption of the social system. Its lesser evils, the deterioration of the workman's character, and the consequent hindrance of business and loss to trade, are so important that we cannot understand why the trading classes have not shown themselves more zealous in the work of reformation. But in truth, though we call on state policy and commercial forethought to lend their aid, charity is the only principle strong enough to animate so great an enterprise. There is much indeed that must be done by the legislature, but in a constitutional country the act of the legislature is only the expression and result of individual feeling, and much remains which the legislature is powerless to effect unless backed by individual energy.

The dwellings of the poor, considered with reference to their possible improvement, fall under three heads. To the first belong those crazy tenements so dilapidated and ill-contrived that no repair can make them tolerable; or those, still more unfit for human habitation, which the neighbourhood of some unhealthy manufactory or deadly nuisance has made attractive to poverty by lowering the rate of rent, or to crime by banishing the decent and orderly from the neighbourhood. The reader may, perhaps, have seen the house in West-street, built on the side of the Fleet ditch—during two centuries the notorious haunt of felons—for many went to see it previous to its demolition, when its mysteries (far surpassing those of Udolfo) were exposed to the public gaze, with all its sliding-panels, trap-doors, and endless devices for concealment or escape. (*Garwood*, p. 45.) But in London there are many more miserable dens than this. In 'Jacob's Island,' surrounded and intersected by the tidal ditches of Bermondsey, and in the neighbourhood of glue-manufactories, are rows of houses built on piles. The little rickety bridges that span the ditches, and connect court with court, give it the appearance of the Venice of the Sewers. There is

'Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink,'

or rather, not a drop that ought to be drunk. 'It was (says Mr. Mayhew)

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Mayhew) the colour of green tea in the sun, and in the shade the motionless mass looked as solid as black marble.' But the wretched inhabitants had nothing else for all the purposes of life. To amend such districts as these the buildings must be swept away altogether; but to effect this the resources and the authority of the state are needed. The humane legislator, however, must beware how he proceeds in a complicated state of society, where if a mistake is committed the seeds of mischief spring up like a mushroom to their full dimensions in a single night. The evil is only aggravated unless more suitable dwellings for the poor are provided to supply the place of those which have been demolished. When the rookery of St. Giles's was levelled, it was hoped that the ejected population would be led by necessity to seek refuge in a healthier and less crowded quarter; but habit and convenience attached them to their old haunts. The neighbouring dens, overflowing before, were regorged with a still denser crowd, and the sufferings of the poor were augmented.

In the second class we must place those dwellings which, with proper care and attention, may be made respectable and decent. We cannot, for rich or poor, turn East London into Richmond; but Mr. Becket Denison has shown how at a very small expense three or four houses in a very crowded district may be turned into healthy habitations; so that when the cholera ravaged the neighbourhood, not one case of it occurred in his model lodging-houses. (*Meliora*, i. p. 192.) In early times the quarters destined for the labouring class were much cramped and confined by silly attempts on the part of James I. and his successors to restrict the growth of London; and in all times greedy speculation has run up houses for the poor of the cheapest construction, without any adequate provision for drainage, sewage, or even a supply of water. Parliament has passed bills to enforce the necessary improvements; but the landlords, unable or unwilling to comply with the law, do their utmost to evade it; and tenants, ignorant of their rights and unable to enforce them, compete as eagerly as ever for the unwholesome tenements.

The third and best class comprises the dwellings which, though scarcely less sordid in their present appearance, are unobjectionable in their situation and construction. They were once the abodes of opulence; their marble chimney-pieces and rich mouldings contrast strangely with the misery around them, and prove to the legislator how easily even a palace might be turned into a 'rookery,'* and how little he will effect by erecting superior houses for the poor, unless precautions are taken that they are

* As a wing of the Tuileries actually was in 1848.

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inhabited

inhabited with due regard to health and decency. And in this lies the main difficulty. The poor will not live in 'an institution.' The great problem is to ascertain how far the necessary sanitary and moral regulations can be enforced without infringing on that freedom of action which is indispensable to man's happiness and virtue.

The Metropolitan Sanitary Society and the Labourer's Friend Society, both supported by voluntary subscriptions, are said to have done much towards improving the dwellings of the poor, and in removing nuisances prejudicial to health. Local associations for similar purposes have also been formed. We quote the following sentence from the Report of the Society of St. George's Parish as a proof of the sound views entertained by its founders:—

'Care has been taken that the independence of the labourer shall not be compromised by leading him to look to this as a charitable institution merely; nor, it is believed, are the interests of honest lodging-house-keepers injuriously affected by it.'

The Metropolitan Association for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes is rather a mercantile speculation than a charitable institution, and we rejoice to hear it has been successful.* Though charitable contributions may be necessary to surmount the difficulties of overturning a long-established abuse, we must look forward to the time when, without any such aid, the labourer will be able for a fair price to command a decent habitation: it would be most unsatisfactory that he should permanently depend for his lodging on public or private charity.†

Closely connected with the improvement of dwellings is the establishment of Baths and Washhouses. Dives, whose clothes are washed he asks not how, can scarcely picture to himself the discomfort and ill health which are caused in the single room which serves a poor family for all purposes, by the slop of the washing-tubs and by the vapour of the steaming rags when they are hung up to dry in its stifling atmosphere. Moreover, when we consider the sense of self-respect which is gained by those who for the first time learn the luxury of personal cleanliness, we are inclined to consider this institution quite as important an engine of moral as of sanitary reform. It is wholesome to remember with what ridicule the proposal to erect these establishments was received, and yet

* See 'Rookeries of London,' p. 152, where other instances of remunerative model lodging-houses are given.

† An act has been passed in the last session to facilitate the formation of companies for the purpose of building houses for the working classes.

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so well are they adapted to the wants of the poor that their success was immediate. They are now self-supporting, and though they were conceived in the purest spirit of charity, they can no longer be ranked among charitable institutions.

We cannot do more than allude to the various institutions which have been established to aid industry, to encourage thrift, and to lighten the pressure of adversity (*Low*, chap. viii.); but we must mention the societies for the payment of small debts and for the loan of small sums; because it is the opinion of persons most conversant with the subject that much in this way remains to be done, and that it would be desirable to establish 'Monts de Piété,' such as are to be found on the continent of Europe, for the purpose of advancing money on pledges at a reasonable rate.

The moral evils which beyond all others depress the condition of the poor are intemperance and improvidence, and to correct these considerable exertions have been made. Provident Societies we have already treated at some length in a recent article, and the 'Temperance Movement' is too important to be discussed incidentally; but we will not omit this opportunity of expressing our conviction that the reformation of the intemperate habits of the populace is the most important subject which can occupy the statesman or philanthropist. Intemperance, once the besetting sin of the country, is still the great temptation of the labouring classes. It is calculated that a sum equal to the whole national revenue is annually spent in fermented liquors.* The houses which sell them in London exceed in number the aggregate of the shops for the sale of all other provisions. The governors and chaplains of gaols tell us that the cause of nearly half the crime which fills their wards is intemperance (*Kingsmill*, p. 72). We cannot agree with the men of Maine that to prevent the abuse of fermented liquors the government is justified in forbidding their use; and still less can we grant to the platform orators of the 'Temperance Movement' that Christian love and the precepts of the Gospel point to the same prohibition. Yet something we may hope could be done by the legislature to check an evil which blunders in legislation have done so much to encourage. Mr. Thomson assures us that Scotland has been demoralised by the reduction of the duty on spirits which took place in 1825 (p. 25); and on this side the Tweed every country magistrate and clergyman will tell us that the 'free trade in beer,' which was advocated with so much

* Vide Social Evils, p. 13.

talent,

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talent,* and carried through Parliament with such benevolent intentions, has proved a curse to our rural population.

In the present state of things the poor man is beset with snares which are carelessly left in his way by those who should protect him, or are artfully set for him by those whose interest it is to entrap him; and so ruthlessly are the arts of seduction practised, that, as has now been proved before a committee of the legislature, it is a common trick at the ale-houses to drug his liquor with salt in order to create an unquenchable and ever-increasing thirst.†

To promote habits of temperance, kind and charitable employers may do much by their advice and influence, and still more by the modification of such social and commercial arrangements ‡ as most powerfully expose their dependants to temptation. But the Temperance Society rightly maintain that absolute safety is to be found only in abstinence. Their object is to induce men voluntarily to give up the use of fermented liquors altogether, and as far as they have effected this—though we will not deny that a great deal of nonsense has been talked, and perhaps an inordinate quantity of tea has been drunk, at their meetings—they have done unmixed good. We would gladly co-operate with them as long as they confine their efforts to voluntary conversion, and do not attempt to insure the virtue of a part of the community by sacrificing the free agency of the whole.

Rapidly as charity has extended its field of late years, it long paused before it embraced the criminal part of the population. But it can pause no longer. We will not stop to correct the vague notions expressed by some of the works before us, which unphilosophically confound human justice with retribution, nor dispute with them the '*claims*' possessed by the felon § on the community whose laws he has out-

* Among others by Sydney Smith. 'That measure [the Beer Bill] had for its object the drawing people off from public houses by affording them the means of purchasing a wholesome beverage to be consumed at home at their meals; but the effect was that a lower style of drinking place was opened in every quarter; and, by a trifle more tax and house-rent, the beer might be drunk on the premises; thus the temptation of an inferior public-house was brought to every man's door.' —*Kingsmill*, p. 69.

† See the evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on the adulterations of food.

‡ Workmen are generally paid at alehouses or gin-palaces—the agent or pay-clerk often keeps a public-house himself—this should never be permitted.

§ One humane writer gives it as his opinion that the convict has a *right* to expect that the state should maintain and educate his children. In this case many an honest man might think it his duty (especially if he was given to reading French and German novels) to provide for his offspring by some well-intentioned felony.

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raged. To attempt his reformation is the interest of society, or rather it is the necessity which its previous measures with respect to him have imposed. In the olden time the laws were written in blood. Their severity did not repress crime, but it relieved society of the criminal. The number of persons annually executed for felony previously to the Revolution is, when compared with the population, scarcely credible. In more humane times transportation was chiefly employed to get rid of the felon whom minor punishments had failed to coerce. But now that humanity has condemned one of these resources, and circumstances have greatly abridged the other, society, like a manufactory chimney under the new Act, is obliged to consume its own soot.

Of the attempts made by Government to carry on the work of reformation in its gaols, we will say no more than to bespeak for them the sympathy of the humane and enlightened. The efforts made by some remarkable individuals to Christianize our gaols and their inhabitants are too few in number and too exceptional in character to belong to our present subject, and moreover such exertions must hereafter be superseded by the improvement which is daily made in the management of places of confinement. The preventive charity with which we now have to deal selects for its objects those who, though they belong to the criminal population, are at large, and those who, as yet unstained by crime, are fearfully exposed to its seductions. We naturally first turn our regards to the young. As early as in 1788 the Philanthropic Society was formed for the purpose of educating the children of convicted felons; but nothing till lately has been done for those whose chief crime is poverty. Besides the children who run wild in the streets because their parents are too poor to educate them and too busy or too careless to attend to them, London swarms with a Lilliputian pauper population, who have no friends to protect them, no principles to guide and no education to enlighten them. For the most part they have lost their parents by death or desertion; some have fled from their cruelty, some from their just anger. Their only refuge is the street or the 'lodging-house,' where, among scenes too revolting to be described, they are initiated by professed thieves into the arts of crime.* Everything in London is gigantic. The destitute children are said to exceed 20,000: those who are unowned, the 'children of the streets,' are rated in a parliamentary return at upwards of 1000. These unhappy little wretches live chiefly or solely by depredation.

* One man assures us that he himself has trained upwards of 500 in the art of picking pockets.—(*Garwood*, p. 16.)

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That no punishment can deter them is plain to our reason, and is confirmed by constant experience. When the outcast is dismissed from gaol (let us suppose with the most favourable dispositions—humbled, contrite, anxious to reform), whither can he turn? who will receive him? He has no shelter but his old haunts, no friends but his old confederates, no resource but his former depredations. He was a bold man who first conceived the idea of opening a school for the reception of these castaways; and if he had been governed by the dictates of worldly prudence and been wise only in the wisdom of the world, he would at once have dismissed it as visionary, and yet at the present time Ragged schools (we wish the name of '*free school*' had originally been adopted in preference) have been so successful, and have attained so much credit, that the honour of their invention is disputed by rival claimants.

There is some trace of schools of similar character in the last century. But it seems made out that in modern times the first ragged school was established by Walker, an agent of the City mission, in an old stable in Westminster, and in the following year another missionary, in spite of the threats and imprecations of the rabble, succeeded in opening a similar school in the Field-lane district;* but it was not till 1844 that system and concert were given to such efforts by the establishment of the society which calls itself the 'Ragged School Union.' Since then so great has been the progress made, that the simple idea of a Sunday school has been developed into day and evening schools, refuges, industrial and feeding schools, besides adult classes, clothing clubs, ragged churches, and various other charitable devices for raising the character and improving the condition of the poor. The number of schools, according to the last Report of the society, has reached 306, and they impart instruction to upwards of 18,000 scholars. The teachers at first were all voluntary (a feature of the system which is considered by those best qualified to judge as essential to its success); but it has since been found expedient to add a certain proportion of salaried masters. Of the latter the society employ 320. The former amount to 1857—a very large number, when it is remembered that they belong to the busy classes of society, and that they sacrifice to their self-imposed task, not a few hours out of a day of leisure, but the whole time left to them by their daily toil for relaxation or self-instruction.

Those who have known only the children of affluence, and have

* We must refer the reader to Mr. Garwood's interesting account, which we have not space to quote.

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remarked the aversion to labour and control which, in spite of all the favourable influences with which they are surrounded, is natural to their age, would despair of inducing the children of poverty, vicious and insubordinate, to endure the restraints of school and the irksomeness of application. But the difference of external circumstances explains the marvel. These outcasts have no occupation, no home—or perhaps a home that is a hell upon earth—they live in terror of a father who maltreats them, or a step-mother who never speaks but to abuse. The school offers shelter, warmth, and occupation, and beyond all, it employs an agency, the potency of which is the great discovery of modern days — the magic of kindness. The charm does not indeed act on all, nor at once, nor are its effects always permanent; but that it does so much, under circumstances so discouraging, is truly wonderful. How little did Fielding, who has laid bare every vileness of the human heart, suspect that such a chord had escaped his research, and that there are few in whom, when rightly touched, it has forgotten to vibrate! The first feeling of the outcast, on hearing the unwonted accents of kindness, is distrust or incredulity. Some attempt, he thinks, is made to jeer or to entrap him; but when convinced of the reality of what he hears, his stubbornness is melted. Perhaps, too, some early association lends its aid. The memory of a mother, long since released from her sorrows—of some infant brother or sister, a fellow victim once loved and now lost in death, or, worse still, in the vortex of London life—rises to his mind and fills his eye with tears. The feelings which nature has implanted in all, but which the severity of his lot has chilled, spring up like vegetation in a northern climate when returning spring has unlocked the frost-bound earth.

It was well that when the pioneers of charitable reform first began their task, their means were so slender. Had their wealth equalled their benevolence, it is probable they would have raised a handsome building and have selected a certain number of poor children to be boarded, lodged, and taught. Had they done so they would have done well, but they would have done little to reform the lower classes of London. Necessity imposed upon them the course which experience has proved the wisest, and enforced that gradual development of their scheme which, in the moral as well as the physical world, seems a necessary condition of vitality. To insulate the objects of their care was impracticable: all that could be attempted was to bring as many as possible within the reach of kindly influences; the only qualification required was, that they should not have parents rich enough to pay for their education—the only preparation that they should wash their

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faces

faces and hands. The teaching comprises the elementary truths of religion, combined with the simplest secular instruction; but in fact the chief endeavour is rather to form habits of mind than to impart information. The aristocracy of a ragged school (for go where he will, the lover of equality will be confounded by finding an aristocracy) consists of those whose parents can feed and clothe, though they cannot educate them. Great efforts were made to allure the penniless outcast; but it was clear that if he depended for his bread on mendicancy or robbery, his attendance on school could not be very regular nor very profitable. For such, where the funds of the charity allowed it, or in some instances out of their own slender means, the teachers hired a lodging. It offered indeed nothing better than dry boards to lie on; but this was luxury to the destitute urchin whose last resting-place had been a dry arch or a dust-cart. In not a few instances a subscription of crusts, spared from their own scanty meals, was collected by the pupils to feed their starving school-fellows. We are assured that this was their own unprompted, spontaneous effort, and if so, we cannot conceive a greater rise in the social scale than when the poor outcast, who had hitherto considered himself below the duties of society, learns to feel the dignity of self-denial and the luxury of benevolence. Thus far is certain, that neither in this nor in any other good disposition could the scholars be allured by the hope of reward. It was one of the advantages which the society derived from the humility of its first beginnings that all temptation to hypocrisy was cut off, and that a closer sympathy was established between the teachers and the pupils than generally exists between the poor man and his wealthy benefactor, whom he will deceive if he can, and often hates for what he withholds rather than loves for what he bestows. The teachers did their utmost, and the scholars knew it. Had the insulation which at first seemed so desirable been carried into effect, the results would have been less favourable. Separation from all contagion will not undo the evil contagion has done ('cœlum non animum mutant'); and imagination, combining with the perversity of human nature, might have given to the past (in spite of all its misery) the charm of distance and the flavour of forbidden fruit. Moreover one of the most important results, the impression produced on the parents, would have been lost. We have the most gratifying evidence before us of the improvement effected in their habits by the love of order and cleanliness brought back by the children to their homes. In many instances the curiosity and interest excited by the pupils' progress has stimulated them to attend the adult classes, and in the evening crowds flock to

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the school-room to attend the ministrations of the Scripture reader.

Many parents there are undoubtedly so vicious and depraved that complete separation from them is the only chance for their hapless offspring, and many children are so utterly destitute as to be without the means of procuring food or shelter. To meet these cases it has become necessary, as the scheme of reformation developed itself, to establish 'refuges,' where the pupils are lodged, and industrial feeding-schools, where they are taught a trade, and work in return for food: the latter are in part self-supporting.* The returns from all these schools of the pupils established in respectable places, or provided for by emigration, are highly satisfactory. Of the many schemes devised to obtain employment for the pupils of the ragged schools, the best known and the most successful is the Shoeblack Society.† The public eye is now familiar with the little shoeblacks, distinguished by their picturesque red tunics, who first made their appearance at their respective stations in the year 1851. The approaching Exhibition suggested to the watchful invention of charity that our French visitors might be glad to find in our streets the same facilities to which they were accustomed in their own capital for getting rid of the outward marks of a dirty walk. The charitable speculation was entirely successful in all respects. The rules of the institution are admirably adapted to continue the education of the pupils, to maintain order, and to reward merit. It is not only self-supporting, but a portion of each boy's earnings are weekly paid into the Savings Bank to assist his future outfit. Two other societies—the East London and the South London, whose pupils are distinguished by their blue and yellow tunics respectively—have been formed on similar principles. Further efforts have been made to procure work for poor children by the invention of new trades; such, for instance, as parcel-carriers; 'steppers,' to wash the door-steps; and 'broomers,' to sweep the fronts of shops. But we suspect that much more will presently be effected in this way; and that by carefully watching the public need, an honest livelihood may be found for many whose only present occupation is to steal or beg.

The ragged schools naturally gave rise to reformatory institutions, not only for children but for adults. The public has long been familiar with the idea of penitential refuges for unhappy

* As a specimen, we would earnestly recommend our readers to visit the Grotto Passage School. It is no remote pilgrimage we are urging: the premises of the school lie between Manchester-square and the New Road.

† See the interesting account and the rules and regulations of the society (Hall's 'Ragged Schools,' p. 71).

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women,

women, whom nothing but the impossibility of escape compels to a life of sin. Mr. Low mentions ten such institutions, and others we have heard have since been established. But never till lately was it supposed possible to induce a male ruffian to co-operate voluntarily in his own reformation. Yet in truth the life of a felon is a sad one. Endless vicissitudes in time become monotonous. The alternations of riot, starvation, crime, and punishment weary him at last. It is not true that there is honour among thieves; but there is much bullying and tyranny.* Conscience, though powerless to guide, survives to wound; and a sense of degradation oppresses the outlaw to a degree which those who judge from external appearances only could hardly believe. 'Too late' is the opiate of despair with which he strives to deaden his remorse; but show him a gleam of hope—remove the chain of necessity with which he believes himself bound, and it will often happen that the villain, who most seems to glory in his obduracy, will be rejoiced to escape. At the reformatory institution in Smith-street, Westminster, as a proof of the applicant's sincerity, it is required that he should submit to a fortnight's probationary seclusion—(it cannot be called confinement, for at any moment he may lift up the latch and be gone)—on a diet of bread and water; and few are found to fail in the trial. It is a striking fact, that Levi Harwood, —notorious as the perpetrator of the Frimley murder †—a coarse ruffian in manner and appearance, who might have been supposed but little susceptible of the refined torments of conscience—repeatedly applied for admission in the summer preceding his crime. He was refused, because it was impossible at that time to receive one additional inmate. Foiled in his last hope he rejoined his comrades; in the execution of a burglary he committed a brutal murder, and paid the forfeit of his life at the ensuing assizes. The discipline of the institution is most strictly maintained by the inmates themselves; not one improper word, not an allusion to former practices, is permitted. The only penalty which can be enforced is expulsion; but so much is this dreaded, that in order to avoid it, those who have offended against any of the regulations, voluntarily submit to the minor punishments—such, for instance, as the stoppage of rations—which the governor may think fit to impose. The inmates of the institution receive religious and secular instruction, as well as industrial training, and, at the end of a year of probation, places are procured for them in England; or if the necessary funds can be raised, they are assisted to emigrate.

* 'Juvenile Delinquents,' by Miss Carpenter, p. 58.

† The reader may remember that he shot Mr. Hollest, a clergyman, in his bedroom.

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The difficulty of finding funds to meet the expenses of emigration, and still more of suitable buildings, is the great obstacle which retards the progress of reformatory education both of children and adults. It is true that the buildings required are of the plainest and cheapest class. All the authors best acquainted with the subject deprecate the least indulgence in the present taste for architectural extravagance. The schools should be situated in the centre of the population they are intended to benefit, and should resemble their homes in everything but filth and dilapidation. But however humble their construction may be, the cost of sites, of labour and materials, far exceeds the means of their benevolent patrons. What is to be done? How far have institutions of this kind a claim on the nation for assistance? How far can they safely invoke the aid of this gigantic ally? Now, in answer to the first question, we must observe that if they attain their end (and on this point we invite all possible inquiry), they are the chief instruments of that social reform which is imposed on us as a national necessity. They have already saved much money, and promise to save still more, to that callous abstraction the ratepayer. Mr. Thomson calculates that the pupil of an industrial feeding school may be maintained at the expense of 4*l.** per annum, whereas his cost in the workhouse would be 12*l.* But if, instead of remaining an innocent and inert burden on the charity of the community, he betakes himself to the resources of theft, the economy of reforming and educating him is much more apparent. According to the most moderate of the calculations before us, we are understating the matter when we say that the value of his annual depredations would maintain him in luxury at Eton; and the expense of his various trials, imprisonments, and final punishment, would fit him out handsomely for a cadetship in India. We must protest against the often repeated but unreasonable objection, that in bringing forward these calculations we are holding out low and unworthy motives to charity: most assuredly it was no motive of economy that actuated the promoters of these charitable efforts. When we prove that our duty coincides with our interest, we are rather illustrating the beauty and mercifulness of God's moral government than lowering the standard of moral obligation. The plans of the philan-

* Other authors place it for this country at 6*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Thomson tells us that the artizans of Aberdeen subscribed 250*l.*, a very large sum compared with their means, to Mr. Sheriff Watson's industrial schools, not as a matter of charity, but professedly as a calculation of interest. How strange that the commercial and trading classes of London should be left so far behind by the enlightened mechanics of Aberdeen!

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thropist are usually condemned as visionary: may we not show that they are not only practicable, but such as would approve themselves to the coldest calculator? In recommending them to the Government, can we do better than demonstrate that, even as a matter of finance, they merit its consideration?

But while it would be an easy matter to prove that a work of universal utility, or, it may be said, of necessity, should not be left as a self-imposed burden to be borne by the willing horse alone (even if he were able to bear it), it cannot be dissembled that the subject is beset with great practical difficulties. A labour of love cannot be performed by authority alone, and individual zeal would be ill supplied by official routine. Nor would it be possible for any government, in the present distracted state of the legislature, to frame a measure to obtain the concurrence of all parties, and allay the jealousy which is excited by all educational questions. The only solution of the difficulty in this and similar cases seems to be that Government should make grants in aid of private charity, and in return should claim no further authority, and acquire no further right, than that which belongs to all subscribers—the right of inspection and inquiry. By legislation Parliament has already taken an important step. The Act of 1854 enables the magistrate to commit juvenile offenders to reformatory places of education, and compels the parents, the real culprits, to pay * for their education. This did not satisfy many. But we are inclined to think it safest to proceed tentatively and cautiously in a new track, and are quite content that a commencement has been made.

What is usually meant by education, however, forms but a part of the vast missionary scheme which opens on the philanthropist as he penetrates deeper into the interior of London life. Of the two millions which fill the metropolis and its suburbs only a comparatively small portion attend any regular place of worship. Vast numbers who are decent and orderly in their conduct, and who profess (and perhaps feel) respect for sacred things, pay not the slightest regard to religion and its ordinances. And, again, besides the thousands who openly defy the laws of of God and man, there is a prodigious multitude living in infidelity, practical or professed, and uniting the ignorance of savage life to the vices of civilization. To carry the Gospel-message to these worse than heathens, a great variety of societies for the distribution of religious tracts and of bibles,† and more especially the City Mission, were organized. Its agents boldly

* This part of the act has been found, as might be expected, wholly inoperative.

† See Mr. Low's xvith and xviith chapters. Some operations of the missionary societies of London would form the subject of a long and interesting paper.

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entered these dens of infamy, which the police, except in force, dare not approach; they fearlessly addressed the drunkard and blasphemer, and brought the message of salvation to those whose ears seemed closed to all but evil; they nursed the sick of cholera, and availed themselves of the terrors of this scourge to awaken the hardened and ignorant to a sense of their responsibility and their danger. 'It is not the office of the missionary ('Sorrows of the Streets,' p. 149) to *preach* the Gospel nor to stand on the rounds of a ladder in Rag Fair to address the multitude; he is the bearer of the Gospel message from house to house and ear to ear in the streets.' He enters the 'night-house' * where crowds are gathered—he addresses the loiterers in the highways to distribute tracts and to sow the good seed. It would surprise those who, in the ordinary routine of civilised life, see the Gospel explained and enforced week after week to the decent and orderly with such small effect, could they be told how often under circumstances apparently so unfavourable, a slight word, a single remonstrance, will soften the hardened heart, and alarm braggart guilt. There is no doubt of the amount of good which has been performed by this institution; but there are difficulties respecting it, which we shall content ourselves with simply stating, but shall not discuss. It is objected by many that the City Mission acts in concert with dissenters; but it is answered, on the other hand, that its teaching is quite elementary; that its agents have express directions not to enter into any controverted subjects; and it is competent for any subscribing churchman to stipulate that his donation shall be appropriated to missionaries of his own persuasion. That the mission is an invasion of the parochial system is a still more formidable objection, but its force is much diminished on a nearer and more practical view of the subject. The objects of the mission's visitations are indeed geographically included in some London parish, but they are as much beyond the reach of the incumbent as if they were kidnapping and selling each other in Central Africa. Hardened as they are against all good, their special prejudices are directed against his sacred character and calling; and he, on his part, has not a moment to bestow on the apparently impossible task of their conversion. No man would choose that his neighbours should enter his house at discretion, however benevolent were their intentions; but no one, to maintain the principle of ownership, would object to their rushing in with buckets of water if the building were on fire. The question practically is one of fact. Does this analogy hold? Do the circumstances of the case warrant the departure from a principle which

* A nocturnal coffee-house, where a seat and shelter are obtained for the three halfpence which is the price of the cup of coffee.

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all churchmen acknowledge? Is the state of the metropolitan parishes in the first place so full of evil and peril, as to justify an interruption of the parochial system? and in the next has the conduct of the City Mission merited that the exception to the general law should be made in their favour? We infer, from the Bishop of London's speech on Lord Shaftesbury's motion on the 6th of July, that the opinion of the London clergy is, on the whole, inclined to the affirmative; on that occasion

'The Bishop of London admitted that it was perfectly true that when the London Mission Society was first established he objected to the principle of obtruding men on parishes without the consent of the incumbents, but, having since learned that the members of that society had acquired the favourable opinion of many clergymen, he had abstained from any expression of hostility towards them.'—(*Times Newspaper, July* 7.)

The Scripture Readers' Association is liable to no such objection. It is under the patronage and direction both of Diocesan and Metropolitan. The Scripture Readers act under the direction of the incumbent. They are laymen, duly educated, examined, and appointed by the competent authorities to seek out the sick, the needy, and the profligate, and to bring religion to the homes and hearts of those who want the power or the will to go to church to seek it. Many good churchmen have expressed a regret that the Scripture Readers are not in Deacon's orders. We cannot now discuss this objection; we advert to it only to remind those well-meaning persons that in the whole scheme of reformatory charity the question is not what is absolutely and abstractedly the most desirable, but what, under the many existing difficulties, is possible. We entreat them to bear in mind that no more subtle or effectual means of defeating improvement can be devised than to abstain from co-operating to produce attainable good, because some unattainable 'better' can be pointed out.* Moreover we are inclined to believe that whatever additions it might be possible to make to the London clergy (and no doubt considerable additions are much wanted), the Scripture Readers would be found most valuable as auxiliaries and pioneers. Their lay character procures them a hearing from numbers whose prejudices have closed their ears against the ordained minister of God's word.†

The mission of the Scripture reader, we have said, is more especially directed to those who, by their poverty or by their occupations, are kept away from places of public worship.

* The reader will call to mind Sheridan's method of defeating reform in Parliament by voting against all bills that 'did not go far enough.'

† Mr. Garwood mentions the instance of a missionary who at first endeavoured to make his costume as clerical as possible, but found it necessary from experience to put on a black neckcloth, in order to assert his lay character.

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Many of the best of the London poor, those who in their youth were not left untaught, and whose lives are not contrary to God's commands, in time lose the habit, and with the habit the desire, of attending divine service. The church accommodation is small; they know not where to seek it. They are detained at home by their family cares, by fatigue, by indolence, and by shame. There are large classes to whom the day of rest brings no remission of labour; and Mr. Garwood tells us, that in consequence they are oppressed by a deep sense of degradation, as though society had condemned them to be its Pariahs, and are irritated by a resentment which we imagine is caused not so much by the neglect of their spiritual interests, as by the cruelty which condemns them to ceaseless toil. It is chiefly to relieve these cases of hardship that the Legislature has desired to interfere to protect the observance of Sunday. But legislation for the most part has failed in the object intended, it has often caused much unforeseen hardship and inconvenience, and has raised much angry opposition. It is probable that more than the Legislature could accomplish might be effected by an improved state of public opinion, and the spread of kind and charitable feelings among the class of employers. To give by law a complete holiday to all the drivers of public conveyances on Sunday would be to pass a sentence of imprisonment on a large portion of the public. But much might be done to mitigate the hardships of their lot by the consent of their employers to the engagement of substitutes, and to such a division of labour as might allow them the half of every day of rest.*

But in truth the evil extends to classes far beyond the reach of the Scripture reader. The voluntary system by which the greater part of London is supplied with church accommodation does not work well: the skilled artisan, the petty tradesman,† is by no means disposed to pay a part of his earnings for pew rent; and when he grows richer, he is in no hurry to procure that with which he has learnt to dispense so long. He looks to Sunday as nothing more than the day which is to procure for him all the recreations which his purse affords, to indemnify him for the toils and privations of the week. The first step towards improvement undoubtedly is to provide him with gratuitous church accommodation; and here the Legislature is powerless. A proposal to Parliament to build and endow churches sufficient to receive the population of the metropolis would be received

* We learn from Mr. Garwood's work that much hardness of feeling exists on this subject in the owners of cabs, omnibuses, &c.

† The Park, during the whole morning service, is filled with loungers who are come to breathe the fresh air, and bask in the sun or rest in the shade whilst their wives are engaged in the domestic drudgery of cooking and cleaning at home.

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with a shout of derision.* But individual charity may accomplish what Government dares not propose. To supply the very poor with the means of religious worship, no way would be so effectual as to license the Ragged school-houses, and by the aid of private subscriptions and of charitable societies to enable the incumbents of the various parishes to keep additional curates to officiate in them. To the poor such places of worship alone are attractive. They will not go to meet those whose smartness flouts their rags; and we are moreover assured that they are repelled by handsome architecture, and by the very decorations which many, who mistake their own artificial associations for the common instincts of humanity, maintain to be indispensable to fervent devotion.

For the reception of the middle classes, the ordinary London chapels might, by the exertion of a little benevolent contrivance, be rendered available to a considerable extent. An additional pew rent, or a voluntary subscription, might raise enough for the salary of an additional curate, and the church might be opened for an early service. But it must not be too early; those who rise betimes to work hard in the week will not give up the Sunday morning's rest which habit has made necessary to them; nor must it be too long; the morning service alternating with the communion service, and followed by a sermon, would be sufficient for those whose taste for religious exercises is so recently and so feebly excited. We merely indicate the plan, and have no space to bestow on the details; but the practical objections which we have heard raised against it appear to us slight, and such as a little ingenuity and hearty good will might easily remove. It is not meant that these expedients would supply all the deficient church accommodation, but they would be more than sufficient to supply any demand that could be immediately created; and it may safely be prophesied, that when the church room which they afford is filled by attentive and regular worshippers, there will be little difficulty in providing for the further accommodation that will then be required.

But as we advance in social reformation we find a great obstacle

* This certainly does not seem the moment to apply to Government on such a subject. Lord Palmerston, to the surprise and dismay of all who are interested in Church matters, has stopped the issue of the usual Queen's letter in behalf of Church purposes. We are told there are 'differences in the cabinet' on the subject. What the objections of right honourable dissentients may be it is important to ascertain. No Protestant dissenter could object to contributions levied exclusively (not only on churchmen but) on church goers, and which are perfectly voluntary. Members of the Church of Rome of course would desire to starve the Church of England: and those who consider all religion as superstition would be glad to starve any church. But who else can object to so reasonable a mode of supplying the church with the funds she needs for the purpose of education and of missions?

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to

to our further progress in the low standard of morality which has gradually been adopted by the middle classes of London. Mr. Wilberforce was roused to write his well-known work for the reformation of the upper classes, not so much by the low practice of those around him, as by their low standard of morality which had gradually sunk to the level of ordinary practice. We now need a voice as eloquent and a zeal as strong to preach to the trading classes (exoriare aliquis!). The haste to be rich, and competition, eager, watchful, incessant competition, have introduced every species of sharp practice, and at last of downright fraud. In a recent article we exposed the adulterations of food. The impositions in other trades are not less flagrant. The league between tradesmen and the servants (even of very small establishments) leads to all sorts of cheating and deceit. Every man sees the dishonesty of his neighbour's trade, but he defends similar malpractices in his own on the plea of necessity. The effect on all the parties concerned is most injurious, and far more important than any detriment society receives from their fraudulent dealings. The man who lives in the systematic and premeditated violation of the eighth commandment (however trifling he may persuade himself that violation is) must daily become more inattentive and indifferent to religion and its ordinances. His example is all powerful on his dependents for evil; for good it is utterly powerless, or worse. The shopman who has been employed in mixing pepper-dust, or in converting three barrels of beer into four on Saturday night, is only revolted by the injunction to go to church on the Sunday morning.* In many cases the warehouse is a school of fraud. We are assured that in certain retail shops frequented chiefly by the poor, the 'young men' are encouraged to cheat their customers as far as they can; and in one large haberdasher's establishment in the Borough,† Mr. Kingsmill tells us, the shopmen have no salary except what they can make by this kind of imposition. We are not surprised to hear further that this establishment furnishes a regular supply of recruits to the gaols and penitentiaries. Moreover, the days are gone when the great trader exercised a wholesome control over the behaviour of his dependents. We sigh for the good old times when we see in Hogarth's print the industrious apprentice sharing his hymn-book with his master's daughter in the family pew. In these days of luxury the owner of the establishment goes on Saturday night to his suburban villa, and the numerous young people of both sexes dependent

* Many convicts have attributed their irreligion to their disgust at the difference between the professions and the practice of their masters.

† Chapters on Prisons and Prisoners, p. 256. This suicidal policy seems incredible.

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on him are dismissed till Monday morning, with uncontrolled power to choose between the good to which there is none to invite them, and the evil which besets them in every form of temptation.

The correction of the ills which we are now denouncing is far beyond the reach of charity, except in that extended sense of the word in which it includes every exertion which has the love of man for its motive, and the improvement of his condition for its object. Nor can it be effected by religious societies or institutions. We appeal to all that is elevated and good in the trading and mercantile classes to raise the standard of public opinion, and to leaven the mass with the life-giving energy of its own high principles. Noble examples indeed have been set by individuals, and even by companies, and noble exertions have been made to instruct, to elevate, and to christianise the persons in their employment. Their success has been complete; they have attained to the full their benevolent object, and they have proved to the mere speculator that money cannot be better laid out than in improving the character of the workman.* But we must deny ourselves the pleasure of dwelling on the details; our object is merely to present to the careless visitor or inhabitant of London a general view of the battlefield of life—on the one hand the stronghold of evil, on the other the forces which have been organised to oppose it—all needing reinforcements, and all soliciting his aid. In so general a survey of so wide a field the omissions must be numerous, and we have consciously passed over subjects of great interest with the briefest notices. If we have given any one object more than its relative importance by dwelling on it too long, we had no intention to solicit for it an undue portion of the reader's attention. In selecting the special objects of his benevolence each man will do best to consult his own feelings and sympathies. It is in the infinite variety of such feelings and sympathies that each form of charity finds its due support.

The first, and probably to most of our readers, the easiest step is to give money. Even the best supported institutions need further funds. It cannot be necessary to refute the unscriptural fallacy which would assign geographical limits to charity. Indeed *here* it can hardly be urged; the whole country is interested in the welfare of the capital, which as the centre of our system affects the condition of all its component parts; and what plea has the man who possesses a house in London, or even who hires an apartment, for remaining a stranger to its need and to its misery?

* What has been done by the Company which bears the name of Price's Candle Manufactory is well known to the public.

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misery? If the want of a fixed residence is admitted as an excuse, it is necessary only to live in hired houses in order to be exempt altogether from the duties of humanity. To some, we are assured, the very easiness of the effort has been a stumblingblock. Can the gift of a few guineas, it is asked, which are not missed deserve the name of charity? We readily admit that the merit of performance is small, but then the guilt of neglect is the greater. And why, we ask in turn, is it assumed that the donations are to be so small as to involve no self-denial? Why, moreover, is it to be supposed that those who neglect the easiest duties will be ready to perform the more arduous? If the charitable reader would learn what is the next step, and how he is to stimulate himself to more active exertion in the cause of charity, and to qualify himself for it, the answer is, simply by personal inspection and inquiry. Let him begin where he pleases. A visit to the clergyman of the parish will initiate him into the system of district visiting. At the offices of the various institutions (the addresses of which may be sought in Mr. Low's volume, or in their respective publications) he will find the greatest readiness to afford him information, and the institutions themselves are at all times open to his inspection. One visit will lead to others; information gained will suggest fresh inquiries, till he gradually concentrates his attention on the objects most congenial to his disposition and consequently most likely to derive benefit from his assistance. In all such cases 'seeing is believing,' and it will be the visitor's own fault if it does not prove something more.

We would gladly have endeavoured to trace more minutely the rise and progress of the institutions to which we have referred, and to pay our tribute to the zeal of their various founders and promoters—some of them remarkable for having sacrificed the enjoyments of wealth and station, some for having in their poverty devoted their all to the cause of philanthropy. But it would have been difficult to collect information sufficiently accurate to do justice to this part of the subject, and the narrowness of our limits obliged us to contract our plan.

The works at the head of our Article are all, in their respective ways, deserving the reader's attention. Mr. Low's volume, as a book of reference, is as indispensable to those who are interested in charitable institutions as the Peerage or Court Guide to the frequenters of the world. Mr. Kingsmill's work contains a great deal of information which reflects a light on the criminal and pauper population of London. He has set an example which the chaplains of gaols would do well to follow. If they would note down from time to time the most remarkable results of their experience they might produce a volume which would be of the greatest

greatest service to the statesman and the philanthropist, and which, we doubt not, would be thankfully received by the public. 'Meliora' is a pleasing evidence of the interest taken by all ranks in the work of charity. It consists of a series of essays by various gentlemen on the subject of social improvement, all marked by the most benevolent feeling, and some of them containing suggestions which deserve attentive consideration. We have placed Mr. Mayhew's volumes in our list because we have derived from them some useful information, but the matter they contain is curious and interesting enough to deserve a more attentive examination than we can bestow on them at present. The volume of Mr. Garwood, together with that of Mr. Vanderkiste, and the various publications on the subject of the 'street folk' and the ragged schools, are full of interesting matter, and afford a great deal of information which it is highly desirable should be diffused among the community. In perusing works of this class, however, we must caution the general reader not to throw aside the volume if he finds a phrase that offends his taste, a thought that shocks his prejudices, or even a proposal that revolts his judgment. The zeal which induces the philanthropist to concentrate his energies on the correction of a single abuse has a natural tendency to narrow his views and pervert his judgment on other points, but on the whole it works well for society. And the cause of charity must indeed stand still if men withhold their co-operation from all who do not agree with them in every matter of opinion or taste.

The execution of the works before us is highly creditable, on the whole, to the feeling and the judgment of the writers; the periodicals are conducted with ability as well as zeal. Addressing ourselves to writers on charitable and socia subjects generally, we cannot forbear expressing a wish that their censure was less indiscriminate, and their aims more precise. Their exposure of existing evil is often striking and pathetic; but their bitter eloquence seems to confound abuses and their remedies in the same sweeping reprobation. The fault of a highly civilized state of society is indolence not cruelty, and nothing can more effectually tend to harden that indolence into apathy than alternately to present to the reader exciting pictures of distress, and to dismiss him with the chilling inference that nothing can be done for its relief. One further caution we beg to add. All exaggeration should be avoided. We do not allude to wilful exaggeration of fact, but the exaggeration of high-colouring. The truth in this case is so striking and so affecting that no such rhetorical arts can set it off, and nothing but the suspicion of exaggeration can weaken its naked force.

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ART. VI.—1. *A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the German-Latin Dictionaries of Dr. William Freund.* By the Rev. Joseph Esmond Riddle, M.A., author of a Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary. London, 1849.

2. *A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Freund; with Additions and Corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, Georges, &c.* By E. A. Andrews, LL.D. New York, 1851; London, 1852.

3. *A Latin-English Dictionary, based upon the Works of Forcellini and Freund.* By William Smith, LL.D., Editor of the Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Biography and Geography. London, 1855.

4. *A Smaller Latin-English Dictionary, abridged from the Larger Dictionary.* By William Smith, LL.D. London, 1855.

IT is related of the elder Scaliger, that one day entering a church he heard a poor student in his prayers offering thanks to God that, among his other mercies, he had created makers of dictionaries. In that day the dictionary of a foreign language was still comparatively a novelty. So accustomed are we to the use of these helps for explaining in the vernacular the words of the tongue we are learning, that it is difficult to believe that for many centuries such valuable auxiliaries were almost entirely unknown. The ancients had no such work as a Greek and Latin lexicon, notwithstanding the constant and close intercourse between the nations from about B.C. 200, and the custom, almost universal, from, and even before, the time of Cicero, for the higher classes of Romans to learn Greek, with which many of them became nearly as familiar as they were with Latin.* But at the same time it must be recollected that the system of teaching language pursued by the ancients was entirely different from that now usually adopted, and far better adapted to the end they had in view.

Oral instruction by Greek teachers was the principal means employed by the Romans for the acquisition of a knowledge of the only foreign language to which they paid much attention.

* We are of course aware that several Greek-Latin, and Latin-Greek glossaries are in existence; as, for instance, those which are attributed to Philoxenus and Cyrillus (the jurist); but the earliest of these belongs to a period long subsequent to Cicero's time; and they are all extremely limited in extent, as well as meagre in information, so that they are quite incapable of performing the office of a lexicon. C. Labbé collected the most important of these glossaries; his work was published at Paris in 1679, and reprinted at London in 1817.

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This instruction was commenced at a very early age; indeed it is clear, from several passages of Quintilian (Inst. 1, 1, 12-14; *ib.* 1, 4, 1), that the children of wealthy Romans were in the habit of beginning the study before they knew anything of their native tongue beyond what they acquired in the nursery. The first teachers were the paedagogi, slaves either Greeks by birth or natives of some of the numerous countries situated on the Mediterranean in which Greek was spoken. Having acquired from these domestic tutors such a degree of acquaintance with the language as would enable them to profit by the teaching of preceptors of a higher class, boys were sent to receive the lessons of some of the Greek grammarians, rhetoricians, or philosophers who abounded at Rome, and who often resided in the mansions of the wealthy, whose sons they instructed along with any other pupils who might be intrusted to their care. In this way was Cicero educated, and almost all his teachers up to his sixteenth year were Greeks.

We have no reason for supposing that the method which gave to Cicero his mastery over Greek was in any important respect different from that usually pursued in similar cases; and thus the non-existence of a Greek-Latin lexicon is satisfactorily accounted for. The young Roman learnt the elements of the foreign and of his native tongue in the same way; and, when he began to read the Greek authors, the lexicon to which he had recourse in all cases of doubt or difficulty was his preceptor, from whose lips he drew the living stream of knowledge. In a more advanced stage of the study he could consult the commentators who wrote in Greek, just as the modern scholar assists his efforts to comprehend a Latin author by reading notes written in Latin.

That the same system of elementary instruction in teaching Latin prevailed in Europe, at least until the discovery of printing, is proved by many circumstances, of which it is enough to mention this single one: that all the Latin dictionaries compiled previously to, and indeed for some time after, that period contain Latin definitions only. The earliest *printed* vocabulary with which we are acquainted, in which the words of any modern language answering to the Latin are inserted, is the '*Promptorius Puerorum*,' published by Pynson in 1499, in which English words are followed by their supposed Latin equivalents.*

Nothing

* The extent to which oral instruction was sometimes employed even so late as the middle of the sixteenth century, is shown by the amusing and instructive account which Montaigne gives of the plan which his father adopted in teaching him Latin, and the result of which he states in these words: 'J'avoy plus de six ans

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Nothing contributed so powerfully to the preservation of Latin, after the destruction of the Roman empire, as its adoption by the Church of Rome, whose earliest defenders used it in writing, and whose authorised version of the Scriptures was in the same language. This rendered it necessary that all the ministers of the Church stationed in every part of western Europe should have a certain knowledge of it; and it was inevitable that the more inquiring among them would not confine their reading to works on religious and ecclesiastical subjects. The Latin Fathers were well acquainted with the classics, which they often quote; and thus attention would be directed to 'the pure well of *Latin* undefiled' in Cicero, Caesar, Livy, Virgil, and Horace. There can be no doubt, however, that the latter class of authors would be less constantly studied than works of a sacred kind, and hence would exercise comparatively a feeble influence upon the style of those who attempted original composition. Moreover, a large proportion of the clergy would be little disposed to undertake any task not absolutely required of them; and would therefore read none but ecclesiastical literature, their access to which must also have been far more easy than classical writers, the manuscripts of whose works were comparatively scarce.* Thus by slow but sure degrees was the Latin currently spoken and written corrupted, until it became scarcely less barbarous than the dialects of the rude hordes which had overturned the empire.

The effect of these circumstances was greatly increased by the fact that during many centuries learning was almost the exclusive possession of the clergy, who employed it chiefly with a view to their professional objects. Thus Latin became more and more a medium for the expression of theological thought; and this had a necessary tendency to pervert it from classical usage, introducing many new words, and giving to old ones meanings widely different from any which they bore in the ancient authors. The operation of these influences is manifest in the two earliest known lexicons of the middle ages, that compiled by Papias (circa A.D. 1000), and that entitled 'Catholicon,' the author of which was Giovanni Balbi, more usually styled Januensis, a member of the order of preaching brothers, who finished his work in 1286. This last was one of the first books of any extent

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ans avant que j'entendisse non plus de françois ou de perigordin que d'arabesque: et sans art, sans livre, sans grammaire ou precepte, sans fouet, et sans larmes, j'avois apprins du latin tout aussi pur que mon maistre d'eschole le sçavoit; car je ne le pouvois avoir meslé ny alteré.'—Essais, Liv. i. c. 25.

* It is a suggestive fact, that the first book printed in Italy was an edition of the works of Lactantius, from the press of the monastery of Subiaco, in 1465.

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that was printed, having issued in 1460 from the press of Gutenberg at Mayence. Both works are mainly devoted to what would now be called 'barbarous' Latin; and their authors expressly avow that the Fathers of the Church were of more importance in their estimation than the classical authors. They are on this account unmercifully ridiculed by Erasmus and others, who lived in an age when the principal aim of scholars was to imitate, as closely as possible, the purest models of Latinity.

The 'Cornucopia' of Perotti, Archbishop of Siponto, who is called by Morhof, 'primus purioris Latinae linguae collector,' published about 1484, is a fearfully prolix commentary on a portion of Martial, the text being used chiefly as a peg whereon to hang an undigested mass of learning, of which the principal use was to furnish succeeding lexicographers with a considerable part of their materials. In one respect, however, this work is important: its author set the example of quoting passages from the classics in support of his explanations; and although his references were not exact, which he probably had no means of making them, yet they led the way to a practice which has done as much as any other single circumstance to give to modern dictionaries their superiority over those of early times.

The first to make use of the labours of Perottus, and to digest them into something like order, was a monk of the Augustine order, Ambrogio Calepio, a native of the province of Bergamo, in the Milanese, where he died in 1510. His own learning was neither extensive nor accurate, and he boldly declares his contempt for those who insisted on the necessity for classical Latinity: 'plus apud me,' he says, 'Ambrosii, Hieronymi, vel Augustini gravitas et doctrina valet et Graecorum quam L. Vallae studiosa reprehensio.' The first edition of Calepio's dictionary was published at Reggio in 1502, and is exceedingly scarce. It was subsequently greatly enlarged, and became the standard Latin dictionary used all over the Continent. Hence *calepin* has become a name in French for any voluminous compilation.* The editions of this work are endless, and the last was published so recently as the middle of the eighteenth century.

The publication of Robert Stephens' 'Thesaurus Linguae Latinae' in 1531 constitutes a new era in Latin lexicography. The author, a man of sound sense and great learning, was free from the professional influence of the Church to which the compilers of dictionaries had hitherto been far too subject. The distinguishing features of his work are a copious

* See Hallam, *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 253, 4th edition.

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citation of examples, with exact references to the classical authors, and French definitions and explanations. In etymology and exegesis, however, Stephens made little improvement on his predecessors. His Thesaurus is an orderly and tolerably well-selected mass of materials for lexicographical purposes, but it has no title to be regarded as a scientific lexicon. The successors of Stephens, for about 200 years, did scarcely anything but alter, without much improving, the arrangement of the contents of his work. Some degree of originality is displayed in the Thesaurus of Basil Faber (Leipzig, 1571); but his principal object seems to have been to assist those who, in their own compositions, were anxious to imitate the best classical authors as closely as possible; and hence, as a general dictionary, it was extremely defective.

The scholars of the seventeenth century were more occupied with etymological inquiries than with the compilation of lexicons. It was natural enough that, the great body of the Latin language having been collected in such works as Stephens' Thesaurus, the attention of learned men should be mainly directed to the analysis of the materials. Of these etymologists, the most celebrated are J. C. Scaliger, Matt. Martinius, the teacher of G. J. Vossius, and the last-named scholar himself. The first edition of the 'Etymologicon Linguae Latinae' of Vossius was published after his death by his son Isaac in 1662. Nothing more conclusively proves the low state of philological science until comparatively recent times than the high reputation which this work long enjoyed; for it contains little of any value. Vossius had no acquaintance with true etymological principles, but was guided by mere resemblances and assumed analogies, and evidently believed that the bulk of the Latin language was a direct offshoot from Greek, and the rest from Hebrew. His work is a collection of all the conjectures of his predecessors, with the addition of his own. It would be unjust, however, to deny that he sometimes made a happy guess.

In the eighteenth century only three general Latin lexicons of any note were produced on the Continent. The first was that of J. G. Gesner (Leipzig, 1749), which does not differ in any essential respect from R. Stephens' Thesaurus. To the most important department of lexicography, the definitions of the words, Gesner paid little attention; and in etymology he merely rejected some of the absurd derivations which had been proposed by others. But in the year 1715 was commenced a work which, though of no great value itself, deserves to be remembered as having led to the production of the most remarkable Latin dictionary that has yet seen the light. This was an edition of Calepio, undertaken at the request and under the direction of Jacopo Facciolati, then

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then Principal of the Seminary of Padua, by his pupil Forcellini, who spent nearly four years upon the ungrateful task, in the course of which he conceived the plan of an entirely new work, as the only means of arriving at a satisfactory result. Having communicated his design to his superiors, and received their approbation, he resumed his labours at the end of 1718, and, after various interruptions, brought them to a close in February 1753. He then spent nearly two years in revising the MS., the copying of which for the press by another person occupied about eight years, being finished in 1761. The work remained in MS. for some years longer, and received additions from Facciolati and his successor Cognolati: at length, under the auspices of the latter, it was published in 1771, at Padua, in four folio volumes, three years after the death of its principal author. A second edition was published in 1805, of which a respectable translation appeared in English, under the superintendence of Mr. Bailey; the third and last was completed in 1834. The merits of this admirable work are too well known to require a lengthened description. As a collection of materials, on the whole well arranged, for the study of Latin authors it stands unrivalled; and whatever improvements have since been, or may hereafter be, made in lexicography, based on the ever advancing science of philology, this 'Lexicon totius Latinitatis' will probably maintain its character, and continue to afford the firmest foundation for all succeeding structures. Its great defect is the imperfect and unsound etymology, and the want of a logical arrangement of the significations. These two faults are manifestly closely connected; and they are attributable rather to the age than to the author, who deserves much credit for having discriminated between the various senses of words with far greater precision than had ever before been attempted, and for having given a clear explanation in Italian of the exact signification, not merely of the separate terms, but also of numerous phrases and idioms. He seems to have been the first to distinguish the literal from the figurative uses of words; and thus established a principle, the neglect of which precludes an approach to the philosophical comprehension of language.

The last of the three Latin Lexicons which we have mentioned as belonging to the eighteenth century was the Latin-German Dictionary of I. J. G. Scheller, who borrowed the title, and nearly the whole of the contents, of his work from Forcellini, whom he never even names in his preface, while he ostentatiously admits his obligations to Faber, Gesner, and Ernesti. In the arrangement of the meanings of words he has sometimes improved upon Forcellini, especially in the case of compound verbs,

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verbs, the exact force of the prefixes being not unfrequently preserved in the definitions first given; but we shall look in vain for a logically connected chain of significations when the word presents more than ordinary difficulty. The first edition of Scheller's Lexicon was published at Leipzig in 1783.

In all this time the English exerted little influence upon the progress of lexicography. Our countrymen have seldom done more than imitate their foreign contemporaries, whose works they adapted for home use. Thus the 'Ortus Vocabulorum' (1509) is founded chiefly on the 'Catholicon;' Elyot's Dictionary (1538) is in the main an adaptation of Calepio; and Cooper's 'Thesaurus Linguae Romanae et Britannicae' (1578) is substantially a translation and abridgment of R. Stephens' 'Thesaurus.' All these works, however, have the merit of giving the explanations in the vernacular.

Of the long list of English compilers of Latin dictionaries who followed in close succession during the next hundred and fifty years, the only one that requires to be specified is Robert Ainsworth, the first edition of whose work was published in 1736. It entirely superseded all Latin-English dictionaries previously in existence; it has been frequently reprinted in various forms, often with improvements or alterations; three different abridgments of it have been made, and, until a recent period, it was almost exclusively used in our schools and colleges. It has of late been the fashion to decry Ainsworth's Dictionary, and it is undoubtedly quite unworthy of the actual state of philology; but there was good reason for its long-continued popularity. The author was a sensible, clear-headed man, of sufficient scholarship, who had a distinct perception of the great requisites of his undertaking, which he seems to have honestly endeavoured to secure, though not always with success. Still his dictionary will bear comparison with any of the same extent produced by foreign scholars up to the same time. He was the first English lexicographer who gave exact references to the authorities cited; and who assigned no signification to a word without supporting it by a quotation. He recognised also the importance of arranging the meanings of words in logical order, and with strict reference to etymology.

About twenty years ago an attempt was made to remedy the defects of the school editions of Ainsworth's Dictionary, by Mr. Riddle, who had previously translated Scheller's Lexicon for the University of Oxford, and whose 'Complete Latin-English Dictionary' was an adaptation of Lünemann's edition of Scheller's abridgment of his 'Lexicon Totius Latinitatis.' This work has gone through a considerable number of editions, having taken the place

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place of Ainsworth in many of our schools and colleges. But the necessity for a more correct and philosophical Latin Dictionary for ordinary use than this of Mr. Riddle has for some time been apparent. His work, in truth, displays scarcely any acquaintance with modern philology; in etymology it is little, if at all, superior to the Dictionaries of the eighteenth century; the definitions are often extremely unsatisfactory, and their arrangement is very defective.

Having thus taken a rapid survey of the progress of Latin lexicography, we will, before proceeding to examine the works, the titles of which stand at the beginning of this article, briefly state what appear to us to be the general characteristics of the dictionaries of bygone times, the causes of their defects and their want of adaptation to modern use.

The principal object of studying Latin in the middle ages, and until little more than a century ago, was to acquire the power of speaking and writing the language; and to this end, therefore lexicons were made subservient. Hence arose the dispute, respecting the class of words that ought to be admitted into them: ecclesiastics, on the one hand, dealing with theological subjects, and more familiar with Tertullian than with Cicero, adopted without scruple hosts of words, which the enthusiastic admirers of the writers of the golden age of Latinity, on the other hand, denounced as barbarous, and which they would gladly have excluded from dictionaries altogether: some of these scholars even went so far as to ignore every part of the Latin language that was not enshrined in the pages of Tully. Although this fanaticism did not permanently hold its ground, yet it is not long since its influence ceased to be felt. Thus Ruhnken condemns the insertion in dictionaries of words found only in such writers as Ammianus and the Latin Fathers, on the ground that they have a tendency to pervert the taste and corrupt the style of the student. But it is evident that such considerations are beside the purpose: the main business of a Latin dictionary is to explain Latin authors,* and only indirectly, to teach the student to speak or write the language. It does not follow, however, that every dictionary is to include every author; the lexicon for schoolboys should confine itself to the writers usually read by that class of students; while those of wider scope must adapt

* Freund repudiates this humble view of the purpose of lexicography: 'Latin lexicography,' he says, 'is a purely objective science; and although by its aid the understanding of works written in Latin is promoted, still it does not acknowledge this to be its end, but, like every objective science, it is its own end.' This we take to be a specimen of that tendency to unpractical refinement which detracts so much from the usefulness of German literature.

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themselves to their professed object, whether the terms they embrace be classical or barbarous. The only condition to be imposed on this liberty is, that the authority for every word and meaning must be given—a course by which all the evils apprehended from the mixture of the various kinds of Latinity will be effectually averted.

The great defect in the older Latin lexicons was in the exegetical department, the definitions of words being extremely meagre, vague, and ill arranged. In fact, this which is now justly regarded as the principal part of lexicography, formerly held a very subordinate place. The dictionary being intended to assist those who were supposed to have a knowledge of the general signification of words, but who resorted to it for help in the mosaic-like work of 'Latin composition,' the chief object aimed at by Stephens, Faber, Gesner, and their imitators, was the arrangement of examples of the various phrases found in classical authors. The condition of philological science, however, was such, that even had the importance of exact definitions been recognized, we greatly doubt whether much success could have been attained. It was only towards the close of the last century that European scholars first became acquainted with Sanscrit,* the oldest extant Indo-European language, the study of which has thrown great light upon the etymology of Greek and Latin, and, what is of far greater consequence, by laying the foundations of comparative grammar, has led to a more critical analysis of words than had previously been attempted. The separation of compound and derived words into their elements can now in most cases be satisfactorily accomplished; the force of prefixes and suffixes has been ascertained, and the original form and import even of inflectional terminations may frequently be inferred with a high degree of probability. As accurate definitions must be based upon etymology, the former could not be thoroughly effected while the latter was in its infancy; still less can logical

* When Forcellini composed his lexicon, this most important language had scarcely been heard of in Europe, and he therefore could make no use of it; but it is really surprising that the last editor of his work, the Abbate Furlanetto, should take no notice whatever of Sanscrit, while he states that he has added etymologies from Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic—languages of the Semitic family, which have only the most remote connexion with those of Indo-European origin; and indeed, according to some philologists, no real connexion at all, although apparent resemblances may no doubt be detected. We see no reason, however, for denying the possibility or even the probability of the Greeks, and through them the Romans, having received words from the Semitic races, with some of whom they must have had frequent intercourse at an early period after they settled on the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean. But such words must have been of a totally different kind from those which are common to Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, and of very inferior importance with reference to the etymology of the two latter.

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sequence

sequence in the arrangement of the various significations of a word be attained, since this must be the result of a perception of its primary sense, and of the successive steps of derivation; and this brings us to that branch of lexicography which is most closely connected with mental philosophy, and which accordingly presents the greatest difficulties.

The various significations of any given word being the outward signs of the association of the same number of ideas in the minds of those who expressed them through the instrumentality of that word; and this association not being arbitrary, but for the most part the result of involuntary mental laws, it is evident that the natural arrangement of the meanings must follow the same order as that in which the ideas were associated; and that consequently the business of the lexicographer cannot be well performed without an acquaintance with the principles which regulate this association. On this subject the two facts which may be regarded as certain are, first, that sensible ideas precede those of reflection; and, secondly, that while words which were originally signs of physical notions are habitually employed to designate purely intellectual conceptions, the opposite process very rarely, perhaps never, occurs. That the chronological order of the significations of words is identical with the philosophical, we regard as a necessary inference from these general principles; though there are various reasons which prevent us from demonstrating this in particular cases. The literature of any country, even when complete, does not include the whole of its language; but we possess only portions of that of Rome, and of its earliest periods—the most important to our present purpose—merely a few unconnected fragments. Besides, although the laws of association are universal, yet every nation is placed in circumstances to some extent peculiar to itself, which modify the action of those laws upon the mind. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that the lexicographer should be intimately acquainted with the history, laws, and manners of the people whose language he undertakes to explain; for without this preparation he will not only be unable to give a correct account of many of the most important words, but will fail to detect the modifying influence of circumstances upon the general laws of association; an influence which is often too recondite to be traced by even the most perfect attainable knowledge of a foreign and ancient nation.

That there was need then of a Latin Dictionary which should exhibit the results of modern philology cannot be denied, and Dr. Freund conferred a real service upon classical literature by the production of his 'Wörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache,' the publication of which was begun in 1834 and completed in

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1845. In the latter year was published also the second and concluding volume of an abridgment of this work by the author, with the title 'Gesammtwörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache zum Schul- und Privat-Gebrauch.' Notwithstanding Dr. Freund's views respecting 'the end' of lexicography, to which we have already referred, and to which, we believe, must be ascribed much that detracts from the value of his work, his Dictionary is one of great practical utility. He has made considerable improvements in exegesis, and has placed this branch of lexicography on a firm and scientific foundation, though rather by his method, than by the manner in which he has applied it; his plan of subdividing the longer articles is clear, and well adapted to assist the student in gaining a general view of the whole; the grammatical information is extensive, if not always of the most philosophical kind, nor expressed in the most perspicuous terms; and in etymology and the analysis of words, he is somewhat in advance of his predecessors, while he himself is considerably behind the foremost modern philologists. The principal drawback on these high and varied excellencies is that he has attempted too much; more, in fact, than can be expected of any lexicographer; and which in part would be of doubtful utility even if it were practicable. To this we must add a tendency to verbosity, which the author shares with so many of his countrymen; a want of carefulness and consistency in minute matters; and a fondness for hair-splitting, which sometimes leads him to make fanciful distinctions.

As was to be expected, Dr. Freund's labours have attracted great attention, and undoubtedly the compiler of a similar work in any country, who should neglect it, must be either highly presumptuous, or possessed of extraordinary endowments. But this is altogether a different thing from making a servile translation of it. The opinion we expressed in a former volume of the 'Quarterly Review' in reference to Greek Lexicons, is quite as true of Latin Dictionaries:—

'We assert unhesitatingly that no scholarship however high, no experience however tried, no knowledge of Greek and German however accurate, can translate successfully a Greek and German into a Greek and English Lexicon. It is a literary impossibility.'—Vol. lxxv. p. 303.

This impossibility, however, has been substantially tried in the first two works named at the beginning of this article, the former of which is taken from the abridgment, the latter from the larger Dictionary of Dr. Freund. We say *substantially*, because although both Mr. Riddle and Dr. Andrews have, besides

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sides substituting English for German, introduced something of their own, have corrected a few of the typographical and other errors of the original works, and have now and then ventured to differ from their German prototype, yet their works, so far from containing a single essential feature which is not borrowed from Dr. Freund's, are in fact, for the most part, slavish translations of his Dictionaries. Both publications are striking instances of the injudiciousness of the attempt; although it might perhaps be objected, and to some extent we fear with truth, that the failures before us are rather attributable to the absence of high scholarship and accurate knowledge of German, than to the inherent impossibility of the task.

Dr. Smith's 'Latin-English Dictionary,' like the other two, is said to be 'based' (in part at least) on Dr. Freund's Wörterbuch; but displays throughout that perfect grasp of the subject, without which independence or originality is impossible. Recognizing the merits of the German work, and even availing himself of the assistance afforded by the American version of it, he treats Dr. Freund as an equal ally, not as a master. Hence while the works of Mr. Riddle and Dr. Andrews carefully preserve the faults of their originals, to which they superadd no small number of their own, that of Dr. Smith is distinguished by the selection of all the truly useful portions of Dr. Freund's Wörterbuch; by great improvements throughout, especially in the arrangement of the materials; by many additions of a general as well as of a particular kind; and, in short, by that pervading spirit of critical knowledge which gives a character of artistic unity to the entire book, while it is the best guarantee for the accuracy of each separate article.

Mr. Riddle, we think, made an unfortunate choice when he resolved to 'found' his Lexicon upon the *Gesammtwörterbuch* of Dr. Freund in preference to the larger book. In the abridgment the author has, it is true, corrected many errors contained in his larger dictionary (though he has also committed others from which the latter is free), and has made some additions of a useful kind; these advantages, however, are a poor compensation for the omission not merely of about two-thirds of the quotations—for some of these may very well be spared—but of almost all the precise references to authors. Mr. Riddle has also scrupulously followed him in his repulsive plan of abbreviation, the space gained by which could far better have been saved by a somewhat less 'open' method of printing.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the possibility of converting a Latin-German Dictionary into a good Latin-English one by mere translation, it will be universally admitted that

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that it at least requires a thorough knowledge of German, and very great care on the part of the translator. Mr. Riddle and Dr. Andrews are wanting in one or both of these indispensable conditions, as we will proceed to show. For the sake of brevity, we shall, in quoting from the various works before us, denote Mr. Riddle's Lexicon by R, Dr. Andrews' by A, and Dr. Smith's by S.

Under miles, the passage from Ov. Her. xi. 48, in which Canace, speaking of the birth of her first-born, says, 'rudis ad partus et nova miles eram,' R. translates Neuling, *novice*, by 'a freshman, new-comer,' than which nothing could be more absurd.

Catulina: Hundefleisch, *dog's flesh*, R. translates 'dogs'-meat,' which means meat given to dogs, and is therefore a mistranslation of both the German and the Latin.

Commalaxo, völlig erweichen, *to soften completely*, is rendered 'to soak completely, to make quite soft or mild,' R. The absurdity of this is the more glaring, as in the passage of Varro which contains the word, it is employed figuratively, the object being *patrem*.

Divortium: (II.) Scheidepunkt, Scheideort, Scheideweg: *point or place of separation, point where a road branches off:* d. aquarum, d. i., die Wasserscheide, *that is, the watershed* (a term which is now generally employed to designate a tract of country which separates the head waters of adjoining river systems), R. translates, 'a point of separation or divergence; place where two roads meet: d. aquarum, i. e. of a river into branches!'

Hastile: Lanzenschaft, *the shaft of a spear*, is translated, 'the whole body, or force of the hastati (collectively),' R. The ludicrous absurdity of this blunder is rendered more striking by what follows. The quotation given in illustration of this meaning is from Cicero; *hastili nixus*, i. e. '(Scaevola) leaning upon the whole body of the hastati collectively.' Then comes, 'II. Meton. (pars pro toto), a spear, javelin.' So that 'the whole body or force of the hastati collectively' is a part of 'a spear or javelin.'!!

But our limits warn us to bring these examples of ignorance and carelessness to a conclusion, and out of the numerous instances which we have collected, we can find room for only one more.

Subscriptio: d. Unterzeichnung eines Dokumentes, *the signature of a document*, R. renders, 'the contents of a document subscribed or annexed thereto.' We leave our readers to apply this interpretation to the quotation given in support of it: 'literae publicae sine subscriptione.'

Digitized by Google Dr.

Dr. Andrews' Lexicon is by no means a favourable specimen of translation, though we are inclined to think it somewhat better than Mr. Riddle's. The following egregious blunders are quoted from it in Dr. Smith's preface:—

Alcyoneus: ein gutes Heilmittel gegen Flecken im Gesicht, that is, 'a good remedy for spots or freckles *on the face*,' A. translates 'a good remedy for white specks *in the eyes*.'

Alimentarius: die Brotevertheilung (sic) unter *die Armen* betreffend, A. renders 'in the *army*,' instead of 'among the *poor*.'

Longaeva: die Alte, *the old woman*,' is translated 'age' by A.

We subjoin two or three additional instances of mistranslation out of a vast number which we have met with ourselves.

Evigilo: etsi nobis, qui id aetatis sumus, evigilatum [fere] est, tamen de posteris nostris sollicitor, obgleich wir für unsere Person ausgesorgt haben, *although we have done caring for ourselves*, Cic. Rep. 3, 28 (it should be 29), is quoted and translated by A. as follows: 'etsi nobis evigilatum fere est, tamen, &c., although we have taken care of ourselves.'

Lusciosus: der in der dämmerung oder bei Lichte nicht sieht, blödsichtig, *that does not see in the twilight or by candle-light, dim-sighted*, A. translates thus: 'that can see in the dusk, but not in lamp-light, dim-sighted, moon-eyed, purblind;' in which definition we know not what most to wonder at, its carelessness, its prolixity, or its absurd inconsistency.

Ordino: cupiditates improbas ordinare, in Reihe und Glied aufstellen, hinter einander folgen lassen, *to draw up in rank and file, to let one follow after another*, is rendered by A. 'to arrange, draw up in order of *battle!*'

We have selected these examples because, for the most part, they afford evidence not only of inaccurate translation, but of the excess of carelessness which could overlook such gross absurdities and contradictions.

We will now turn to the larger questions of etymology, definition, and arrangement. The shortest and most satisfactory method of exhibiting the respective merits of the Lexicons before us will be to give specimens of particular words, but, for the sake of brevity, we omit generally the quotations, and shall consider each author as accountable for the contents of his book without reference to Dr. Freund.

'[Ac-cūdo, ĕre, *v. a. To coin more, to coin to, to add*: tres minas a. Plaut. Merc. 2, 3, 96].'—R.

*'Ac-cūdo, ĕre, *v. a.* lit. *To strike or stamp upon, to coin* (of gold, cf. cudo): hence metaph. *to add more to a sum of money*: tres minas accudere etiam possum, et triginta fiant, Pl. Merc. 2, 3, 96.'—A.

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'Ac-cūdo, ĕre, 3. *v. a.* lit. *to hammer to*, i. e. *to fasten one piece of metal to another by forging*; hence, *to add to*: jam dantur septem et viginti minae: at ego tres minas accudere etiam possum, ut triginta sient, Pl. Merc. 2, 3, 96.'—S.

Nothing can be clearer than the superiority of Dr. Smith's explanation over the other two; and the quotation as given by Andrews is a fair sample of the gross carelessness which pervades his Lexicon.

'Is, ĕa, ĭd (*from the old Greek pron.* ἴ or ἵς) I. A) *Gen.*: *He, she, it, the same person or thing*. . . . . *Also with verbs in the first and second person*. . . . . B) *Esp.* 1) Id (*n.*) *is frequently used substantively, and so with a gen.* . . . . . [Under this are placed the adverbs *eo* and *ea*] 2) *Adj.* . . . . . 3) *It is used with a substantive in the same number, gender, and case, although it refers to another word*. . . . . *It also frequently agrees with a substantive which immediately follows the relative* qui, quae, quod. . . . . *It is often redundant before* qui, quae, quod; *particularly*, id quod *is used for* quod. . . . . *It is sometimes apparently redundant after substantives*. . . . . *It is sometimes redundant after the relative*. . . . . 4) Et is (ea, id), isque (eaque, idque), *and that, and indeed, and besides, and what is more, and in addition to that; and* nec, is (ea, id), *and that not, and indeed not, not that indeed* . . . . . 5) *It is used instead of the pron. recipr.* . . . . . II. *Meton.* A) *The same, that, the man (woman, etc.), the one, that one, etc., as a correlative of* qui, quae, quod. . . . . *Also with verbs in the first person*. . . . . B) 1) *Such (a man, woman, etc.), of such quality or kind, of such a nature, so disposed, etc.* . . . . . 2) *Adj.* . . . . . '—R.

'Is, ĕa, id, *pron.* [ĭ, ĭς] *He, she, it; this* or *that* man, woman, thing . . . . . Of the first person . . . . . Of the second person . . . . . In connection with a noun . . . . . When is, ea, id, would stand in the same case with the relative, it is usually omitted; when the relative precedes, it is sometimes employed for the sake of emphasis. . . . . Connected with *que* and *quidem*, it serves to enhance a preceding idea. . . . . It is sometimes used instead of the reflexive pronoun. . . . . It is sometimes placed, for greater emphasis, after a relative. . . . . So, too, after a participle. . . . . Made emphatic by the addition of the demonstr. particle *pse*. . . . . B. Esp. 1. id, *n.* To designate an idea in the most general manner. . . . [Under this are placed the adverbs *eo* and *ea*] 2. Sometimes *is* refers to the follg. substantive, instead of to the preceding relative. . . . . Sometimes, for the sake of emphasis, it is placed in a seemingly pleonastic manner before the relative, id quod. . . . . It is thus apparently pleonastic after substantives. . . . . It is completely pleonastic after the relative. . . . II. *He, she, it; that man* or *the man (woman, thing), the one, that one*, as a correlative to qui. . . . . And also in the first person . . . . III. *Such, of such a sort, character*, or *quality* . . . . . *Adj.* . . . .'—A.

'Is,

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'Is, ĕa, id. (It is rendered emphatic by the suffix *pse*), *pron.* (prop. used only with reference to some *word* or *clause*, not, like the demonstratives, to direct attention to *a thing*: hence it is sometimes called a *logical* pronoun). I. in connection with substantives: *this* or *that* . . . . II. As a pronoun, it is usu. of the third person: *he, she, it*. . . . . When rendered emphatic by *et*, the enclitic *que*, or by its position, it sometimes enhances a preceding statement. . . . . (ii) Of the *first* person . . . . . (iii) Of the second person . . . . . 2. It is very freq. used without reference to any expressed substantive, being defined by a relative clause. . . . . 3. When *is* would be in the same case as the relative, it is usually omitted. . . . . But when the relative clause comes first, *is* is sometimes employed for the sake of emphasis. . . . . Sometimes also it is used along with a relative pronoun for the same purpose. . . . . Esp. with *quod*. . . . . So, too, after a participle. . . . . III. In the *neut.* freq. used as a subst.; and hence sometimes with *gen.* . . . . . IV. Sometimes *is* refers to the follg. substantive, instead of to that which precedes. . . . . V. *Such, of such a sort, character* or *quality*. . . . .'—S.

These articles afford an example of the way in which the respective authors treat words, the explanation of which is mainly grammatical; and again we have no hesitation whatever in assigning by far the highest place to Dr. Smith. In his account of *is*, we see a logical simplicity of plan which greatly assists the student in comprehending the whole history of the word: there is no repetition, no needless and confusing distinctions; his views are in accordance with those of the most philosophical modern grammarians, and he has avoided a gross blunder committed by Messrs. Riddle and Andrews. Both tell us that *is* is sometimes used instead of the reflective pronoun; which we presume means, that in the supposed cases the latter would be the usual and strictly correct construction. Now we unhesitatingly affirm that such a substitution of *is* for the reflective pronoun is contrary to one of the fundamental principles of the Latin language; and although it is hazardous to venture on a universal negative, we believe that no example of that construction can be found in really classical Latin prose. The strict rule in reference to the use of the reflective pronoun is, that it is employed to represent the subject of the verb belonging to the sentence or clause of which it forms a part, and that only. But where the context is sufficient to obviate any ambiguity, this rule is relaxed so far as to admit of the use of the reflective pronoun as the representative of the subject of a clause, closely connected with that in which the pronoun occurs, usually of the principal sentence; and which subject, according to the strict rule, ought to be expressed in the dependent clause by some form of *is*. Hence in such case th

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the reflective pronoun is often substituted for *is;* and this, no doubt, has occasioned the blunder; for our authors—or rather Dr. Freund, whom they blindly follow—regarding the *exceptions* as the rule, logically enough treat examples of the rule as if they were deviations from it. In fine, instances of the use of the reflective pronoun where strict syntax requires *is* are common enough; but where strict syntax requires the reflective pronoun *is* is never employed, at least not in classical prose. It will be found that in every one of the examples cited by R. and A. in support of their statement, *is* is the pronoun required by the strict rule, and that in most of them the reflective pronoun would scarcely be admissible at all.

The statements respecting the grammatical construction of verbs and conjunctions are very meagre in Riddle; confused, ill-expressed, and often incorrect in Andrews; and generally the reverse of all this in Smith, who displays clear logical precision, combined with fulness, and, in some cases, considerable originality of investigation.

'Arceo. II. *To ward or keep off, prevent; absol., with* ab, *rarely with a simple abl. . . . . Rarely with acc. of the thing.*'—R.

'Arceo. 2. *To prohibit, restrain access to a thing, to keep* or *hold off, to keep at a distance:* constr. *abs.* aliquem, *c. ab,* the simple *Abl.,* poet. also *c. dat.*'—A.

'Arceo. *To keep or hold off, to keep at a distance, to prevent.* Constr.: the word representing what is kept off, is put in the *acc.* (or *nom.* to the *pass.*): that which is guarded is represented by the *abl.* either with or without *ab;* poet. also by the *dat.;* and sometimes it is not expressed at all. Sometimes also the construction is reversed; that which is kept off being represented by the *abl.,* and that which is guarded by the *acc.*'—S.

Dr. Freund lays great stress upon what he calls the 'chronological element' of lexicography, and which is illustrated in his work by the following classification of Latin literature: '1. Anteclassical, from the oldest fragments to Lucretius and Varro. 2. Classical, from Cicero and Caesar to Tacitus, Suetonius, and the younger Pliny, inclusive. 3. Post-classical, from that time to the fifth century of our era. The classical Latinity, again, is divided into (a) Ciceronian, (b) Augustan, (c) post-Augustan.' Dr. Smith has very wisely disregarded this arbitrary and perfectly useless system, which has been implicitly adopted by Messrs. Riddle and Andrews. Even assuming that the classification is correct and serviceable, we see no advantage in making it an integral part of the separate articles, either by direct statement, as in Andrews, or by the still more objectionable method of brackets, parentheses, single stars, double stars, &c. &c., which renders

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renders Mr. Riddle's Lexicon so repulsive a book to use. Surely it would be sufficient to prefix to the Dictionary a list of authors arranged according to this system, and then the quotations under each article would of themselves enable the student to refer every word to its proper class. The scheme, moreover, is executed so carelessly and inconsistently, in Dr. Andrews' Dictionary at least, as to deprive the statements of all authority. Thus under mitis, it is remarked, 'quite classical only in the trop. signif.' We are therefore rather surprised to find quoted, in illustration of the 'literal' meaning, passages from Virgil, Ovid, and Horace, who are thus, for the first time, we should suppose, excluded from the classical canon! A still more extraordinary instance of this absurdity occurs under vicis, where, after exemplifying the first meaning (A.) by quotations from the last-named authors, and, in an adverbial sense, by others from Caesar and Cicero; and the signification (B.) by passages from Cicero, Tacitus, and Ovid, we learn at last, under II., that *that* is 'the class. signif. of the word.'

Dr. Freund frequently states that certain words, or certain uses of words, 'are not in' particular authors. This, too, we regard as useless, even when correct; but it is manifest that such statements cannot be relied upon, for they must mostly be derived from Indexes, Special Lexicons, &c., the infallibility of which will not be assumed by any one who has much acquaintance with them. Accordingly, on comparing several articles in which these assertions are made with the corresponding articles in Dr. Smith's Dictionary, we find them flatly contradicted and disproved.

In the etymological department, Freund has unfortunately often taken for his guide a fellow-countryman, who represents the dreamy fancifulness of his nation, rather than the sound philology for which it is also distinguished. This is Döderlein, whose writings contain scarcely anything of value. Dr. Freund seems to have at last begun to suspect that in following Döderlein he was likely to be led astray; and hence there are comparatively few references to him in the latter portion of his Dictionary. Under this prolific head we can only afford two or three examples.

'AMOENUS . . . . . the etym. is dub.: acc. to Död. contr. from animoenus, like Camoenae from Canimoenae; as it were, animo laxando idoneus.'—A. 'Uncertain: perhaps from almus, *Schw.*'—R.

The old Latin grammarians might be searched in vain to find a more preposterous derivation: Andrews does not positively adopt it, but the fact of his inserting it, proves that he did not consider

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consider it altogether inadmissible. We cannot understand why there should be any difficulty at all, except what arises from the disposition especially developed in etymologists, to overlook what is obvious in the search after the recondite: 'Most probably,' says Dr. Smith, and we agree with him, '*am-oenus*, from *amo*: the termin. *oenus* is uncommon, but it may be an older form of *inus*.'

OBSCURUS. . . . . 'According to Död. from obscultus, as a collat. form of occultus, and accordingly orig. covered over, covered.'—A. '*Ob-scu-rus*, perh. connected with the root of σκότος and σκιά.'—S.

INVITUS.—no etymology given by A. or R. '*In-vī-tus* from VEL or VOL, root of *volo*, by a contraction similar to that which takes place in the 2d pers. sing. of the pres. indic. *vis* for *vŏlis*.'—S.

TRŬCĪDO. '*To cut to pieces, to butcher*, &c. perh. first used of cattle, although the etymology assumed on that ground by Död. [*i. e.* taurus and caedo] is very dub.'—A. No derivation given by R. 'Trŭc (stem of trux) and caedo: *to kill cruelly, to slaughter*, &c.'—S.

The simplicity of the latter etymology must at once commend itself to every mind.

Mr. Riddle and Dr. Andrews have hardly made any use of comparative philology in explaining and illustrating the origin of Latin words; while in Dr. Smith's Dictionary the comparison of Latin words with their representatives in the cognate languages forms one of the most interesting and instructive features in his work. We can only find space for two or three samples of this mode of illustrating the origin and connexion of Latin words:—

ĂNĪMA. '[Root AN.: cf. Sans. *an*, "to breathe," whence *anila* "the wind;" Gr. ἄνεμος; Goth. *uz-ana*, "to breathe out, expire." Perh. the orig. root was VAN, whence came *vannus*, *ventus*.]'

ANSER. '[Sans. *hansa*; Gr. χήν; O. H. G. *kans*; Germ. *gans*; Eng. *gander*, *goose*. The Latin anser has lost the *h*, like *odi* compared with *hassen*, *hate*.]'

ANSA. '[Prob. connected with Sans. *îshâ*, "a handle," and Litt. *asa*: the insertion of *n* is not unusual: cf. *mensis* with Sans. *mâsa*, and *ensis* with Sans. *asi*.]'

CAESĂRĬES. '[Sans. *kêsa* (hair), whence the names *Kaeso* and *Caesar*.]'

CANDEO. '[Prob. the same root as the Sans. *kan*, "to shine," and perh. connected with γανάω, γάνος. It may possibly be connected with *caleo*; cf. *pando* and *palam*, *scando* and *scala*.]'

CĂPŬT. '[Sans. *kapâla*; Gr. κεφαλή; Goth. *haubith*; Germ. *haupt*; Eng. *head*.] (Hence It. *capo*; Fr. *chef*; Eng. *chief*: also Fr. *achever*, since *caput* in the Romance languages signified the end, as well as the beginning, of a thing.)'

CRĔPUSCŬLUM. '[*Crepus-culum* is a diminutive of which the root appears in the Sans. *kshapâ*, "night;" Gr. κνέφας; the Sabine *creper*; and the Pers. *shab*.]'

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In that portion of a Dictionary which relates to terms connected with science, art, antiquities, &c., and thus partakes of the nature of an encyclopaedia, it is evident that something more is necessary on the part of the lexicographer than an acquaintance with the grammar and philology of the language. In truth the knowledge requisite for the satisfactory explanation of the whole index of Latin words is so varied, that it may be doubted whether any single scholar has ever possessed more than portions of it; and although the modern lexicographer may be greatly assisted by the labours of his predecessors, if he knows how to use them, yet he is quite as likely to be misled if he implicitly relies upon them. For the satisfactory execution of this department, Dr. Smith has qualifications far superior to those which either Mr. Riddle or Dr. Andrews can be supposed to possess. As the Editor, and to a considerable extent the author, of that series of 'Classical Dictionaries' which has given him an European reputation, he has long been familiar with the views of the best modern scholars on all subjects connected with classical antiquities; and the results of this are manifest in almost every page of his 'Latin Dictionary.' As strictly *professional* knowledge is required for the due explanation of words relating to Medicine and Natural History, Dr. Smith has procured the assistance of a gentleman thoroughly conversant with those sciences, and this portion of the work has been written by Mr. Henfrey, the professor of Botany in King's College, London. The following examples will show how terms have often fared at the hands of Messrs. Andrews and Riddle :—

INTESTINUS: 'intestinum, and intestina, *a gut, the guts, intestines, entrails* in the abdomen (whereas exta denotes the inwards, or large viscera contained in the thorax).'—A. '*The guts, intestines in the lower part of the abdomen; whilst* exta *are the intestines in the upper part of the abdomen.*'—R. '*The guts, intestines, entrails, the lower portions of the alimentary canal.*'—S.

The gross inaccuracy of the two former definitions consists in what is said about *exta;* and cannot be understood without quoting the explanations given of that word.

EXTA: '*the nobler internal organs of the body* (such as the heart, lungs, liver).'—A. '*The entrails; especially the heart, lungs, liver, etc.*'—R.

So that according to Andrews the liver is contained in 'the thorax;' and according to Riddle, the heart and lungs are in 'the upper part of the abdomen.'!

LAEOTOMUS: '*The chord of a segment of a circle.*'—A. '*The segment of a circle.*'—R. 'Lit. *the cutter on the left; a line in a sun-dial.*'—S.

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The first definition is not perhaps absolutely incorrect, but it is too general; the reader would infer from it that *laeotomus*, instead of being a strictly technical term, was the name of *all* chords of segments of circles; while the second is a gross blunder; for Vitruvius expressly calls laeotomus, *a line*, 'linea parallelos.'

SEMUNCIARIUS: '*Amounting to a half-ounce* (*one twenty-fourth of an* as): semunciarium tantum ex unciario fenus factum, *one twenty-fourth per cent.* a month, or, acc. to our mode of computation, *one-half per cent. a year.*'—A.

We need not quote the article from Riddle, as it is almost literally identical with this.

'*Amounting to one twenty-fourth of an* as, *or of any unit*: semunciarium, &c., *interest reduced from one-twelfth of the capital to one twenty-fourth*, i. e. about four per cent. (*v.* Smith's Ant. 527.)'—S.

The absurdity of the former explanation had long since been pointed out by Niebuhr. If needy Romans ever enjoyed such facilities for making use of the money of the richer classes, as is implied in so low a rate of interest as one half, or even as one per cent., they made a nearer approach to practical Communism than any other people with whom history makes us acquainted; and they must have been very hard to satisfy indeed, if they still made 'secessions' to the Sacred or any other Mount.

Our next quotations must be from Andrews and Riddle only, as they relate to words which are omitted by Dr. Smith:—

'*Proper names*,' he says, 'are not inserted, since the short account of them that can be given in a Dictionary of this kind is of no value to scholars, while they occupy valuable space and inconveniently increase the size of the book.'

There will, we dare say, be various opinions on this point, though we entirely agree with him; but it would at least be better to omit proper names altogether, than to give such accounts of them as are furnished by Messrs. Riddle and Andrews.

ANTICYRA: '*An island in the Sinus Maliacus.*'—A. '*An island in the Aegean, near the* Sinus Maliacus.'—R.

In Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Geography, satisfactory reasons are assigned for believing that there were *three* towns of this name in ancient Greece, but all on the mainland. One of them is situated on a peninsula on the Corinthian gulf, and this is incorrectly described as an island by Pliny and Gellius; but no one has ever supposed that the Thessalian Anticyra, which is the one referred to by A. and R., was an island. Dr. Smith says

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says it is 'at the mouth of the Spercheus;' some maps place it on that river, several miles inland.

EUPHORION: '*An obscure tragic poet, born at Chalcis.*'—A. '*An obscure tragedian of Chalcis.*'—R.

The person so contemptuously dismissed by our authors was neither obscure nor a writer of tragedy; but, on the contrary, a very eminent ornament of the Alexandrine school during one of its most flourishing periods. No less than nineteen separate works of his are enumerated; and his poems found many admirers and imitators among the Romans.

HALAESA: '*A town on the southern coast of Sicily.*'—A. and R.

It is on the *northern* coast.

HIMERA: '*A river of Sicily, which divides into two branches, of which the northern one is now called Fiume Grande, and the southern Fiume Salso.*'—A.

So also R., though not *verbally* identical. This absurd notion of the same river flowing in two contrary directions from its very source was entertained, or at least mentioned, by some of the old geographers; but we need hardly say that it is a mere fable, which it is disgraceful to any modern author to adopt.

MARRUCINI: '*A people of Italy, on the coast of Latium, near the river Aternus, whose chief city was Teate.*'—A. '*A people on the coast of Latium, between the Frentani and the river Aternus,* &c.'—R.

The river Aternus falls into the Adriatic, on the shores of which also the Frentani dwelt: how then the Marrucini, who dwelt between the Aternus and the Frentani could have occupied the coast of *Latium*, on the opposite side of Italy, those only can explain who see no difficulty in understanding how a river can flow north and south at the same time.

The length to which we have already carried our comments obliges us to stop. Those who may wish to make themselves acquainted with the inaccurate, vulgar English of Dr. Andrews, of his American orthography, of his illogical collocation of sentences, of his inconvenient deviations from strict alphabetical arrangement, of his omissions of important words and significations of words, in which last defect Mr. Riddle is a fellow-offender, must examine the books for themselves; and the more closely they are scrutinised the more they will be found to be careless translations of originals which are themselves very far from being such Dictionaries of the Latin language as we have a right to expect in the present condition of philology.

Of Dr. Smith's work we had still much to say. In particular, we

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we should be glad to have pointed out the admirable character of the articles on the letters of the alphabet, which present in a condensed shape the results of the inquiries of the most profound philologists of Europe. That the book is capable of improvement is needless to be said, and we hope the author will imitate the example of Messrs. Liddell and Scott, who, by correcting defects in successive editions, have brought their 'Greek Lexicon' to a state approaching perfection; but the work in its present form is still the production of a man of strong understanding as well as of a genuine scholar, and nobody needs fear that in relying upon its authority he will be betrayed into adopting absurdities. It is incomparably the best 'Latin-English Dictionary' in our language, whether we regard its adaptation to the modern requirements of classical studies; the judgment displayed in its plan, the philosophical knowledge of language everywhere manifested in it; the extensive acquaintance with the researches of the most recent philologists, grammarians, and archaeologists; or lastly, the minute accuracy in the correction of the press. The abridgment has been made under the immediate superintendence of the author, and is an excellent adaptation of the larger work for the use of younger students, with some additions for their special advantage. We sincerely envy those who enjoy the assistance of a book so infinitely superior to any which existed in our own school-boy days.

ART. VII.—1. *Ouvres de François Arago, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences, publiées d'après son ordre sous la direction de M. J. A. Barral.—Notices Biographiques.* 3 vols. Paris, 1854-1855.

2. *The Works of Henry, Lord Brougham. Lives of Philosophers of the time of George III.* London and Glasgow, 1855.

A REGULATION, which dates from 1666, imposed upon the Perpetual Secretaries of the French Institute the obligation to pay a tribute to the members who died. The Biographical Notices of M. Arago chiefly consist of the essays which he addressed to the Academy of Sciences in his official capacity. The new title accords better with the contents of these volumes than the primitive appellation—*Eloges*—which usage has sanctioned; for they are not declamatory panegyrics, but sketches of the lives, characters, and works of the philosophers they celebrate. Fontenelle, who was the first upon whom the duty devolved, set the good example, Condorcet followed it; and though it did not require the authority of these great names to show that facts, whether personal or scientific, had a higher

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interest

interest than fulsome verbiage, yet the skill with which they executed their task gave a reputation to the *éloges* of the French Academy which has stimulated succeeding secretaries to aspire to the excellence of the original masters. Such addresses nevertheless are in their very nature laudatory. When the grave has recently closed over a colleague, when his family has supplied the materials for his life, when his bosom friends are among the auditors, when the express intention of the performance is to do him honour, the portrait may be a likeness, but it must inevitably be a flattering one. Voltaire paid Condorcet the compliment of saying, that he wrote of his brother philosophers like a king writing the history of his subjects. He was a monarch, however, who assumed the language of the courtier. M. Arago sometimes excuses himself for hinting a fault by the remark that he is composing a biography and not a panegyric. The apology, considering the slight occasions upon which he offers it, is itself a proof how small a latitude of censure was allowed.

This amiable tenderness for the reputation of deceased academicians is excused by the circumstances. It is merely necessary that we should be on our guard against it. But M. Arago had partialities which had not the same justification. It is not to be supposed that he could do otherwise than feel the vast importance of mathematics as the handmaid, and, in many respects, the mistress of science. Yet as his own inclination was for practical philosophy, as all his discoveries were in this department, and as, though a good, he was not a great geometrician, his tendency was to undervalue mathematical studies. In spite of his eulogies on the Laplaces and Poissons, this cannot escape the notice of any one who reads his works in their integrity. His bias shows itself plainly enough in his estimate of Newton; and here we come in contact with another of the propensities which disturbed his judgment. He was intensely national, eager to claim for his country, upon the most insignificant grounds, the credit of discoveries which did not belong to it; and if from time to time he did justice to individual foreigners, it never prevented his detracting from the merits of more, or even when he could venture upon it, his denying them altogether. To such an extent did he carry his patriotic mania—for patriotic he doubtless believed it to be—that he maintained that Lagrange was exclusively a Frenchman, because he had a *mixture* of French blood in his veins,—Lagrange that was born in Italy, and his father and mother before him; who was entirely educated there, and had never set foot in France, except once as a visitor, until he was fifty years of age. M. Arago's treatment of Franklin in the *éloge* of Volta is a characteristic specimen of the kind of reasoning by

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which he endeavoured to lower the fame of strangers and usurp it for his countrymen.

The study of the phenomena of electricity in the 18th century led early to the conjecture that it was identical with lightning. Mr. Grey had expressed this opinion in 1735, and the Abbé Nollet with more precision in 1748. Franklin a year later showed the particulars in which the agencies agreed in far greater detail and with more philosophic exactness than any of his predecessors. Both, he remarked, gave light; both were conducted by metals; both were attended by noise; both were destructive of life. In the midst of these similarities he fixed his attention upon a single property of electricity which had never been shown to belong to lightning, and which would serve as an *experimentum crucis* to test the truth of the theory. When a pointed piece of metal was brought into the neighbourhood of a body charged with electricity, the electric fluid was attracted to the point, giving out light in its passage. If then he could present such a point to a thunder-cloud, and the result ensued, it would for ever set the question at rest. He proposed that upon the top of a high tower a sentry-box should be placed, from which should rise an iron rod twenty or thirty feet long. This would attract the electricity from the cloud, and if the bottom of the rod was fastened in a non-conducting substance, which should prevent the fluid from getting away, the fire which the iron drew from the heavens might in turn be drawn from the iron by holding a piece of wire close to it. As no building existed at Philadelphia which was, in his opinion, sufficiently lofty for the purpose, he published the suggestion before he had tested it. His writings on the subject attracted considerable attention in France, and M. Dalibard resolved to try the experiment. He erected a rod of iron forty feet long upon some high ground at Marlay. Having occasion to leave home, he instructed an old dragoon in the course to be pursued if a thunder-clap occurred. It came on the 10th of May, 1752, and the soldier presenting the wire to the rod drew spark after spark. He sent in haste for the parish priest to witness the phenomenon; the priest, for fear of arriving too late, ran with all his might; the people beholding him rushing along at the top of his speed, imagined that the dragoon had been killed by the lightning, and followed close upon the heels of their pastor that they might gaze upon the tragedy. The emotion excited among the ignorant villagers was not greater than that which was felt in the educated world when the intelligence was received.

Franklin, ignorant of what was passing in France, had a month later succeeded in obtaining the same results by a different

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ferent method. To supply the want of an eminence, he with singular ingenuity made use of a kite with a sharp wire projecting from its upper end to attract the electricity, the string being the conductor to convey it downwards. As silk ribbon is a non-conductor, he had a short length of it next his hand to prevent the fluid from passing into his body, and at the point where the ribbon was joined to the string he fastened a key. Accompanied by his son, whom alone he had admitted into the secret, knowing that failure would expose him to ridicule, he went upon a common during a thunder-storm and flew his electrical kite. If there had chanced to have been spectators of the scene, they would have supposed that the man had gone out to amuse his boy, and would have wondered that he should have chosen such weather for the sport. They would never have suspected that in the hands of Franklin the toy of the child was a grand instrument of philosophical experiment, and that he was about to draw down with it lightning from the clouds,—so sublime are the purposes to which genius can turn the most insignificant objects! No result ensued at first, and he was beginning to despair, when he saw the loose fibres of the string moving towards an erect position. At this familiar sign that electricity was present, he put his knuckle towards the key and drew a spark. Collecting from his apparatus a quantity of the fluid, he tried with it all the usual electrical experiments. His case was complete, and in the ecstacy of his delight he must have felt, as he walked home with his kite, much as if he himself had taken its place in the heavens.

The fame which his discovery obtained for him throughout the whole of Europe was exceedingly great. The applause which attends the first announcement is, in a case like this, the justest measure of the magnitude of the feat, for it is before men have grown familiarised with an idea that they are most sensible of the acuteness of the conception, which when the novelty has worn off appears an obvious deduction. The simplicity of the truth is no indication that it was easy to grasp. 'Whenever,' said Chladni, 'you attempt to raise the least corner of the veil in which Nature envelopes herself, she invariably answers No! No! No!'

Let us now see the colour which M. Arago has given to the discovery. 'The first views of Franklin on the analogy of electricity and lightning were, like the previous ideas of Nollet, only simple conjectures. The sole difference between the two philosophers was therefore reduced to a project of experiment, of which Nollet had not spoken, and which appeared to promise conclusive arguments for or against the hypothesis.' This 'sole difference,' of which M. Arago makes so little account, was the

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grand difficulty to be overcome. The resemblances between lightning and electricity were too obvious to escape attention, and the idea had in fact occurred independently to three or four persons. 'If any one,' said Nollet, 'would undertake to demonstrate the notion, it would, well supported, please me much.' It was just here that he broke down. He could neither see what was the single link wanting to complete the chain, nor how to supply it.* Electricity was the rage of the day, and not one of its numerous students could hit upon the method any more than himself. The sole difference between Franklin and the rest resolved itself therefore into this—that he did that which nobody else could do. The famous experiment of Pascal was a kindred case. When the air was drawn by the piston from the pipe of a pump, and the water from the well rose up to take the place of the atmosphere, the cause assigned was, that nature abhorred a vacuum. As, however, the water would not rise above 34 feet, it was necessary to assume that the abhorrence of a vacuum only extended to that height. The question was in this state when Toricelli showed that the effect had nothing to do with height, and was solely regulated by the weight of the liquid. Thus mercury being 13½ times heavier than water, its rise in a tube was less in the same proportion, or about 30 inches instead of 34 feet. Thence he inferred that it was the pressure of the atmosphere upon the fluid which forced it into the vacuum, and that the amount of this pressure was to be measured by the weight it supported. His conclusion was vehemently contested when Pascal devised his *experimentum crucis*, and compelled conviction. Since the higher we ascend in the atmosphere the less air we have above us, its pressure must diminish as we go upwards, and, if the explanation of Toricelli was true, would not support the same amount of water or mercury as at a lower level. At the request of Pascal, his brother-in-law M. Périer carried the instrument contrived by Toricelli, and which was a rude form of the present barometer, up the Puy-de-Dôme, a mountain in Auvergne, and the mercury, in exact accordance with the theory, continued to fall with the upward progress of the experimentalist. The thought was less recondite than the grand conception of Franklin, but experience has shown that these crowning ideas, which are the touchstone of great scientific truths and remove them from the region of plausible conjecture into that of indisputable fact, can only be reached by very superior minds, and

* The Abbé Nollet was not even positive in the truth of his conjecture. With just philosophic caution he said, that the many points of analogy made him *begin* to believe in the identity of the agencies.

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no one has attempted to deprive Pascal of the credit which he gained by his discovery. That he was a Frenchman shields him from the disparaging comments of M. Arago, who has not found it requisite to remark that the 'sole difference between him and Toricelli was reduced to a project of experiment.'

But M. Arago does not only speak slightingly of Franklin's device; he adds, that it was almost useless, because it had already been tried when, as Cæsar relates, the spears of the Roman soldiers in Africa appeared on fire after a storm; had been tried on numerous occasions when *Castor* and *Pollux* were seen by the sailors on the metallic points of the masts; had been tried, again, in certain countries, such as Frioul, where the sentinels, to determine when it was needful to ring the bells to advertise the people that a storm was approaching, held a halberd upright on the ramparts and observed if any sparks were produced. M. Arago introduces his comments with the phrase—'Sans porter atteinte à la gloire de Franklin,' but the spirit of his remarks belies the qualification, nor is it easy to understand how the most notable contribution which the celebrated American made to science can be proved to be almost useless without detracting from his fame. His French critic does not attempt to show that the circumstances he adduces were known to philosophers, or that the true interpretation had ever been put upon them. Had it been so, indeed, the experiment of Franklin would not have created a sensation throughout Europe and covered him with glory. The demonstration was not less necessary at the time, because anterior and overlooked facts have since been brought to light, which, if their significance had been understood, would have led to a similar conclusion. They take as little from the splendour as from the utility of Franklin's discovery. Infinite must be the familiar phenomena which, had we the cunning to apply them, would establish some mighty law of nature, and which require no more skill to observe than it required in the Roman soldiers of Africa or the sentinels of Frioul to see the sparks on their spears. Not the less, we may safely assert, will be the credit of the philosopher who shall demonstrate through their aid some lofty principle of science which has baffled every one besides himself to confirm. It is a curious circumstance that the entire system of lightning-conductors had been unconsciously applied to the Temple at Jerusalem. A line of sharp spikes ran the whole length of the gilded roof, which again communicated with the metal pipes that conveyed the rain-water into the cisterns in the court. Nothing could be better contrived for the protection of the building, which thus escaped being

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being struck during a thousand years, in spite of its exposed situation, and the magnitude and frequency of the storms of Palestine.

'Whether it was,' M. Arago continues, after his mention of Castor and Pollux and the fire on the spears, 'that several of these circumstances were unknown, or that they were not thought demonstrative, some direct trials appeared necessary, and it is to our countryman Dalibard that science is indebted for them. Franklin did not realise the same experiment by means of a kite till a month later. Lightning-conductors were the immediate consequence. The illustrious American philosopher hastened to proclaim it.' From the statement of M. Arago that several of the circumstances were unknown, it might be inferred that all were not, and his narrative implies that the direct experiments were suggested by these preceding occurrences. Nothing of the kind was the case. The only hint received by Franklin was that which his own sagacity supplied. The next observation of M. Arago surpasses in disingenuousness all the rest. Who, on reading that science was indebted for the experiments to M. Dalibard, and that he outstripped Franklin by a month, would divine that the former merely followed the published directions of the latter, and that the honest Frenchman prefaced the account of the trial at Marlay, which he addressed to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by the sentence, '*En suivant la route que M. Franklin nous a tracé*, j'ai obtenu une satisfaction complète,' and concluded his paper by saying that the more Franklin's labours on electricity were studied, the more apparent it would become how greatly Natural Philosophy was obliged to him. The debt which science owed to M. Dalibard for his experiments, when he followed the road which Franklin had traced out for him, was little more than that which it owed to M. Périer when he carried the barometer by the direction of Pascal up the Puy-de-Dôme. Even in acknowledging that the illustrious American hastened to recommend lightning-conductors as the immediate consequence of the experiment, M. Arago does him less than justice, for with that acute perception with which he was gifted his mind foresaw the practical fruits of the principle before it was put to the proof, and in that very essay which was the guide of M. Dalibard in his trial at Marlay, the great philosopher had written:—'If these things are so, may not the knowledge of this power of points be of use to mankind in preserving houses, churches, ships, &c., from the stroke of lightning, by directing us to fix on the highest parts of those edifices upright rods of iron made as sharp as a needle, and gilt to prevent rusting, and from the foot of those rods a wire down the outside of the building into the

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the ground, or down round one of the shrouds of a ship, and down her side till it reaches the water? Would not these pointed rods probably draw the electrical fire silently out of a cloud before it came nigh enough to strike, and thereby secure us from that most sudden and terrible mischief?'

The tenor of the whole passage of M. Arago is to show that the merit was in conjecturing the identity of lightning and electricity, and not in proving it. The honour, he conceives, will then belong to a Frenchman, the Abbé Nollet. If the first experimenter is to carry away the credit, it is still, as any one would suppose from his narrative, a Frenchman, M. Dalibard, who is entitled to the crown. The original conjecture proceeded, on the contrary, from Mr. Grey, and to Franklin belongs the whole glory of the demonstration. There never was a case which less required an abatement to be made from the popular judgment. It sometimes happens that the tribute which successive discoverers have gathered from nature is handed over in the lump to the fortunate philosopher who extorts the crowning secret.* But the name of Franklin is associated with precisely that which he accomplished, and with nothing that in any way belonged to his predecessors. A passage which he once addressed in a letter to a friend has proved curiously prophetic even after united Europe had for a century allowed his claim, and he seemed for ever secure from the injuries of hostile detraction. 'Jealousy and envy deny the merit or the novelty of your invention; but vanity, when the novelty and merit are established, claims it for its own. One would not, therefore, of all faculties or qualities of the mind, wish for a friend, or a child, that he should have that of invention; for his attempts to benefit mankind in that way, however well imagined, if they do not succeed, expose him, though very unjustly, to general ridicule and contempt; and, if they do succeed, to envy, robbery, and abuse.' M. Arago has employed both weapons on the same occasion—the jealousy which depreciates merit and the vanity which claims it.

* 'The ancients,' M. Arago well remarks, 'had a taste or rather a passion for the marvellous, which even made them oblivious of the sacred duty of gratitude. See them, for example, gathering into a group the lofty actions of a great number of heroes, of whom they have not even condescended to preserve the name, and endowing with their deeds the single person of Hercules. The succession of ages has not made us wiser. The public of our day takes equal delight in mixing up fable with history. In every department, and above all in that of science, they love to create Herculeses. In the eyes of the vulgar every astronomical discovery is due to Herschel. The theory of the planetary movements is identified with the name of Laplace, and hardly a thought is bestowed upon the admirable labours of D'Alembert, Clairaut, Euler, and Lagrange. Watt is the exclusive inventor of the steam-engine, and Chaptal has furnished the chemical arts with the whole of the prolific and ingenious processes which insure their prosperity.'

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The fault is habitual to him wherever national or personal prejudices intervene, and, with all respect for his great abilities and attainments, the interests of truth compel us to declare that there has seldom on such conjunctures been a less candid and more insidious historian of science.

The *éloges* of Fontenelle were addressed not merely to the narrow circle of philosophers, but to the entire world of educated men. He related no more of science than could be made intelligible to persons who were not scientific, and on one occasion told his audience that the attention he asked from them was the same that it was necessary to give to the romance of the Princess of Cleves if they wished to appreciate its beauty and follow the intrigue. Condorcet, less polished and felicitous in his composition, was yet careful to keep within the depth of his hearers. 'He did not,' says M. Arago, 'commit the fault of presenting them with too savoury food—with food that would not have been accepted.' M. Arago himself aspired to break through the narrow bounds which custom had imposed, and to give such an account of the works and discoveries of the academicians of whom he treated as might enter into a professional history of science. The increased number of persons who studied Natural Philosophy, he thought, invited the experiment. To a great extent he has been successful. He was gifted with a particular talent for rendering the abstruser truths of science into popular language, and of reducing intricate questions to their simplest elements. He was thus enabled to make much intelligible which would have been *caviare* to the multitude in less skilful hands. Where the subject itself was on a level with the general comprehension, he well nigh exhausted it and left little or nothing to desire, of which the life of Watt is an admirable example. But his biographies were read before a miscellaneous assembly; it was necessary above all to carry his audience with him, and it is evident that, like Condorcet, he was often careful not to offer food which the less learned part of the crowd were as unable to taste as to chew and digest. This, in our opinion, is no demerit. It is important to win sympathy from the public at large for the cultivators of science, and to afford it the clearest conception that the nature of the case admits of the additions which each discoverer has made to knowledge, and of the services he has rendered to mankind. If Natural Philosophy is honoured only of her children, they will lose even a portion of that reputation which, next to the pleasure of the pursuit, has hitherto been their chief reward. Nor can it be doubted that these popular eulogiums have often stimulated youthful ardor and brought fresh recruits into the ranks. The philosopher,

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philosopher, by stooping to the listener, has constantly raised him to the level of philosophers.

To the last there were many who preferred the compendious biographies of Fontenelle to the elaborate narratives of M. Arago. It is not easy to understand the ground of this opinion. Whether for the purposes of present instruction, or as materials for future historians, precise details are incomparably more valuable than the most elegant generalities. Nay, if the fuller task was not performed at the moment, it would never in numerous cases be accomplished at all, not to say that the Perpetual Secretary is often acquainted with many of the views and modes of working of a colleague with whom he has lived in constant intercourse, which would be lost entirely to the next generation if the old method was revived.

There were others who wished to separate the philosophy from the philosopher, and who objected to details in an official *éloge* of his life and habits. Unless men of science are to be an exception to the interest which always attaches to distinguished persons, this severity of plan could only result in depriving the world of much that is entertaining and instructive. Characteristic traits are here engraved at the moment by the fond hand of friendship which would otherwise remain unrecorded till they were forgotten. How painfully do the antiquaries of future generations dig in the dust for fragments, and mourn over gaps or fill them up with conjectures, when contemporaries could have sketched with a few strokes of the pen every portion of the edifice! The volumes of M. Arago attest how valuable in numerous instances are these personal reminiscences; and, though they had no further use, they at least gratify that instinctive curiosity which a great discovery creates to know something of the discoverer.

In the introduction to his first *éloge*, that of Fresnel, which was read before the Academy in July, 1830, M. Arago apologises for his want of literary skill, devoted as he had hitherto been to researches which were purely scientific. Naturally eloquent, however, he soon became as conspicuous for the manner as for the matter of his notices. His reputation rather injured than improved his composition; and there is more simplicity and less effort in his early than in his later biographies. In his desire to be attractive he acquired a habit of forcing into his service smart sayings from *anas* and jest-books, and which usually laboured under the twofold disadvantage of being hackneyed and inappropriate. These errors of taste, though thinly scattered, leave a disagreeable impression, and there is no rule of criticism so imperative

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tive as that which forbids the attempt to graft upon one style an ornament which can only harmonise with another. The more the populace is appealed to, the greater becomes the danger of this unnatural combination. No man stood less in need of such artifices than M. Arago, for he was always a thorough master of his subject, and of that lucidity of expression which is its best embellishment.

The number of persons whose lives have been written by M. Arago, the vast variety of subjects upon which he touches, the large range of his scientific discussions, involving topics, many of them very abstruse, drawn from the whole field of Natural Philosophy, render it impossible to follow him with advantage through the contents of these volumes. It will give, we believe, a juster idea of their interest and importance if we confine ourselves to a single life, and leave our readers to judge from this abstract of the value of the rest. Cuvier enumerated among the advantages of such biographies that they encouraged the young to persevering labour by the examples of success, and warned them against dividing their strength between too many objects by the examples of failure. The career of Ampère, for thirty years the intimate friend of Arago, carries with it the double lesson. He did much, and would have done a vast deal more if he had not diverged too often into by-paths which led to nothing.

He was born the 22nd of January, 1775, and was the son of a merchant at Lyons, who shortly afterwards retired from business to a small village not far from the city. Almost in infancy, and before he had been taught to make a figure, the future philosopher carried on long arithmetical calculations by means of pebbles and beans. The extent to which the mathematical faculty is sometimes developed in children is truly astonishing. All the world knows how Pascal at twelve years of age, without ever having seen a work on geometry, or learnt more of its nature than what could be gathered from the meagre definition of his father—that it was a method for forming exact figures and of showing the proportion they bore to each other—ignorant even of the very terms of the science to that degree that he named a circle a round and a line a bar, yet worked his way step by step in unaided solitude up to what constitutes the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid, and would have proceeded further if he had not been detected by his father, who, in the language of his eldest daughter, 'was *terrified* at the grandeur and power of the genius of his son.' The emotion of the elder Pascal, awe-stricken as if he had witnessed some portent of nature, calls to mind the Père Reynau bursting into tears when he heard the first paper of the great geometrician Clairaut, then aged twelve years

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and eight months, read at the Academy in 1724. An instance hardly less wonderful is related by M. Libri * in his admirable sketch of the life of Poisson, a man who must be numbered among the very first mathematical geniuses which the present century has produced. At the age of fifteen, after having in vain attempted, under the auspices of his uncle, a medical practitioner, for whose profession he was destined, to pierce with certainty the veins of a cabbage-leaf as a first lesson in the art of bleeding, he was accidentally shown some algebraical problems by a fellow-pupil, and although he was totally unacquainted with the barest rudiments of the science, he solved them unassisted. In an instant he had discovered his talent, and the youth who would have been the laughing-stock of the surgery, rose rapidly by the spontaneous development of an innate power to a foremost place among the greatest analysts of the age. Nothing can be more singular than the existence of these dormant faculties, which have never been exercised, which no previous habits appear to have formed, and of which the possessor himself is entirely unconscious until some chance collision elicits the spark.

The early mathematical efforts of Ampère are trivial in comparison with those of Clairaut, Pascal, and Poisson; but at the age of thirteen he performed an intellectual feat of another kind, which is among the most extraordinary upon record. He read through in alphabetical order the whole of the great French Encyclopædia in 20 volumes folio. M. Arago enumerates the contents of the first few pages of the work, and his summary gives a prodigious idea of the insatiable thirst for knowledge which could lead a mere boy to drain to the last drop that vast storehouse of innumerable liquors, light and heavy, nauseous and attractive, and the bulk of which were more deadening than intoxicating.

'At the very outset the preposition *à* obliges the reader to grapple with nice grammatical considerations; *ab* transports him into the Hebrew calendar; *abadir* into the midst of the mythological history of Cybele and Saturn. A single word, *abaissement*, involves him by turns in algebra, with relation to the reduction of the degrees of equations; in the nautical art, with reference to the dip of the horizon at sea; and in

* The fulness and accuracy of research displayed by this eminent man in his *Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie* are beyond all praise. No other work of the kind exists which is so thoroughly trustworthy. It is a real loss to science that it should not hitherto have been completed, owing, we believe, to the cruel and unwarrantable confiscations of the books and papers of the learned author at the French revolution of 1848. It is only necessary to mention that it already comes down to the death of Galileo to show that the portion at present published is of the highest interest, and we speak the sentiments of every lover of these lofty studies throughout Europe, when we express a hope that the remainder will appear at no distant day.

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heraldry, when the term designates the particular signs which were sometimes added to the arms of a family to diminish their value and dignity. Turn the page, and the article *abbé* initiates you into what was most variable and capricious in ecclesiastical discipline. At the following word, *abcès*, you are deep in surgery. To the description of the anatomical organisation of bees (*abeilles*), of their food, reproduction, habits, and of the hierarchical organization of the swarm, succeeds, almost without intermission, the explanation of the immortal and subtle discovery of Bradley—of those annual movements of the stars which, under the name of *aberration*, have demonstrated that the earth is a planet. Some lines further, and you fall into the *abîme* of cosmogony. *Abracadabra* finally plunges you into magic.'—tom. ii. p. 6.

The passion for reading is usually strongest in youth, when all things are new, and when confidence, unchastened by experience, leads to the belief that the entire circle of knowledge can be trod. Dr. Johnson said at fifty-four that it was a sad, but true reflection, that he knew almost as much at eighteen as he did then. Yet, with every allowance for this early propensity in students the act of Ampère is, we believe, without example. That he should really have comprehended the whole of this enormous miscellaneous mass is absolutely impossible, but he mastered more of it than would readily be supposed, and used to astonish his brethren at the Academy of Sciences in his riper years by repeating long passages from the articles on Heraldry and Hawking.

The Encyclopædia suggested his first original effort. On arriving at the word *langue*, where he read of the confusion of tongues which arose at the building of the Tower of Babel, he was seized with a desire to discover the primitive basis from which all the subsequent dialects sprung. The end of his researches was that he framed a language which he conceived to be similar in its attributes to that which was once universal, and which he imagined perhaps in his juvenile enthusiasm would become universal again. He compiled a grammar and a dictionary of which the manuscripts are preserved, and his friends had heard him recite fragments of poetry in a tongue which was to them like the confusion of voices at Babel, but which sounded harmonious. He must have been conscious in his manhood that the project was a youthful dream, and his grammar and dictionary were wisely left in his desk, though he had enough of the love of a parent for his offspring to be charmed when he discovered in the vocabulary of an African tribe words which resembled his own. It appears from the account of M. Arago that these lingual speculations induced him to master Sanscrit, which he held in high estimation.

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He was still in his boyhood when he called upon the keeper of the library at Lyons, and asked for the works of Euler and Bernouilli. 'Do you know, my little friend,' said the librarian, 'that those works are among the most difficult which human intelligence has ever produced?' 'Nevertheless,' rejoined the lad, 'I hope to be able to understand them.' 'You are doubtless aware,' added the other, 'that they are written in Latin?' This announcement took him by surprise. The effect was to send him home to learn Latin, that he might afterwards grapple with the perplexities of mathematical analysis. Watt acquired German that he might read Leupold's 'Theatrum Machinarum,' and a similar desire to consult some book, subsequently induced him to study Italian. It is thus that energetic minds climb the obstacles which turn back fainter spirits, but Watt was twenty-five or upwards, and Ampère was only a child.

This wonderful career of self-education now received a check. It is hardly possible to open the life of any one who flourished during the period, without coming upon some bloody or disastrous page, to show that the horrors of the French Revolution had forced themselves into every home. The father of Ampère was tempted in the sanguinary year 1793 to quit his country retirement, and accept the post of *juge de paix* at Lyons, apparently in the hope that the office would protect him from violence. He was arrested as an aristocrat under the warrant of that Fouché, who, says M. Arago, 'was riding a few years afterwards in a carriage of which the panels were emblazoned with arms, and who signed with the title of *Duke* the plots which he hatched against his country and his benefactor.' So it always was and always will be. The man most eager to pull another down is the person who wants to get into his place. The democrat is merely a despot in disguise. To be arrested was to be condemned, and the elder Ampère perished on the scaffold. The day of his death he wrote to his wife, 'Do not tell my daughter of the misfortune of her father; as to my son, there is nothing which I do not expect of him.' The son, now eighteen, had not, however, the stoical self-control to bear up against the blow. The shock threw him into a state of absolute idiotcy, and he spent his days in making little heaps of sand, or in gazing mechanically at the ground and the sky.

It was well for him, perhaps, that he had not yet rendered any service to science. The aristocracy of talent was as hateful to the besotted multitude, who wished to level everything down to themselves, as the aristocracy of rank. When Lavoisier hoped to obtain a reprieve by asking to be permitted, before he died, to complete some experiments important to humanity, one of his judges

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judges cried out that they had no longer need of *savants*. The revolutionists showed the sincerity of their professions by rooting out the seminaries of every description. They even suppressed, in 1792, the college of surgeons, in spite of the intercessions of Tenon, who urged to no purpose the single argument which had then a chance of being heard—that the art of surgery was needful for the army. It was the crying wants of the army, however, that first compelled the restoration of the schools of medicine; though, in order to sever every link which united the present to the past, it was resolved to drop the ancient names, and call them schools of health. Daubenton preserved, in 1793, his post as director of the National Museum of Natural History; but it was by obtaining a certificate of citizenship and *humanity* from an assembly of ruffians, who called themselves the section of the *sans culottes*. He had paid great attention to the improvement of the breed of sheep; and his friends, knowing that in his character of Professor and Academician he would be frowned upon by the *sans culottes*, introduced him as the shepherd Daubenton, and a shepherd he is styled in the curious document, in which these wolves vouched for his lamb-like qualities. Another eminent naturalist, Lacépède, found his name placed by a journalist, who was in the habit of dining with him, at the head of a 'list of the villains (*scélérats*) who voted against the people.' The man came to dinner as before. 'You have treated me very harshly,' said his host; 'you have called me a villain.' 'Oh, that is nothing,' replied the newspaper editor; 'villain is only another term to express that you do not agree with us.' In this one anecdote is embodied the spirit of half the French revolution. Denounced as a *scélérat*, Lacépède, it is almost needless to add, had a narrow escape of his life.

Instances abound in the sketches of M. Arago, of the ridiculous ignorance of those who aspired to rule, and of their fanatical impatience of control in the most insignificant matters. A member of the popular society of Auxerre objected to the discretion exercised by the municipal authorities in assigning the titles North, East, South, and West, to whichever quarters of the town they pleased. In order to deprive them of this arbitrary jurisdiction, of this privilege of power, he proposed that the names should be distributed by lot. It required the eloquence of Fourier to convince this apostle of liberty that the points of the compass were fixed, and that the magistrates in calling the north North, and the south South, had not encroached upon the indefeasible rights of the people. Even when the *savants* were serving their country according to its own desire, and devoting their philosophical acquirements to the cause of the self-styled patriots, they were treated with

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with neglect and encompassed with danger. In the terrible crisis of 1793, when France had to extemporise army upon army, and the saltpetre for the powder and the copper for the cannon could no longer be exported, it was Monge, the creator of the beautiful science of descriptive geometry, who showed how to supply these necessaries of war. Appointed by the Committee of Public Safety to superintend the manufacture of arms, and spending all his hours from daybreak to nightfall in harassing inspections, he received no salary for his services, not even the wages of the common workmen whom he instructed and commanded. Did his private fortune place him above need? His poverty was such that when Berthollet ordered a warm bath for a quinsey which he had contracted in the discharge of his arduous duties, he was unable to purchase wood to heat the water. His invariable breakfast was dry bread, and going forth one morning at four o'clock according to custom, his meal under his arm, he found that his family had added a small lump of cheese to the usual fare. 'You will bring me into trouble,' Monge exclaimed with energy. 'Did I not tell you that having been rather gluttonous last week, I was alarmed to hear the representative Niou say mysteriously to those about him, "Monge is getting easy in his circumstances; look, he eats radishes!"' M. Arago half apologises for the anecdote by saying that the details which paint an era are never low. He need have had no misgiving. He has told nothing more important, nothing more replete with useful warning than the particulars which reveal the terrible tyranny of the time when a great genius dared not flavour his dry bread with a mouthful of cheese lest he should be brought to the scaffold by the ferocious jealousy of the representative Niou already inflamed by the humble meal of radishes. The only marvel is that M. Arago could narrate such facts and remain a champion of the fierce democracy. Notwithstanding his services and his abstinence Monge was denounced shortly afterwards and compelled to fly. In 1798 he accompanied Bonaparte in the expedition to Egypt and from thence to Syria.* He came up on one occasion with a soldier

* When Bonaparte quitted Egypt for France he made Monge accompany him. 'Do you know,' the General said to him one day as they were making the passage, 'that I am between two very dissimilar situations. Let us suppose that I reach France safe and sound,—and I shall vanquish faction, assume the command of the army, defeat the enemy, and receive the blessings of my countrymen. Suppose, on the contrary, that I am taken by the English, I shall be shut up in a ship, and be considered in France a common deserter, a General who has quitted his army without authority. It is necessary to come to a decision, and I will never consent to surrender to an English vessel. If we are attacked by superior forces we will fight to the last. I will never haul down my flag. The moment the enemy board us we must blow up the frigate.' 'General,' replied Monge, 'you have

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soldier in the desert who was dying of thirst. The man cast a wistful eye upon a calabash which Monge carried round his waist. 'Come, take a draught,' said the philosopher in reply to this mute language of the countenance. The soldier swallowed a single mouthful. 'Drink again,' said Monge, persuasively. 'Thank you,' answered the man, 'but you have shown yourself charitable, and I would not for the world expose you to the atrocious torments I suffered just now.' It is pleasant that the same life should furnish a set-off like this to the ominous remark of the representative Niou.

The suspension of the faculties of Ampère lasted more than a year. The letters of Rousseau on botany first recalled him to intellectual pursuits. He could not have lighted on a more propitious study, the gentle exercise of body in searching for plants, and the gentle exercise of mind in dissecting them, being admirably adapted to the restoration of his understanding. He attained to a thorough comprehension of the science, and only needed to have communicated what he knew to the world to have ranked among eminent naturalists. The poets of the Augustan age were his companions in his botanical excursions, and he was for ever chanting over his herbs the melodious verses of Horace, Virgil, and Lucretius. Modern biography could not produce a more seducing representation of pastoral life. An incident occurred in 1796 to complete the picture. He was on one of his customary evening rambles along the banks of a stream, when he caught sight in the distance of two pretty young damsels gathering flowers in a meadow. Hitherto he had never thought of marriage, but on the instant he made up his mind to wed one of the fair strangers whom he beheld for the first time, to whom he had never spoken, and of whose name and family he was entirely ignorant. These matter-of-fact philosophers, to judge from the narratives of M. Arago, are rather given to be romantic in their loves. Gay-Lussac went into a linendraper's

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have rightly appreciated the situation; if the case occurs we must blow up the ship.' 'I expected from you,' rejoined Bonaparte, 'this testimony of friendship. I entrust the execution to you.' The day after the next they saw a vessel in the distance which they believed to be English. It proved a false alarm. 'Where is Monge?' said Bonaparte; and on seeking him they found him at the door of the powder-magazine with a lantern in his hand. Another eminent *savant*, the common friend of Monge and Bonaparte, who also went to Egypt and returned from it in their company, showed equal coolness in danger. They were attacked by the Turks as they ascended the Nile; some of their boats were sunk, and the crews massacred. Death seemed inevitable for all, when Berthollet began to fill his pockets with stones. 'How,' said one of his companions, 'can you think of mineralogy at such a moment?' 'I am not thinking of mineralogy or geology,' said the chemist. 'Do you not see that it is all over with us? I am ballasted for sinking quick, and am now secure that my body will not be mutilated by these barbarians.'

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shop, and saw a girl engaged intently with a book behind the counter. 'What are you reading, mademoiselle?' said he. 'A work which is, perhaps, beyond me, but which interests me nevertheless: a treatise on chemistry.' The heart of the great chemist was reached through this unusual partiality of a linen-draper's shop-girl for his favourite pursuit. He sent her to a school to complete her education and made her his wife. M. Arago testifies that the experiment succeeded, but does not recommend the repetition of it. 'Let us love to the last moment,' said Gay-Lussac to his helpmate three days before he died, and after forty years of married life; 'sincere attachments are the sole happiness.' On the other side, we have the singular case of Lagrange. D'Alembert, who kept up a constant correspondence with him, was surprised that he should not have mentioned in his letters that he had ceased to be a Benedict. 'I learn,' his friend wrote to him in 1767, 'that you have taken what we philosophers call the perilous leap. A great mathematician should be able above all things to calculate his happiness. I do not doubt, therefore, that after having made the calculation you found the solution to be marriage.' 'I do not know,' replied Lagrange, 'whether I have calculated well or ill, or rather I believe I have not calculated at all, or I should have perhaps done like Leibnitz, who from thinking about it was unable to arrive at a decision.* I confess that I have never had any inclination for marriage, but circumstances have induced me to engage one of my relatives to come and take care of me, and of all which belongs to me. If I have not informed you of it, it was because the thing appeared to me so indifferent in itself that it was not worth while to mention it.' Ampère belonged to the opposite school. He was as ardent, it seems, in love as in study; he kept a journal of his daily emotions, and profiting by his perusal of the Augustan poets, addressed odes to his mistress. It is evident that his verses were not better than those of another mathematician, of whom M. Arago reports a lady to have said that, like Molière's M. Jourdain, 'he had been talking prose without knowing it.'

Ampère was without the means of supporting a wife, and the family of the young lady gravely discussed whether he should open a silk-mercer's shop, or give private lessons in mathematics. The decision being for the last, he removed to Lyons for the purpose, and there he was married in 1799. Ever greedy for the acquisition of knowledge, he joined with seven or eight young

* Leibnitz is said on one occasion to have got so far as to make an offer. The lady asked time for consideration. Leibnitz used the interval for the same purpose; and when the lady brought her hand, he refused to have it.

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students in reading aloud before daybreak on a fifth floor the chemistry of Lavoisier, and in after years the people at Paris, who had never known him occupied in the pursuit, were astonished to find how deep he was in the science. In 1801 he removed to Bourg, having been appointed lecturer on Natural Philosophy to the central school, where, fresh from Lavoisier, he composed and printed a work on the future prospects of chemistry. In a moment of hallucination he fancied he had yielded to a Satanic suggestion in attempting to anticipate the secrets reserved for succeeding generations, and he threw his book into the fire. He afterwards regretted this sacrifice to a chimera, but his chemical studies bore little further fruit. In scientific dreams of another kind he indulged with equal uselessness and freedom. 'You see,' he wrote later to a friend, 'the palæotheriums and the anaplotheriums replaced on the earth by men. I hope for my part that men in their turn will be replaced by creatures more perfect, more noble, more sincerely devoted to truth. I would give half my life to be certain that this transformation will happen. Well—would you believe it?—there are people so stupid as to ask me what I should gain by that. Have I not a hundred times reason to be indignant?' M. Arago states that the disposition of Ampère led him in mathematics to aim at the solution of problems which were reputed insoluble, and his biographer was astonished not to see among his juvenile undertakings an attempt to square the circle. It was afterwards found to be one of the bootless exercises he had set himself in his thirteenth year. This partiality for the insoluble attended him in all his speculations. It was visible in the determination to discover the primitive language, in the effort to predict the subsequent conquests of chemistry, in the endeavour to settle the future condition of the earth. 'Doubt,' he exclaimed, 'is the greatest torture which man endures on earth:' but it was his very impatience of it which led him to haunt its domain. To throw away time upon theories which are beyond our capacity is as childish as to expend our time upon the trifles which are beneath it. There are innumerable questions which are of the highest moment in themselves, which are yet unworthy a wise man's contemplation, simply because they are out of his sphere. It is a waste of eyesight to stand gazing upon impenetrable darkness, however grand may be the scenes which it veils.

His immense attainments excepted, he was ill-qualified for his new office. An injury he received in his arm in childhood had deprived him of mechanical dexterity, and he was incapable of performing with ordinary skill the commonest philosophical experiments. Self-educated in retirement, and never subjected to the

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the least constraint in his actions, he had acquired the habit of thinking in movement, and to check the antics of his body was to stop the workings of his mind. Ampère at rest and Ampère walking were different persons. His dress and manners were peculiar. He bowed to his class with the same extravagant flexure of his frame that Dr. Johnson used to adopt when he met an archbishop. His solitary musings for many years of his life had made abstraction habitual to him, and he naturally fell into it without regard to time or place. Hence he was extremely absent, and was guilty of a thousand unconscious eccentricities. He carried away from a party the three-cornered *chapeau* of an ecclesiastic, and as the owner was a desirable acquaintance, it was asserted by the enemies of Ampère that he designedly took the wrong hat (his own was a common round one) that he might have an excuse for calling next day to return it. M. Arago repudiates the paltry construction, and meets the imputation with a counter anecdote, in which Ampère's infirmity was not calculated to recommend him. Invited to the table of a person whom it was of importance to conciliate, he suddenly exclaimed, 'Really this dinner is detestable! My sister ought not to engage cooks without having personally satisfied herself of their capabilities.' There is no doubt whatever that these oddities were genuine, and we should have expected them from his temperament and previous habits. Those to whom the presence of others is an antidote to abstraction can with difficulty comprehend a condition of mind which is the natural result of days of deep and unbroken thought. A more unhappy combination of qualities for a lecturer on Natural Philosophy could hardly have met together in a very superior man. Youths are sharp-sighted to detect any outward absurdity, unrestrained in displaying the mirth which deviations from established proprieties provoke, and incapable of appreciating the great capacity which would have extorted respect from their elders. The uncouth gesticulations of Dr. Johnson, when, yet unknown to fame, he opened an academy at Edial, made him the laughingstock of his scholars. Ampère did not remain long in this situation at Bourg, which must have been irksome to himself and unprofitable to his pupils, but returned to Lyons, where he was appointed Professor of Pure Mathematics.

He had already addressed to the academy of that city two mathematical memoirs, when in 1802 he published the first work which made his name known beyond the circle of his personal friends—his *Considérations sur la théorie mathématique du jeu.* The science of probabilities which was afterwards applied with such beneficial effect to the calculation of insurances, was originally suggested by the chances of games, which have always been

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been a favourite subject of speculation while a problem of importance could be found to be solved. The proposition which Ampère set himself to demonstrate was, that the regular gambler was certain to lose. His method was to show that if two players were in other respects upon equal terms, the chances were in favour of him who could go on the longest. The richest must consequently be the ultimate winner, and his advantage increased rapidly with the superiority of wealth. The regular gambler engages with everybody; he is one against the world; an individual with limited means, which he stakes against the resources, which in their aggregate may practically be called unlimited, of the whole community of players. 'In games where the chances are equal, where skill has no part, the professional player is therefore sure to be ruined; the formulæ of Ampère prove it beyond dispute. The unmeaning words such as good luck, good star, good vein, can neither hinder nor delay the execution of a sentence pronounced in the name of algebra.'

M. Arago expects that there will be people to ask, 'What is the use of the demonstration?' and admits that a consciousness of the inevitable result would not deter everybody from following the trade. He was acquainted at Paris with a wealthy foreigner who passed his time between gambling and the study of science. M. Arago, to wean him from his vice, calculated, the number of throws and the stakes being given, what must be his quarterly losses. The theory tallied with the fact, and the gentleman acknowledged that he was convinced. He abstained for a fortnight, and then called upon M. Arago to say that he should never again be the unintelligent tributary of the hells of Paris; that he had ceased to be the dupe of a ridiculous delusion, but that he should continue to play because the 50,000 francs which he knew he must lose every year, would not, if employed in any other manner, excite in his feeble body, wasted with pain, the same keen sensations that he derived from the varied combinations, sometimes fortunate and sometimes fatal, which were developed every evening upon a green cloth. Gambling was with him a recognised expense, just as if he had kept his race-horses or his hounds, and he merely resolved to squander his income upon the fancy most congenial to an ill-regulated mind. But this is not the case of the majority of players. Though there is fascination in the excitement, the object is gain, and we have more faith than M. Arago in the good effects of a demonstration which shows the certainty of loss. Like every other vice, the present gratification will outweigh with some the future penalty. Yet as many a man has put a check upon his taste for liquor to avert the deplorable consequences of drunkenness,

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so we may be satisfied not a few would conquer the passion for play if they were once assured that by an irreversible law it was the road to ruin.

Ampère himself, with his encyclopædiacal pursuits, would often dissipate a vast amount of invaluable time, not in gambling, but on a beguiling game. Whoever called upon him, he asked his visitor if he was acquainted with chess, and when the answer was 'yes,' engaged with him for hours in repeated trials of skill. His intimates soon discovered an infallible method of beating him; when they found they were losing, they would assert what he conceived to be a scientific heresy,—such as that the undulatory theory of light would hereafter be numbered with the phantasies of Cartesianism and the emission theory reassume the ascendant; upon which Ampère, too simple to perceive the trick, would launch with his usual enthusiasm into an impetuous refutation, and forgetting all caution in the heat of his argument would be quickly checkmated. His frequent outbreaks of temper, the result of an earnest and not of a selfish disposition, were termed by his friends the rages of the lamb.

The Memoir on Probabilities attracted the notice of Lalande and Delambre, and they procured him the appointment of lecturer on mathematical analysis at the Polytechnic School at Paris. The old singularities which in 1805 threw ridicule upon him at Bourg lost none of their sinister influence with the picked students of the capital. His first appearance produced an unfavourable impression, for he presented himself before his military audience in a plain, black suit, extremely ill-made. He wrote rather by moving his arm than his fingers, and in a hand so immense that a gentleman sent him an invitation to dinner penned within the outline of the first letter of his signature. His figures, naturally enormous, were carefully magnified by him into ludicrous proportions on the black board at the school, lest the hinder row of his class should be unable to read them. His pupils, amused at their gigantic size, affected not to be able to distinguish them clearly, in order to entice him into caricaturing his caricatures. It ended in his increasing them to that degree that the largest board would only contain the first five figures of a complicated calculation. At another time he mistook the cloth for cleaning this board, and which was covered with chalk, for his pocket-handkerchief. The students looked to him less for mathematical instruction than for food for their mirth, and his genius was rendered almost useless by a few ungainly habits contracted in youth.

'Though equal to all things for all things unfit.'

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The artifice practised upon Ampère by the young men at the Polytechnic, was rendered easy by the circumstance that he himself was extremely short-sighted. He was eighteen years old before he detected the defect, and used to marvel at the praises bestowed upon scenery which to him was a confused and cloudy mass. He chanced one day on a stage-coach to put the glass of a short-sighted traveller to his eye, and he seemed instantly to gaze upon a newly-created world. So powerful was the emotion produced by the view for the first time of nature in her glory, that he burst into tears. He attained to the gratification of another of his senses with equal suddenness. His all-embracing mind had devoted a season to experiments in acoustics, without his discovering that he had an ear for music. He was thirty years old when he attended a concert at which some pieces of Gluck were performed. He could not conceal his weariness, which was manifested by yawning and stretching, by rising up from his seat, by pacing to and fro, by ensconcing himself in a corner with his back to the company. Some simple airs followed, and the change in Ampère was like that which Dryden describes Timotheus as producing in Alexander. 'The fibre,' says M. Arago, 'which united the ear and the heart of Ampère had come to be discovered and to vibrate for the first time.' As when his eyes were opened to the beauties of nature, he again burst into tears.

It must already be sufficiently manifest that Ampère was a man of quick sensibilities, who was soon influenced through his feelings. It must be equally manifest that his mind was easily won by the charms of every study in turns, and that what he took up he pursued with enthusiasm. But of all the Will-o'-the-wisps which it was his pleasure to chase, there was none which he followed with such vehemence as metaphysics. He believed that it was his mission 'to lay the foundations of this science for all generations,' and he consulted his friends at Lyons in 1813 upon the propriety of his 'giving himself up entirely to psychology.' Without doing this it was of all subjects the one which engaged the largest share of his attention, and though mentally and mechanically the act of writing was a species of torture to him, he submitted to the drudgery of reducing his speculations to paper.

He thought verbal discussions essential to test and settle his doctrines, and finding nobody at Paris who was willing to engage in perplexing debates upon ideology, he resolved to take a journey to Lyons, where, through animated controversies, he had cemented a friendship in former years with M. Bredin, a professor. Ampère suggested that he should submit each day what he had

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had written to rigorous criticism, and that four evenings in the week should be devoted in addition to 'reasonings high' upon these bewildering themes. Alas! M. Bredin had become a traitor to the cause. 'How admirable,' Ampère replied, 'is this science of psychology, and to my misfortune you love it no longer.' 'It was necessary,' he said again, 'to deprive me of all consolation on earth that we should cease to sympathise in metaphysics. On the single thing which interests me, you no longer think as I do. It is a frightful void in my soul.' Not only did his friend turn his back upon the study,—he entreated Ampère to do the same. 'What!' exclaimed the indignant philosopher, 'quit a country full of flowers and living waters, streams and groves, for deserts burnt up by the rays of that mathematical sun which, casting upon objects a blazing light, scorches and dries them up to the very roots! How far better it is to wander in ever-changing shades than to walk along a straight road in which the eye takes in everything, and where nothing seems to fly to excite us to pursue.' It was still the same passion for grappling with questions which almost eluded the understanding. In transcendental mathematics the wards of the lock are sufficiently intricate to require the utmost powers of even congenial minds to apply the key, but they were not perplexing enough to suit Ampère, who was irresistibly attracted to such subjects as engaged those disputants in Milton, who 'found no end, in wandering mazes lost.' In this crisis he received a letter from Sir Humphry Davy, upon whose discoveries he had formerly experimented, and he neglected to reply, because he said 'he had no longer the courage to fix his ideas upon those wearisome things.' Mixing much with natural philosophers, and always enforcing with the impetuosity of his ardent temperament the opinions which happened to have possession of him for the hour, he daily threw down the glove, which was picked up by his adversaries more in jest than in earnest. In fact they were not in a condition to dispute with him, for they were unacquainted with the study and incredulous of its importance, and it only amused them to listen to such announcements as that in the word *émesthèse* was comprised the finest discovery of the age. The *savants*, says Cuvier, judge like the ignorant of subjects which do not belong to their own department.

What was the real value of Ampère's psychological labours, able as we know him to have been, intently as he had reflected upon the theme, and confident as he was himself that he had not reflected in vain? M. Arago had his manuscripts in his hands, and after diligent study declares his inability to comprehend them. Yet on the next page he asserts that 'they display the

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the most astonishing penetration, the rare faculty of eliciting immense generalisations from minute details,—that genius, in a word, appears to distinguish Ampère's metaphysical researches as much as it does his brilliant labours in mathematical physics.' This is an example of the inconvenience which sometimes attaches to an *éloge*. Praise is thrown in to soften censure, and we are called upon to believe that the speculations of Ampère were at once unintelligible and luminous. The first judgment we suspect to be nearest the truth, and that the *Introduction à la Philosophie* bore about the same relation to the Memoirs on Electrodynamics that Newton's Commentary on the Apocalypse did to the Principia.

Among the mental problems which occupied much of the attention of Ampère was the vexed question of the nature of the faculties of animals. He originally decided against their capacity to reason, but he abandoned the opinion in deference to a single anecdote related by a friend on whose accuracy he could rely. This gentleman, driven by a storm into a village public-house, ordered a fowl to be roasted. Old fashions then prevailed in the South of France, and turnspits were still employed in place of the modern jack. Neither caresses, threats, nor blows could make the dog act his part. The gentleman interposed. 'Poor dog, indeed!' said the landlord, sharply; 'he deserves none of your pity, for these scenes take place every day. Do you know why this pretty fellow refuses to work the spit?—it is because he has taken it into his head that he and his partner are to share alike, and it is not his turn.' Ampère's informant begged that a servant might be sent to find the other dog, who made no difficulty about performing the task. He was taken out after a while and his refractory partner put in, who began, now his sense of justice was satisfied, to work with thorough good will like a squirrel in a cage. A similar incident was related by M. de Liancourt to the great Arnauld, who, with other Port-Royalists, had adopted the theory of Descartes, that dogs were automatons and machines, and who on the strength of this conviction dissected the poor creatures to observe the circulation of the blood, and denied that they felt. 'I have two dogs,' said the remonstrator against this cruelty, 'who turn the spit on alternate days. One of them hid himself, and his partner was about to be put to turn in his place. He barked and wagged his tail as a sign to the cook to follow him, went to the garret, pulled out the truant, and worried him. Are these your *machines*?' The great Arnauld, mighty in controversy and redoubtable in logic, must have had a latent consciousness that the turnspit had refuted him.

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Not only the instincts, but the anatomy and structure of animals had been carefully studied by Ampère. He was a believer in the notion that a unity of organization pervaded all living creatures, and he printed, without publishing, a work in 1824, in which he traced the toad in the butterfly, and the whale in the toad. Once more it was the love of the intricate which beguiled him, and the fascination was to track resemblances amid glaring and apparently irreconcilable differences. The idea, however, had been sustained with considerable ability by Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire, and Cuvier thought it necessary to refute it in his lectures at the College of France. Ampère was one of his auditors, and replied in some lectures he was delivering in the same institution. Cuvier's brother, Frederick, was among the auditors of Ampère, and he again delivered lectures at the College, and stood forth in defence of the opinions of his relative. The discussion went on in the separate arenas from week to week, and though Ampère, according to M. Arago, somewhat shifted his ground, he maintained with credit a conflict with the greatest naturalists of the world on their own domain. The controversy became a topic of conversation. 'Well, Ampère,' said a brother academician, 'you pretend that, in an anatomical point of view, Master Crow, perched on a tree, does not differ from the crafty animal who cheats him of his cheese. You believe that the long-billed, long-necked heron is only a simple modification of the carp on whom he so foolishly disdained to dine. You are of opinion that the fabulist was guilty of a heresy in natural history in saying,

> 'When from the cave the rat came out,
> He quickly proved, beyond a doubt,
> A rat was not an elephant.'

'Yes,' replied Ampère, 'all that you have enumerated as impossibilities I admit. After conscientious study I have arrived at a principle, singular in appearance, but which, nevertheless, will prevail with time—the principle that man is formed on a plan which may be detected in all animals without exception.' 'Well done, M. Ampère,' said the other, 'your system has one rare and indisputable merit, it is clear and categorical. I shall look for you therefore in the snail!' Ampère allowed the laugh to die away, and then, taking up the subject gravely, he displayed such a singular knowledge of anatomy and natural history, showed so many specious resemblances where comparison at a superficial glance appeared ridiculous, that, if he left the triumph of vivacity to his adversary, the triumph of learning and argument remained with himself. He was assuredly no sciolist, and if it is to be lamented that he made forays into

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so many separate provinces, it is not because he ever returned without being laden with spoils, but because, if he had narrowed his efforts, he would have enlarged the boundaries of dominions which he was contented to sweep.

The animal magnetists had a disciple and advocate in Ampère. M. Arago ascribes his proselytism to his want of dexterity in detecting tricks—owing to physical awkwardness and shortness of sight—as well as to the candour of a mind, prompt to open itself to any plausible appearances. But he was proverbially credulous of any facts which were told him, political or natural,* and it is evident that his ready reception of marvels appertained in part to that quality of his understanding which made him in science prefer twilight to day. Here were fresh mysteries to unfold, new caverns to explore; and he would be slow to reject wonders which afforded his reason and imagination congenial materials upon which to work. He was no half partizan. He swallowed both gnat and camel, and believed that the *clair-voyant* could observe a star with his knee, behold the actors on the stage with his back, and read a note with his elbow. M. Arago follows up his narrative of the magnetic creed of his friend with a just comment addressed to those who decide, without examination, against every startling innovation upon common experience. 'Is a precipitate scepticism more philosophical than an unlimited credulity? Have we any right to maintain that no man has ever read or will ever read with his eyes, in the complete obscurity which reigns beneath twenty-nine mètres of rocks and earth—I mean in the vaults of the Observatory? Is it well-established that opaque screens, which are impervious to light, allow nothing to pass which may supply its place and produce vision? Do our systematic ideas warrant us in refusing to have recourse to experiment, the sole judge in such matters?' The true philosopher rejects nothing which has the semblance of evidence upon *à priori* considerations, and accepts nothing until it is proved. Rational scepticism, just as much as rational belief, must be based upon inquiry:

* There is an instance of M. Arago's inappropriate illustrations from the jest-book in the account he gives of Ampère's credulity. After justly remarking that this quality is sometimes the result of indifference—that a man intently occupied with one subject will easily credit what he is told upon matters about which he cares nothing—M. Arago goes on to say: 'Such was the case of the grammarian when the imaginary symptoms of a general conflagration throughout Europe were laid before him; he received it all without changing a muscle, or speaking a word, and was about to be numbered among the most credulous men alive, when he broke silence in these words,—'Come what will, I have two thousand verbs conjugated in my desk!' It is astonishing that M. Arago could venture upon this foolish, because manifestly apocryphal, anecdote, before such an audience as the French Academy of Sciences.

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> 'He who calls error each new truth unfurled,
> Thinks the horizon circumscribes the world.'

In 1813 Ampère was elected to fill the place of the great Lagrange in the French Academy. As yet he had not made his capital discoveries, and he owed the honour entirely to mathematical papers which his subsequent labours have thrown into the shade. It had long been suspected that there was an intimate connexion between magnetism and electricity; and, among other circumstances which indicated it, it had been remarked that the compasses of ships struck with lightning were often deprived of their virtue. The attempts to ascertain by direct experiment the real nature and degree of the relation had not been successful. In the mémorable year of science 1820, Œrsted opened the road which has led to such momentous results. He placed a compass below the wire which connected the two poles of a battery, and the electric current passing along the wire moved the north pole of the needle towards the west. When the compass was above the wire, the effect was reversed and the north pole turned to the east. In this simple fact was disclosed a new and boundless science, which it would be out of place here to follow into its details. The information reached the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on the 11th of September. It seized upon the mind of the enthusiastic Ampère, always on the alert for strange and novel phenomena. The experiments of Œrsted had demonstrated the action of electric currents on magnets. It struck Ampère that electric currents might have a mutual action on each other. In seven days he had framed his idea, contrived his apparatus, proved the fact, and ascertained with precision the exact nature of the effects produced. 'I do not know,' says M. Arago, 'if the vast field of Natural Philosophy can show so beautiful a discovery, conceived and completed with equal rapidity.'

Ampère continued to pursue his experiments with all the ardour of his fervid temperament, and paper followed paper in rapid succession. A talent, which had never hitherto appeared in him, was now displayed in a remarkable manner—the power of devising philosophical instruments to fulfil very difficult, and, as it might sometimes have seemed, impossible conditions. His performances of this description are many and beautiful, and have passed into standing implements of science. When he had established a large body of the phenomena of electro-dynamics, or electricity in motion, he determined to seek, by the aid of mathematics, the general theory which governed them. The difficulty of the task was only to be equalled by the success with which he performed it. The experiments by which he educed the physical facts which are the basis of his laws, and the mathematical theory by which

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which he embraced and satisfied every observation upon record, are worthy of each other. Nay, by a simple hypothesis he brought under his principle all the mutual actions between currents and magnets, and of magnets on each other. Few more striking specimens of applied mathematics could be named, still fewer persons who have combined in such an eminent degree the physical discoverer and the geometrician.

Ampère was forty-five when he commenced his electrical researches, and they did not continue to absorb him for more than three years. They are the only three years of his life which can be said to have left any material trace upon science. With such an example of what his fine genius and mental activity could effect when employed upon a fruitful theme, he turned aside from his brilliant career to expend his strength upon a classification of all the departments of human knowledge. This is a task which has engaged several master minds, but which has ceased, we believe, to have the slightest utility. The different departments of study touch and intermingle at so many points, that to avoid anomalies is impossible; but the arrangement which has grown up naturally with the extension of research and the progress of discovery is adapted to the practical purposes of mankind, and is probably as convenient as any other which could be devised. If a scheme could be contrived which was more theoretically perfect, habit would prevail to preserve the distinctions already established. But, in fact, every proposal for remodelling the existing divisions has been found to be open to a hundred objections, and the attempt of Ampère is no exception to the rule. The futility of his undertaking is shown in the result. It has not had, and is never likely to have, the faintest effect in producing a redistribution of the streams into which the great ocean of facts and speculations has long been permitted to run. It is mournful to think that he who was eminently gifted with a capacity for extending the wide realms of knowledge should have wasted years of life in the vain effort to classify the knowledge already secured; that he should have exhausted his powerful mind in vexing thought upon the number of heaps into which the accumulated stores should be sorted, upon the order in which they should follow, and upon whether some particular should be assigned to this heap or that. Yet he could do nothing which did not afford an additional though superfluous proof of the vast extent and profundity of his acquirements. 'His chemical classifications,' says M. Arago, 'show the singular fact, that during one of the latest revolutions of the science, Ampère—the geometrician Ampère—was always right even when his opinions were opposed to those of almost all the chemists in the world.'

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It was the inevitable result of the avidity with which Ampère engaged in a pursuit, that this excess of action should be followed by reaction—that repletion should give rise to satiety. A steadier pace could have been longer sustained; but he ran himself out of breath till he was unable to take one single step forward. He printed a treatise on the Differential and Integral Calculus, which was entirely finished with the exception of the title-page and table of contents. Here he paused exhausted. Not all the solicitations of the bookseller could induce him to make the slight mechanical exertion which was necessary to furnish the work with these usual accompaniments, and in this imperfect state it was published. Coleridge's want of 'finger-industry' to write down a few poems which he had repeated aloud, for which he had been paid, and the delay in providing which drove him day after day to feign humiliating excuses, is not more extraordinary. On the death of Fresnel in 1827, some members of the Academy entreated Ampère to assume his mantle and carry forward the researches on light. They pointed out to him the resources he would find in his subtle genius, the services he would render, the renown he would acquire; but he answered in a tone of the utmost distress that it was beyond his power to attempt it, since it would compel him to read two papers of M. Poisson on the theory of waves. The infirmity increased with years. He who had devoured the Encyclopædia, in twenty volumes folio, suffered his books to remain uncut, and if he chanced to look into them, tore open the leaf with his fingers. He had exhausted interest by the vehemence of his universal tastes, and apathy now succeeded to curiosity. His classification of knowledge was the sole study which interested him, as a man who had spent all his days in travelling might like to gaze upon the map of the countries he had traversed after he had lost the wish to travel any more. He was filled with sadness when he contrasted what he had accomplished with what he might have done, and the mournful tenor of his days was pathetically expressed by the epitaph which he desired might be engraved upon his tomb—*tandem felix.*

The nature of his professional employment, that of Inspector-General of the University, added to his chagrin. No man can be easy in a situation to which he is unequal, even though his incapacity arises from his being above his work instead of below it. He had to supervise the expenditure of the principal colleges, and was ignorant of the most ordinary matters of household economy. He had to go from town to town to examine boys in the rules of arithmetic and the elements of Latin when his own mind was engaged at the extremest end instead of with the rudiments of knowledge. A habit he had of naming his conceptions from the

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the place where they originated, afforded, as M. Arago remarks, an evidence that he was elaborating them to the detriment of his duties, when we find them bearing such titles as the theory of Avignon, the demonstration of Grenoble, the proposition of Marseilles, the theorem of Montpellier. He had to make returns of the blunders committed by the pupils at their examination, as well as of the bedding, furniture, and provisioning of the boarding-schools; though such was his disgust of anything like the functions of a clerk that it extorted from him the declaration that 'to sit immoveable before a table with a pen in his hand was the most painful, the most repulsive of trades.' It is true that these returns were never made, but they were incessantly demanded, and he passed his time in a wretched conflict between the paralysing aversion to furnishing them and the uneasiness of having to face the clamorous applications produced by his neglect. The irritation excited by a task which in itself was unsuited to him, the sense that he was squandering on inferior objects the time which was designed for higher purposes, the self-dissatisfaction of feeling that his work was not performed after all, combined to render this preferment one of the calamities of his life; but M. Arago tells us that his family, his beneficence, his philosophical apparatus, and his habit of re-modelling his works while they were passing through the press, involved him in expenses which compelled him to bear the yoke for the sake of the recompense.

His health had its share in depressing his spirits. So indefatigable a student required repose and recreation; and though, upon the entreaties of his friends, he would lay aside his pen or his book, he spent too much of his time in solitary meditation. His intimates, to distract his thoughts, endeavoured to prevail upon him to accompany them to the *Comédie-Française*, and knowing that he had religious scruples on the subject, they told him of a lady of the court of Louis XIV., who, on asking her confessor if it was wrong for her to go to the theatre, received for answer, 'It is for *you* to tell *me*.' He was struck with the remark, and seemed inclined to yield, but, remembering that the action, if it did no injury to himself, would at any rate wound the pious persons with whom he was associated, he boldly held his ground. M. Arago is, we suspect, mistaken in supposing that, if they had succeeded, they would have effected a permanent diversion. The life-long habits of the philosopher would have proved too strong for the players. There could hardly have been a more enthusiastic lover of the drama than Poisson. In the needy period of his youth he dined once in ten days with a relative at Paris, and on another day in the ten he ate nothing but dry bread, that with the price of these two dinners he might go

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to the theatre. Yet when he was fairly embarked in his mathematical researches he either ceased to attend it, or it failed to afford him the needful relaxation. 'He passed the day,' we quote from M. Libri, 'shut up in his study, without admitting any one on any pretext whatever. There, from ten in the morning till six in the evening, he was occupied unintermittingly with his scientific researches. Then he dined, and in the evening, if he had no proofs to correct, he loved to play with his children and converse with his friends. This uniform, laborious life, this continual toil of the mind in a body which he condemned to complete immobility, ended, in spite of his robust constitution, in undermining his health.' His family, his friends, his physician, all remonstrated, but in vain. He was in the habit of saying that life was only good for two things—'to write mathematics and to teach them,' and he would not accept an existence that was to be purchased by abstinence from his favourite study. The feelings of Ampère, even in his least active days, would have been in spirit the same. He would never have permitted a serious inroad to be made upon his habitual course; and it is more than likely, with a man so given to abstraction, that the sole result of enticing him to the theatre would have been, that to the theories of Avignon, Grenoble, and Marseilles, would have been added the theory of the *Comédie-Française.*

His closing days showed this portion of his character in the strongest light. He set out, sick and suffering, on a tour of inspection, the 17th of May, 1836. When he arrived at Lyons, his friend M. Bredin, seeing that his feeble body and violent cough required total silence and repose, endeavoured to put aside a discussion which Ampère desired to raise upon some proposed changes in the second volume of the Essay on the Philosophy and Classification of the Sciences. 'My health! my health!' he exclaimed, with vehemence, 'much this has to do with my health! The only question between us here is of eternal truths!' He plunged at once into the development of the subtle bonds which unite the different sciences, and proceeded from thence to a review of all the men past and present who had been the scourge or the benefactors of their species. The improvement of mankind was one of his favourite themes, and everything which promised it had the utmost interest for him. Nor did he bound his views to his own generation. With that mania which possessed him for fathoming depths which were unfathomable, he concerned himself as much 'with what was to happen three hundred years hence as with the events which were passing under his eyes.' He continued to harangue M. Bredin on this high argument for upwards of an hour, when he was completely exhausted

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hausted by the effort. On reaching Marseilles his illness compelled him to halt. A slight amendment was at first apparent. 'His age, not very advanced, was also,' continues M. Arago, 'a ground for hope. They did not remember that Ampère might have said, with the Dutch painter Van Overbeck, "Reckon double, gentlemen, reckon double, for I have lived day and night."' He himself was conscious that his glass had nearly run out. When the priest addressed to him pious exhortations, he answered, 'Thank you; before I started from Paris I had fulfilled all my Christian duties.' He had been brought up religiously by his mother; he had been a diligent reader of the Bible and the Fathers; and although during the political convulsions which disturbed his country his faith was troubled for a brief interval through the depression of feeling occasioned by these events, he yet never lost his footing, but, when the wave had broken over him, he was left standing firm upon the rock. This consolation did not forsake him in the final hour. His calmness and placidity astonished his friends who were accustomed to the warmth and vehemence of his character. The last words he spoke add one more proof to the hundreds which exist of the prodigious extent of his reading and memory. A functionary of the College commenced reciting, in a low voice, some passages from the Imitation of Thomas à Kempis, and Ampère stopped him to observe that 'he knew the book by heart!' 'On the 10th of June, 1836,' says M. Arago, 'at five in the morning, our illustrious colleague, yielding to the repeated blows of sixty years of physical and moral suffering, finished dying—according to the beautiful expression of Buffon—rather than finished to live.' *Tandem felix.* He was happy at last.

However inadequately our sketch of Ampère may reflect the merit of M. Arago's biography, it may serve to indicate the sort of interest with which his work abounds in addition to those qualities of scientific exposition in which he so greatly excelled. The career indeed of many of his heroes, though not superior in instruction, was more stirring and eventful. One academician, he remarks, did not differ formerly from another academician, except by the number, the nature, and the splendour of his discoveries. The political storms which distracted France for more than sixty years, had drawn these learned recluses into the vortex, and broken in upon that old-fashioned uniformity of existence which rendered the lives of philosophers as monotonous in the relation as they were peaceful in their passage. It has been M. Arago's fortune to have to commemorate several of the eminent men who played a twofold part; and, if the inference to be drawn in some cases is that great philosophers may be very bad

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bad politicians, and in all that those who deviate from their allegiance to their true mistress make a poor exchange when they resign the sweets of calm contemplation for civil turbulence, the narrative, it must be confessed, which contains the record is rendered more exciting by the intermixture of action with the still picture of studious life.

The Biographies of the 'Philosophers of the time of George III.,' by Lord Brougham, are much better known in this country than the *éloges* of M. Arago, and it is the less necessary to enter into a detailed discussion of them. They form the opening volume of a collected edition of the critical, historical, and miscellaneous works of their illustrious author, of which three volumes have already appeared. Not only will a large part of his productions be now brought together for the first time, but the entire series has been newly revised, and very extensive and important additions have been made in every department. Many of the biographies are sketches from personal knowledge of the great men with whom he has lived; many of the speeches must always be ranked with the very finest specimens of English eloquence; many of the treatises and articles are essential to a full understanding of the social and political history of the age in which he has been so prominent an actor; and though he must often carry us here into debateable questions, the liquid lava has cooled with time, and we may tread, with the calmness of philosophic inquirers, the ground which was once alive with the heat and passions of the hour. Our business is at present with the portion in which, happily, the discordant voice of party is seldom heard, and where our homage to genius runs no risk of being disturbed by our dissent from its conclusions.

The 'Lives of the Philosophers of the time of George III.' were not intended to include the whole of the men of science who flourished during that protracted reign. Only two Frenchmen find a place in the volume—Lavoisier and D'Alembert; and one distinguished Englishman—Sir William Herschel—is omitted, who would be eminently entitled to a prominent place in a complete gallery. But Lord Brougham has mainly fixed his attention upon the discoverers with whom he had himself been associated, or whose course of study coincided with his own. He was, in his youth, a pupil of the famous Dr. Black, the founder of the modern school of chemistry; and his desire to vindicate the fame of his master, in some respects deprived of his just renown, was a motive, in addition to their intrinsic importance, for dilating upon the works of this distinguished man. Indeed, Lord Brougham has dwelt so fully and fondly upon the cultivators of Black's department of science, that we only do not regret our

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want of space to follow him through the enticing history of Priestley, Cavendish, Davy, and others, because we trust that it will be read in its integrity in his own volume. To his ardent love, again, of mathematics is due the account of the life of D'Alembert and of the great improvements he introduced into the modern analysis. Genius is always attracted to the points which promise to reward its exertions, and the instrument invented by Newton and Leibnitz received shortly afterwards a wonderful development from Euler, Clairaut, and the celebrated man who is the central figure in Lord Brougham's sketch.

The examples of Porisms, which the noble author had furnished from the higher mathematics in a paper read before the Royal Society in 1797, when he was only nineteen, have doubtless contributed to the interest he shows in the restoration by Robert Simson of this curious branch of the Greek geometry. The only guide to the subject was a brief and obscure account by Pappus, the text of which was incurably corrupt. There is an anecdote current of Newton, that when he was asked how he found out the law of gravitation, he answered, By thinking of it. Such is the history of nearly every great discovery. The idea may dawn in an instant upon the mind, but it is a dawn which only visits those who have the patience to watch through the night. Such was the case with Simson with regard to the Porisms. Halley had retired baffled from the attempt to divine their nature; and Fermat, whose labours were unknown to the Scotch geometrician, had alone caught a glimpse of the truth. 'Simson,' to quote the narrative of Lord Brougham, 'lost his rest in the anxiety of the inquiry; sleep forsook his couch, his appetite was gone, his health was wholly shaken, he was compelled to give over the pursuit. "He was obliged," he says, "to resolve steadily that he never more should touch the subject, and, as often as it came upon him, he drove it away from his thoughts." It happened, however, about the month of April, 1722, that while walking on the banks of the Clyde with some friends, he had fallen behind the company, and, musing alone, the rejected topic found access to his mind. After some time a sudden light broke in upon him. He eagerly drew a figure on the stump of a neighbouring tree with a piece of chalk. He was wont in later life to show the spot on which the tree, long since decayed, had stood. If peradventure it had been preserved, the frequent lover of Greek geometry would have been seen making his pilgrimage to a spot consecrated by such touching recollections.' Of all the pleasures which result from the exercise of the understanding, there is none to be compared with the delight which fills the whole being of the philosopher who attains to the object of his research. The story of Archimedes, be it true or false,

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jumping suddenly out of his bath, and running about naked, exclaiming, 'I have found it,' when he divined the method for detecting whether the golden crown had been debased by alloy, is a type of the emotion which thrills through those whose scientific investigations are rewarded with success. Gay-Lussac wore *sabots* over his shoes to protect his feet from the damp of his laboratory, and, notwithstanding his tranquil temperament, his pupils had seen him thus shod dancing with joy at some discovery he had made. Everybody is familiar with the tradition that when Newton found the figures coming true which proved the correctness of his law of gravitation, his agitation was so great that he was obliged to ask a friend to complete the computation. The gratification is as pure as it is lively, of which there can be no stronger proof than the sentiment which accompanies it in religious minds like that of Simson, who, on entering the date of any discovery among his memoranda, usually subjoined a *Deo* or *Christo laus*. It shows that to those who have not abjured every form of faith, there is an elevation in facts of this description which inevitably leads their cultivators from Nature up to Nature's God.

An interest attaches with every person of ordinary education to the name of Simson, from his admirable edition of the 'Elements of Euclid,' a work which cost him nine years of labour. He was born in 1687 and died in 1768, in his eighty-first year. His long, tranquil, and amiable life appears to have been governed by the rigid rules of the mathematics, which were the business and solace of his existence. He regulated his exercise by the number of paces, and after exchanging greetings with any acquaintance whom he met in his walks, he might be heard continuing the enumeration as he moved away. His absence of mind would have kept Ampère in countenance, and satisfied the sceptics of the reality of the propensity, though he differed from the Frenchman in being particularly methodical in his transaction of business. The anecdotes which Lord Brougham has recovered of Adam Smith show that he too was liable to fits of abstraction which rendered him insensible to everything around him. At a dinner at Dalkeith he was animadverting upon the character of a statesman of the day, when observing his nearest relative at the table, he suddenly stopped. He speedily passed from open conversation into a fit of musing, and was heard muttering to himself, 'De'il care, de'il care, it's all true.' In walking through the streets of Edinburgh, his hands behind him and his head in the air, he knocked against the passengers, and on one occasion overturned a stall, without the slightest consciousness of what he had done. 'Heigh, Sirs,' said a female worthy in the Fishmarket, who took him

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him for an absolute lunatic, 'to let the like of him be about! And yet he's weel eneugh put on' (dressed).

Simson, like Ampère, had his theorems of Avignon. He attended a club which dined together on Saturdays at Anderston, a suburb of Glasgow, and many of his solutions have attached to them the name of this place. They had burst upon him in the meditative moods which overtook him in his festive hours. He was fond of relieving his studies in an evening with a game at whist, a habit which was practised by Poisson, and which is serviceable to deep thinkers by affording that gentle excitement which distracts the over-wrought mind from its habitual reflections. An unskilful partner disturbed the serenity of Simson's enjoyment, who felt like the person who said that it was very embarrassing to have to play against three. He had another recreation in his fondness for music. His ear and voice were both good, and he would sing Greek and Latin verse to a modern air. Professor Robison saw the tears stand in his eyes as he sung a hymn with devotional rapture in the latter of these languages to the Divine Geometer.

Lord Brougham animadverts upon the erroneous opinion that mathematics have a tendency to render the feelings obtuse. Simson, the whole of whose days was passed in the pursuit of them, is one instance, among hundreds, of the injustice of the imputation. A pigeon, pursued by a hawk, flew into his bosom as he was walking in the College garden. A gentleman present exclaimed, 'Throw it to the hawk;' and such was the impulse of indignation which rose up in the geometrician at the brutality of the speech, that he immediately knocked the offender down. The gentleman protested that he had spoken in jest, and Simson apologised; but the act shows how deeply his heart was moved by any suggestion of cruelty, and with what spirit he resented it. The prince of philosophers was remarkable for a kindred gentleness. He considered it criminal to take sport in the hunting or shooting of animals, and when one of his nephews was commended in his hearing, Sir Isaac Newton objected to him 'that he loved killing of birds.' Another eminent mathematician, Condorcet, who was thought to be singularly heartless, but who was more correctly termed by D'Alembert a volcano covered with snow, addressed these parting words to his daughter the day before his tragic death: 'Preserve, my dear child, in all its purity the sentiment which makes us sympathise with the sorrows of every sensitive creature. Do not confine it to the sufferings of man; let your humanity extend to animals; do not make unhappy those which belong to you; do not disdain to attend to their comfort; be not indifferent to their gratitude, and never put them to needless pain.'

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There is no more delightful portion of Lord Brougham's work than his entire account of the gain to be derived from the study of mathematics and science. Their subservience to the arts of life he justly maintains to be only a secondary benefit. The primary object is the charm which arises from the contemplation of truth. Nature itself gives the lie to the utilitarian school; the lily arrayed in a glory greater than that of Solomon is a rebuke to him whose estimate of the value of every discovery is by the amount of what it furnishes to eat, drink, and put on. When all that can contribute to the comfort of the body has been realised, when our houses have reached the utmost pitch of convenience, when food and clothing can no longer be rendered either cheaper or more luxurious, when our railroads have attained their topmost speed, the mind of man still remains his superior part, and it cannot be the goal of its progress that it should find its highest felicity in well-contrived apartments, in the savouriness of dishes, in rapidity of movement, and in the fabric and cut of a coat. It is manifest that there must be something nobler than these physical results; or, in other words, the abstract truth, as Lord Brougham has demonstrated, is to be rated much above its sensual consequences.

Where the practical effects are the ultimate end of a study, as in the profession of medicine, the satisfaction derived from the calling is enormously increased by pursuing it as a science. Lord Brougham specifies as a particular source of philosophical pleasure the tracing the unexpected relations of things where there is no seeming resemblance, and the noting the diversity of those apparently similar. The physician, who has constantly to tell from external indications what is passing within the body, has for ever to rely upon his power of distinguishing causes by their effects where, to ordinary observers, there is no visible connexion. 'He did not,' says Cuvier, speaking of Corvisart, 'pay attention only to the pains of the patient, his pulse and his breathing. A painter could not distinguish better the shades of colours, nor musicians all the qualities of sounds. The least alteration in the complexion, in the colour of the eyes or the lips, in the various intonations of the voice, and in the muscles of the face, attracted his notice. The innumerable *post-mortem* examinations he had made enabled him to detect the correspondence between the most trivial outward signs and the inward disease. It is said that he could tell the complaint of a person who had been brought into the hospital while he was several beds off.' Tenon had adopted methods which were in spirit the same, though the symptoms which guided him were, perhaps, in many respects different. 'He had studied deeply'—it is Cuvier again who speaks—'the

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'the relations of organs, which often enabled him to perceive a mutual action between the parts which were most remote. This gave a peculiar turn to his practice; he surprised his patients by the most unexpected questions and advice, looking at the gums or the nails when a person consulted him about his chest, ordering purgatives for a pain in the knee, and often thus affording a relief which was almost miraculous. A lady of my acquaintance consulted him one day for a pain in the jaw. He began by asking her if her husband had not the gout, and treated her accordingly.' Nobody can doubt that besides the gratification derived by these eminent practitioners from their superior professional success, they must have found endless delight in tracing the relations which were the foundation of their art; that every fresh discovery was a new pleasure, and hardly less so every additional exemplification of the laws they had already established; that their calling was by this means converted from a laborious routine into a study replete with intellectual interest, and from which they derived incomparably greater happiness than from all the fame and pecuniary rewards which were the results.

The fascination of mathematics is at least beyond question, for we have the testimony of its followers to prove it. Lord Brougham asserts that no pursuit is so beguiling, or makes us so insensible to the lapse of time. 'The sun,' he says, speaking evidently from his own experience, 'goes down unperceived, and the night wanes afterwards, till he again rises upon our labours.' Sir Isaac Newton forgot the ordinary cravings of nature, and omitted to dine. D'Alembert, who thought less continuously and intently, thus describes his sensations: 'I awoke every morning to look back, with a feeling of gladness in my heart, on the investigation which I had begun over-night, and exulting in the prospect of continuing it to the result as soon as I rose. When I stopped my operations for a few moments to rest myself, I used to look forward to the evening when I should go to the theatre and enjoy another kind of treat, but also aware that between the acts I should be thinking on the greater treat my next morning's work was to afford me.' Lord Brougham dwells upon the power of mathematics to keep the mind tranquil, to divert attention in sorrow when nothing else is sufficient to turn the current of the thoughts, and to wean from drinking or gambling. It is not the least of their advantages that they continue to retain their hold upon their cultivators, however much they may have been intermitted during the pressure of a busy profession; and of this he himself is a signal example. After a life spent in the exciting conflicts of the senate and the forum, in which he above all men was conspicuous for impetuous energy, he was no sooner able to command a season of comparative leisure than we

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we find him resorting for employment to the 'Principia' of Newton, and rendering its embarrassing conciseness into easy mathematics for the benefit of those who are unable to follow the abbreviated reasoning of the original.

It was indeed in the very midst of Mr. Brougham's political career that he made leisure to write one of his most admirable productions, the 'Discourse on the Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Science.' He has since contrasted in his 'Biography of Black' the impressions he received from the lectures of that eminent chemist, and those which he derived from the grand displays in which he was subsequently so distinguished a performer, as well as a spectator, in the House of Commons.

'I have heard the greatest understandings of the age giving forth their efforts in its most eloquent tongues—have heard the commanding periods of Pitt's majestic oratory—the vehemence of Fox's burning declamation—have followed the close-compacted chain of Grant's pure reasoning—been carried away by the mingled fancy, epigram, and argumentation of Plunket; but I should without hesitation prefer, for mere intellectual gratification (though aware how much of it is derived from association), to be once more allowed the privilege which I in those days enjoyed of being present while the first philosopher of his age was the historian of his own discoveries, and be an eye-witness of those experiments by which he had formerly made them, once more performed with his own hands.'

To this eloquent tribute to the supremacy of studies which elevate their votaries to almost more than mortal height, we will add the authority of the man who of all the persons of modern and, perhaps, of ancient times has played the most conspicuous part on the stage of the world. When Napoleon, then First Consul, was speaking of what he should have been if he had not become the victor of Marengo and the ruler of France, he declared it was science alone that could have satisfied his insatiable cravings for distinction. 'Do you think,' he said, 'if I was not general-in-chief and the instrument of the fate of a mighty nation, that I would have accepted office and dependence? No, no, I should have thrown myself into the study of the exact sciences. My path would have been the road of Galileo and Newton, and since I have always succeeded in my great enterprises, I should have highly distinguished myself also by my scientific labours. I should have left the memory of beautiful discoveries. No other glory would have tempted my ambition.' Nor was this a mere sentiment. Vanquished at Waterloo, he was meditating at Paris what course to adopt, and believed at first that he would be permitted to remove to America. He sent for his old friend Monge and communicated the scheme. 'To

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'To have nothing to do would,' he said, 'be to me the most cruel of tortures. Condemned no longer to command armies, I see nothing except the sciences which could take a strong hold upon my mind. To learn what others have done would not suffice. I wish in this new career to leave works and discoveries which will be worthy of me. I must have a companion to initiate me rapidly at the outset into the actual state of the sciences. Then we shall traverse together the new continent from Canada to Cape Horn, and in this immense journey we shall study all the great physical phenomena of the globe upon which the world has not yet pronounced.' It was to find him such a companion that he had summoned Monge. He intended to pursue science with the same dashing impetuosity with which he had been accustomed to make war. His insisting that he must be placed at once upon the boundary line of knowledge without the tedium of introductory studies, his eagerness to win distinction in the career and extend the dominions of natural philosophy, the vast extent of the region over which he designed to carry his survey, the hurried movements he contemplated, and his unhesitating confidence in the result, are all eminently characteristic. With his usual sagacity he had selected the single province in which his penetrating genius could have dispensed with the patience which he did not possess and which these studies demand; but whether success or failure had attended the experiment, he has left to the world a striking testimony to the pre-eminent grandeur and fascination of science, which may tempt many who are dazzled by more glaring pursuits to look with increased respect upon the wanderers in its Elysian fields, or better still to join the band and share their pleasures and privileges.

ART. VIII.—*Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox.* Edited by Lord John Russell. Vols. I. and II. London, 1853.

THE time has perhaps arrived when Englishmen may regard, not indeed without predilections, but freed from such passions as forbid a calm survey of the grounds on which those predilections have been formed, the characters of men who commanded the confidence or excited the dread of our contending grandsires. Political interests are invested in new combinations of party,—from the eternal problems of civilisation new corollaries are drawn, since Fox identified his name with the cause of popular freedom, and Pitt was hailed as the representative of social order.

Statesmen

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Statesmen are valued while living, less according to the degree of their intellect than to its felicitous application to the public exigencies, or the prevalent opinions. Time, like law, admits no excuse for the man who misunderstands it. Hence, in our estimate of contemporaries, we pass with abrupt versatility from one extreme to the other: '*Mors ultima linea rerum est*'—death must determine the vanishing point in the picture before we can estimate the relative size of each object expressed on the canvas.

In examining the Memorials and Correspondence of Mr. Fox, recently edited by the most distinguished of his surviving disciples, our eye often turns from the prominent hero to linger where an opening in the group that surrounds him vouchsafes a glimpse of his lofty antagonist; and strange does it seem to us that so much in the character and career of Mr. Pitt has been left to the mercy of commentators, who could not fail to misinterpret the one from the hostility they professed to the other. In securing from future ages an impartial judgment, Mr. Fox has this striking advantage, that, perhaps less than any of our great public men, do his actions need the investigation of latent causes, or his idiosyncracies require much skill in analysis or extensive acquaintance with mankind. It was his notable attribute to lay himself open on all sides, whether to applause or to reproach. And thus, while, on the one hand, his familiar letters render yet more transparent his amiable and winning qualities, and the graces of his cultivated and affluent genius, so on the other, they compel our attention the more to his signal defects as the leader of a party, or the councillor of a nation. But though in detail criticism may suggest remarks not without novelty or instruction, the salient attributes of the man, regarded as a whole, will remain the same: and the additional light thrown upon the portrait does not provoke the question whether or not it be placed at its proper height upon the wall. Far less clear to the discernment of the last age was the character of Pitt; and even in our day, men, wondering that genius should have been so long fortunate, have but little examined the properties and causes which made the fortune a necessary consequence of the genius. In the demeanour of Mr. Pitt, a certain stately reserve baffled the ordinary eye; in his political action there was a guiding tendency towards practical results, which is liable to misconstruction by the ordinary intelligence. It was his fate to incur, from his earliest manhood, those grave responsibilities which separate the minister charged with the destinies of a nation from the theorist in legislation, who, free to contend for what he deems good in the abstract, is not bound to consider how and when to effect it. Hence, so little was known of Mr. Pitt out of his

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his own chosen circle, in private, that Mr. Fox speaks of him 'as no scholar.' And few indeed among the supporters of the majestic minister, who cheered his awful irony or imperial declamation, could have believed that he had ever been the gayest of gay companions met to sup in the hostelry of Eastcheap, and vie with each other in apt quotations from Shakspeare. On the other hand, in his public character—so little have his true opinions been subjected to candid investigation, that he has been represented as an apostate from popular freedom and a champion of absolute rule; while Lord Holland would kindly mitigate his guilt as one or the other by the charitable assurance that Pitt had very few fixed principles at all. He has been accused of making war for the cause of the Bourbons; the Bourbons accused him of ignoring their cause altogether. He has been charged with prolonging the war to prop his selfish ambition almost at every hazard; while, fresh from the Malmesbury Correspondence, Lord Brougham invites us to notice how 'sincerely desirous he was of making peace with the French Directory almost at any price.' According to Mr. Macaulay, Pitt was a wretched financier; while Lord John Russell laments that no junction between Fox and Pitt allowed the nation to see 'the one adorning and advising his country in foreign affairs, the other applying to the management of our finances the economical principles of Smith and the wise frugality of Sully.' It may well be worth while to re-examine a character thus carelessly rated, thus ill comprehended, and to ascertain what really were those qualities which, in a time unparalleled for the grandeur of its public men, raised Mr. Pitt to a power pre-eminent over all. And, although there is no great general analogy between the circumstances that now surround us or the dangers that threaten, and the stormier attributes of the time in which Mr. Pitt achieved his fame, still in the prosecution of a war in which great blunders have been committed and lofty reputations have fallen into obloquy and odium—suggestions not without their value may arise from the contemplation of a character which inspired the public confidence in proportion to the degree of the public peril.

William Pitt, the second son of Lord Chatham, was born on the 28th of May, 1759. Like his great rival Mr. Fox, and unlike great men in general, his childhood was remarkable for precocity of intellect. Of his two brothers, one was destined to the army, the other to the navy. William was selected for the career of the bar and the senate. From the age of six to fourteen, educated at home under the eye of Lord Chatham, all his faculties were trained towards development in public life. During those eight years the popularity of the elder Pitt had rapidly declined. The great com-

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moner had passed to the House of Lords. He had formed that motley and feeble cabinet, made familiar to posterity by the exquisite satire of Burke, to which he had contributed nothing save his name, in the defence of which, to borrow Chesterfield's brief definition, 'he was only Earl of Chatham and no longer Mr. Pitt,' and from which he altogether retired in 1768. Infirmity and disease grew upon him. He was much confined to his room. He had leisure to form the mind and inspire the ambition of his favourite son.

It was not only in scholastic studies that the grand old man encouraged the boy's natural eagerness to excel; it was not enough even in childhood to read and to remember. Lord Chatham early instilled those two habits of mind which call from the inert materials of learning the active uses of purpose, the reproductive vitality of original deductions,—the habits to observe and to reflect. He led the young student to talk openly and boldly upon every subject, and to collate his first impressions with a statesman's practical experience. The exceeding tenderness which the great Earl, so imperious in public life, exhibited to his son, appears in the letters Lord Chatham addressed to William at the early age of fourteen. They have all the playful kindliness of feeling, all the yearning affection of a mother's—with just enough of the father's unconscious greatness, to sustain masculine ambition, and animate the sense of duty, not by dry admonitions but by hopeful praise: 'Your race of manly virtue (he writes to this boy of fourteen) is now begun, and may the favour of Heaven smile upon the noble career. How happy, my loved boy, is it that your mamma and I can tell ourselves there is at Cambridge *one* without a beard, and all the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say, "This is a man!"'

Such words, and from such a parent, might not only stimulate all the energies of a generous son, but they serve, perhaps, to account for that remarkable conviction in his own powers, that firm quality of self-esteem so necessary in public life, which from first to last was the distinctive peculiarity of William Pitt. Nor was it only by this wise familiarity of conversation and intercourse that Lord Chatham mechanically educated his son towards the adoption of his own career. He accustomed the boy to recite aloud, and, no doubt, took occasion to inculcate those arts of oratory so difficult to acquire in later life—the distinctness of elocution, the modulated change of voice, the bye-play of look and of gesture, in which Lord Chatham himself was the most accomplished master of modern times. It was, perhaps, the conviction that the arts of oratory are closely akin to those of

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of the stage that led Lord Chatham to encourage William before he went to the University, not only to write a play in verse, but to take a part in its performance. Yet more useful, perhaps, than the performance of the play was its composition in verse. Rarely, indeed, has it happened that an eminent orator has obtained distinction as a poet; but rarely also has it happened that an eminent orator has not indulged in verse-making. No other study leads to the same choiceness of selection in words, or enforces the same necessity to condense thought into a compact compass. Bolingbroke, Chatham, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, Canning—all made verses at one time of their lives, though Sheridan and Canning alone, of that immortal seven, have left us cause to regret that they did not cultivate in verse any uses not rigidly confined to the embellishment of prose. Nor did Lord Chatham neglect to exercise an influence over the direction of William's graver studies. The Earl prudently, indeed, left to professional teachers the legitimate routine in the classic authors, but he made it his particular desire that Thucydides, the eternal manual of statesmen, should be the first Greek book which his son read after coming to college; 'the only other wish,' says Bishop Tomline (William's college preceptor) 'ever expressed by his Lordship relative to Mr. Pitt's studies was, that I would read Polybius with him.' But to William himself Lord Chatham's literary recommendations were less restricted, and they directed him to the study not only of the historical and political masterpieces of England, but also of the logical arrangement and decorous eloquence which characterise the literature of the national Church. The sermons of Barrow especially seemed to Lord Chatham 'admirably calculated to furnish the *copia verborum*.'*

In 1773, when little more than fourteen, William went to Pembroke Hall, in the University of Cambridge. It was, perhaps, an advantage to his moral habits, and to his undivided attention to study, that he was so much younger than his contemporaries. A boy of fourteen could scarcely participate in the pleasures that allure the young men from eighteen to twenty. Even then, however, his tutor tells 'that his manners were formed and his behaviour manly.' His conversational powers were

* Barrow's amplitude of style is not unfrequently discernible in Pitt. But Barrow's more poetical attributes—his bursts of passionate fervour—his glowing use of personification—his felicity in adapting high thoughts to sonorous expressions, appear more congenial to Chatham's style of eloquence than that of his son. There are parts in Barrow which we could well fancy Chatham to have spoken. For instance, the sublime passage beginning, 'Charity is a right noble and worthy thing,' &c.

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already considerable, and his range of study was singularly wide and comprehensive. Even then, too, his habits indicated the bias of the future orator. The barber who attended him, on approaching the oak door, frequently overheard him declaiming to himself within; and at a yet earlier age he had been accustomed to listen to the debates in the House of Commons, and repeat to his father the general purport of the arguments on either side. A severe illness attacked him soon after his entrance at the University, and much interfered with his residence during the first three years, but does not seem to have greatly interrupted his educational progress. There were these remarkable characteristics both in the quality of his learning and the mind that was applied to it. Although not fond of composition in the dead languages, nor ever attaining to that perfection in the elegant pastime of adapting modern thoughts to ancient tongues, which is the favourite Academical test of scholarship, he yet devoted especial and minute care to detect the differences of style in the classic authors; and we are told by his tutor that 'his diligent application to Greek literature had rendered the knowledge of that language so correct and extensive that if a play of Menander or Æschylus, or an ode of Pindar, had been suddenly found, he would have understood it as soon as any professed scholar.'

Lord Wellesley confirms this authority by his own, which carries with it more weight. That indisputable scholar, whose classical compositions may bear no disparaging comparison with Milton's and Gray's, says of Pitt, in maturer life, 'He was perfectly accomplished in classical literature, both Latin and Greek.' . . . 'With astonishing facility he applied the whole spirit of ancient learning to his daily use.' Lord Grenville has often declared that 'Mr. Pitt was the best Greek scholar he ever conversed with.' Yet he had not habituated himself in boyhood to construe classical authors in the ordinary way, viz., literally, and word by word, 'but read several sentences in the original, and then gave the translation of them, interpreting with almost intuitive quickness the most difficult passages in the most difficult author;' a peculiarity which evinces the tendency to generalise and express details by the comprehension of the whole, rather than arrive more slowly at the whole through the detached examination of details. Thus his observation was searching and careful; but it was more directed to essentials than minutiæ. He took great pleasure in philological disquisitions and the true niceties of language; little pleasure in the lesser exercise of acuteness, that would amend a trivial error in a doubtful text;—great pleasure in studying the peculiar means by which poets obtain effect in expression; little pleasure in ana-

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lysing the laws of the metre they employed. His mind, in short, was critical only so far as criticism was necessary to the object in view; and in the tastes of his studious boyhood he evinced that preference to the Practical, that strong seizure of some definite purpose, in which are to be found the main secret of his after greatness, and of some of the defects and failings with which that greatness was inseparably blended. He acquired what would now be called but an elementary knowledge of mathematics and natural philosophy. His tutor, indeed, thinks that he would have made a wonderful progress in pure mathematics, had his inclination to that abstruse science been indulged. This we venture to doubt. No test of the capacities requisite for mastery in the more recondite regions of abstract philosophy is established by a readiness in the solution of elementary problems. There are few logical minds which the clear deductions of Euclid do not strengthen and delight. But for achievements in science, as the minute investigator, the subtle discoverer, we apprehend that qualities are required the very opposite of those which in William Pitt shunned all results that were not broad and palpable—employed genius to heighten and adorn the robust substance of common sense, and by adherence to reasonings the most familiar, or appeal to passions the most elementary—convinced the plain understanding of a popular assembly, and commanded the heart of a free nation, which a similar policy on certain measures adopted by a minister who had philosophized more, and felt less, would have driven into terrible revolt.

William Pitt went just so far into mathematics and natural science as fitted him the better for active life, and went no farther. He said himself, and truly, 'that he found their uses later, not merely from the actual knowledge conveyed, but rather from the habit of close attention and patient investigation.' So also in metaphysics. He seems to have contented himself with a thorough knowledge of Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' of which he formed a complete and correct analysis. 'He indicated no inclination to carry his metaphysical studies farther.' In other words, it was the nature of his mind to adopt such studies as could collaterally serve the vocation of an accomplished statesman; to halt from those studies where they deviated into directions in which they would naturally demand the whole man; and out of all researches to select by preference those which would furnish the largest outlines of valuable ideas to the use of an intellect rather simple than refining; rather positive than subtle; rather grasping at Truth where she emerged into the open space than stealing through the labyrinth to surprise her in her cell. We must be pardoned for these references

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to certain points in the earlier education and tendencies of this famous man, which may seem too familiar to reiterate; since our readers may thus arrive at perceptions into the nature of his general intellect which do not seem to have been suggested to his biographers.

Thus trained and prepared William Pitt entered into life—too soon his own master. He had attained the age of nineteen when his father died. In 1780 he was called to the Bar, and went the Western Circuit. In the same year he lost his eldest sister, Lady Mahon, and his brother James, of whom he says, in a letter to his former tutor, 'he had everything that was most desirable and promising—every thing that I could love and admire; and I feel the favourite hope of my mind extinguished by this untimely blow. Let me, however (he adds), assure you that I am too tried in affliction not to be able to support myself under it.' Whether from the desire to distract his thoughts from such causes for grief, or from the native buoyancy of spirit which belongs to genius in youth, it was in the winter of that year that we find him supping nightly at Goosetree's club, more amusing than professed wits, entering with energy into the different amusements of gay companions, and displaying intense earnestness in games of chance. Of these last, however, 'he perceived,' says Wilberforce, 'the increasing fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them for ever.' Indeed in the January of 1781, William Pitt, having unsuccessfully contested the University of Cambridge at the general election in the previous autumn, was returned to Parliament for the borough of Appleby, by the interest of Sir James Lowther, but at the request of the Duke of Rutland. From that date the ordeal of such temptations as beset the idleness of youth was past.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more gloomy combination of discredit and disaster—of dangers from without and within—than that which threatened Great Britain, when the son of Lord Chatham first entered the august assembly, in which his father had left many to divide his mantle, no one to claim his sceptre.

Abroad, the condition of our affairs was such as the boldest statesman might have contemplated with dismay. In America, a war that had become odious to the feelings, and humbling to the spirit of the English people, was slowly burning down into barren ashes; temporary successes inspired no exultation at home; a secret sentiment of their ultimate futility made the people echo the assertion of Fox, that Clinton's capture of Charlestown and Cornwallis's victory at Camden, 'were matters less to rejoice at than deplore.' Two years before, France had acknowledged the

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independence

independence of the American Colonies, and was now our declared foe. Her resources were then unknown; they were represented by our leading orators, and popularly believed to be, far beyond the power of British commerce and wealth to encounter. Turgot's wise warnings had been disregarded. Necker had enveloped the general finances of France in profound mystery, and the boldness of his loans concealed the exhaustion of his means. Here even the sagacity of Burke was deceived: misplaced indeed was the splendid panegyric he pronounced on the hollow expedients of the Genevese financier: 'Principle,' exclaimed the orator *nescius futuri*—'principle, method, regularity, economy, frugality, justice to individuals, and care of the people, are the resources with which France makes war upon Great Britain.'* Holland was already on the side of the Americans, and preparing to join France in the acknowledgment of their independence. Spain had arrayed against us fleets that excited more dread than her earlier Armada. In 1779 the island had been scared by a proclamation charging all officers, civil and military, in case of an invasion, to cause all horses, oxen, cattle, and provisions to be driven from the sea-coast to places of security; and had an enemy, in truth, set foot upon our shores, we possessed not, according to the assurance of the Secretary at War, a single General in whom the army could confide. 'I don't know,' said Lord North with his usual exquisite drollery, 'whether our Generals will frighten the enemy, but I know that they frighten me.' Meanwhile Gibraltar was besieged by forces greater than had ever before honoured a single stronghold. Russia, Denmark, and Sweden had entered into common treaties, constituting an armed neutrality, and maintaining a principle that forbade to belligerent powers the right of searching the vessels of neutral states, and involved the pregnant seeds of that actual hostility with England which Russia, at least, almost openly desired. We had not on the continent a single ally. Nor did we stand only against the great potentates of Europe; we stood against its public opinion, while we continued to sink in its respect for our power. In the contest with America we had neither the support of popular sympathy, nor the dignity of military success.

Not only our armies had been defeated, but our maritime power had been humbled. Hostile fleets had paraded their

* Burke lived to exclaim upon reading Necker's History of his own Administration, 'Ah, if the practice of the author had corresponded to his theory!' Wise was the reply that Burke received from Necker's apologist, and the distinction it implies should be remembered in our estimate of every genuine statesman: 'The theory depended on the author alone, the practice on all that was around, with, or against him.'

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flags before Plymouth: a miserable buccaneer, Paul Jones, had harried our Northern shores in a single frigate—insulted the Scottish coast with a descent—plundered an Earl's house with impunity—spiked the guns of Whitehaven fort—burned two vessels, and carried off 200 prisoners. Admirals were condemning the Admiralty, and dividing Parliament against each other. The Court was supposed to take part against its absent naval commander; and the acquittal of Keppel by the court-martial, to which Burke had attended him 'to witness his agony of glory,' had been followed by public illuminations—not more designed to honour the hero than to mortify his Sovereign. Naval successes indeed there were to chequer these ominous prospects, but the naval service itself was demoralized; Keppel, coldly re-appointed, refused to serve, other officers of distinction threw up their commissions, and a general mutiny in the great fleet assembled at Torbay was with difficulty appeased.

At home, trade was everywhere depressed; the public spirit, disheartened against the national enemies, transferred its wrath to the national rulers; monarchical institutions shook beneath the violence of party and the general discontent. Language that went to a length, which an ultra-radical now-a-days would call revolutionary, was held, not by the populace and their demagogues alone, it was thundered from the lips of peers—it lightened from the eloquence of sages. Burke's famous motion for Economical Reform had produced effects on the public mind far beyond what his sagacity foresaw, or his philosophy could approve. Economy, as is usual in times of distress, became connected with some constitutional change which should go to the root of the evils alleged. Public meetings inflamed the provinces; and so great a multitude had assembled at Westminster, that troops were drawn out and stationed in the immediate vicinity. In the midst of this excitement a motion, to the effect that the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished, was supported by the Speaker of the House of Commons, adopted with an immaterial amendment by the Government itself, and carried, thus amended, by a majority of eighteen. Very shortly afterwards, the Duke of Richmond introduced into the House of Lords a motion for annual parliaments, and a suffrage little less than universal; and as if to prove how unfit were the commonalty for the power thus proposed to accord to them—how faint would be the hope of enlightening the councils of the state, by transferring legislation to the wisdom of numbers—at that very period a madman was at the head of the mob, and the 'No Popery' riot of Lord George Gordon was raging through the streets. Members of the House of Commons were compelled

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by the *sans culottes*, whom a Duke would have elevated into voters, to put on blue cockades, and shout out 'No Popery'—the rabble were thundering at the doors of the House of Commons—in the lobby a lunatic was haranguing crowds, half fanatics half thieves—when the very motion for annual Parliaments in the Lords was interrupted by the roar of the multitude—and a motion, whether or not the peers should sally out in a body to rescue their fellows, was decided in the negative, for fear the mace that should symbolize their dignity should be stolen by the pious assemblage it would assuredly not have awed.

Such were the circumstances under which Parliament (prorogued July 8th) had been suddenly dissolved on the 1st of September, 1780, and that new Parliament assembled, in which Providence had selected the agent for the preservation of the English throne.

At this time Lord North's administration, still outwardly strong, was inwardly undermined. Lord North himself had long been impatiently anxious to retire, and only retained the seals at the urgent entreaties of the King. The main body of the Opposition comprised two parties, which, but for personal jealousies, would have easily amalgamated their political opinions—viz., firstly, the scattered remnants of Lord Chatham's more exclusive following, of whom Lord Shelburne was the chief representative in the Lords; Dunning and Col. Barré, the most influential organs in the Commons. Secondly, the Whigs, properly so called: formidable alike from their number and their union—the mass of property which they represented, and the parliamentary eloquence with which their opinions were enforced. Never did the Whigs, since the palmiest days of Walpole, stand so well with the people as towards the close of Lord North's administration. It was not only that they comprised the greatest houses and the loftiest names in that more powerful section of our Aristocracy, by the aid of which William III. had achieved his throne, and the House of Brunswick secured its ascendancy; but during their penance in opposition, the questions they had advocated had restored them to the popular favour, which the Newcastle administration had lost. They had outlived the national prejudice excited against them by their early resistance to the American war. The public were as hostile to the continuance, as they had been favourable to the commencement, of that luckless struggle. Burke's great orations—in which the zeal of the partisan took the imposing accents of patriotism guided by philosophy—had produced a powerful effect upon the more calm and reflective minds which lend authority to popular opinion; and if the private errors of Mr. Fox himself scared the timid and shocked the decorous—errors palliated by youth, sanctioned by fashion, redeemed

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redeemed by social qualities at once loveable and brilliant, and leaving no stain upon the masculine virtues of sincerity, courage, and sense of honour—little impaired the effect of his genius upon an audience chiefly composed of men of the world, or upon the ordinary mass of the public, in an age that had made an idol of Wilkes. And that great orator, from the height of the position to which he had stormed his way, could have seen little save the coronets of nobles, who smiled upon his progress, between himself and the loftiest place below the throne.*

Nature bestowed on Mr. Fox the qualities which are certain to command distinction in popular assemblies. He possessed in the highest degree the temperament of the orator, which, equal to the poet's in the intensity of feeling, is diametrically opposed to the poet's in the direction to which its instincts impel it. For the tendency of the last is to render into the ideal all which observation can collect from the practical, and the tendency of the first is to gather from the ideal all which can serve and adorn the practical. Hence logical argument is the death of poetry and the living principle of oratory. In the union of natural passion with scholastic reasoning Mr. Fox excelled all who have dignified the English senate. He required no formal preparation beyond that which a mental review of the materials of a question in debate suggested to a mind rich in a copious variety of knowledge, and so charged with intellectual heat that it needed but collision to flash instantaneously into light. Yet an intellect so active and a fancy so teeming as Mr. Fox's must have been constantly at work in the moments most apparently idle. Mr. Fox might have spent the night in a gaming-house, hurried off to Newmarket at day-break, returned just in time to open a debate in the House of Commons—but who shall say that during those hours he had found no intervals in which his reason was arranging a course of argument, and his memory suggesting the appropriate witticism or the felicitous allusion? He was not only endowed with the orator's temperament, he was consummate in the orator's art; and whether in oratory, poetry, painting, or sculpture, no artist attains to that excellence in which effort concealed steals the charm of intuition, unless his art is constantly

* At this time Fox *practically* led the opposition in the House of Commons, though he does not appear to have been formally recognised as the Whig leader in that House, to the deposition of Burke, until as a Cabinet Minister he naturally took precedence over his elder friend. At the death of Lord Rockingham, Burke, who had hitherto been regarded as the special representative in the House of Commons of that nobleman's opinions, had, by acquiescence in an office of inferior dignity, resigned the power, even if he retained the ambition, to contest Fox's supremacy as the successor of Lord Rockingham, and the chief of the Whig party in both Houses.

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before him—unless all which is observed in ordinary life, as well as all which is studied in severer moments, contributes to the special faculties which the art itself has called into an energy so habitually pervading the whole intellectual constitution, that the mind is scarcely conscious of the work which it undergoes. But perhaps of every art that of the parliamentary orator is the one in which the least obvious sources supply the most popular effects. Even the gossip of commonplace minds furnishes a barometer of public prejudice to counteract or public opinion to respect. The talk of the clubs suggests the topics which will best tell with a party; while every man who narrates an anecdote or quotes a poem may suggest a grace to the discourse, an intonation to the voice, an effect to the delivery. Those, indeed, notably err, who, judging only by the desultory social habits and dissipated tastes of Mr. Fox, conclude that his faculties attained their strength without the necessary toil of resolute exertion. The propensity to labour at excellence, even in his amusements, distinguished him throughout life. 'At every little diversion or employment' (says his nephew Lord Holland), 'chess, cards, carving at dinner, would he exercise his faculties with wonderful assiduity and attention till he had attained the degree of perfection he aimed at. It was this peculiarity which led him many years afterwards, when asked how he contrived, being so corpulent, to pick up the out-balls at tennis so well, to answer playfully, "Because I am a very painstaking man."' Perhaps it was this earnestness to excel, even in trifles, that conduced to his errors, and frittered away his robust powers of application. When persons accused him of idleness as a legislator, it was because he was fagging hard to be a fine gentleman. The exuberant vitality of his nature, like that of Alcibiades and our own Henry St. John, could not exhaust itself in a single field of ambition. Pleasure was essential to his joyous energies, but he could not take pleasure as a mere relaxation. He took it as an active pursuit, and sought, from that love of approbation which accounts for the frivolities of great men, to wring from the pursuit a distinction. If a gamester,—to be of gamesters the most reckless; if a rake,—of rakes the most daring. With Fox, too, labour was necessary for all achievements. Nature had not given to his person the beauty which allowed St. John to please without an effort, nor to his voice the felicitous music by which Chatham could sway the soul of an assembly. Therefore to be the prince of beaux and gallants in the drawing-room, or the speaker at whose rising members rushed to their seats or crowded the eager bar, demanded in Fox a degree of study and toil which were disguised

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guised by the outward ease with which superior strength smiles under its own exertions. And though, as we have before said, Fox required no formal preparation to make a speech, he had gone through elaborate preparation to become a speaker. Not only from his earliest boyhood had politics engaged his thoughts; not only before he was of age had he accomplished himself in the learning which best befits the orator, arms his memory with facts and enriches it with illustrations; but in the zest with which he entered into theatrical performances he was already meditating the effects which art might give to an utterance in itself unmelodious. And Lord Holland justly observes, 'that the power of expressing passion by the tones of his voice had, no doubt, been brought to perfection by his exertions on the stage.'* But, more than all, Mr. Fox sought the excellence which practice alone confers in the arena in which his triumphs were to be achieved. The House of Commons has a kind of oratory so peculiar to itself that there is no greater misfortune to eloquent men on entering that assembly than to have matured the theory of their art (though they may well have established its groundwork) in any other school. It was his very success at the bar which injured the power of Erskine in the senate. And had Burke entered Parliament at that earlier age when the mind is yet keenly alive to the finer influences round it, he would never have incurred those faults of taste which so often offended his audience. The colours of genius are determined by the ray incident on the first prism, and the light once decomposed by refraction, no further refraction can again decompose. It was thus no subsidiary cause of Mr. Fox's parliamentary success that his taste formed its style in the House of Commons—an eloquence indigenous to the soil and not transplanted; its beauties and defects grew up together; and, as the first were those which could be most generally appreciated, so the last were those which could be most readily excused. Entering Parliament before he was of age, the ardour of his nature soon flung him into the thick of debate. For five years he spoke on every question but one, and he said he regretted he had not spoken upon that. But his earlier speeches were not long, like Burke's—they did not take the form of essays—they were so close to the matter of debate that the debate would have seemed incomplete without them. Thus the audience grew familiarised to faults which had a certain charm, not only because they imparted to effects that were learned at the theatre, but learned too well to appear theatrical, the air of natural passion

* Fox produced some of his most thrilling effects by what actors call 'the run upon two voices,' viz., suddenly sinking from his sharp, high key-note into a deep, low whisper.

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and 'negligent grandeur'—but because they gave to the merits which redeemed them the thrilling suddenness of surprise, and the orator was patiently allowed to splutter and stammer out his way into the heart of his subject, grappling, as it were, with the ideas that embarrassed his choice by the pressure of their throng, till once selected and marshalled into order, they emerged from the wildness of a tumult into the discipline of an army. Mr. Fox was thus not only an orator, but pre-eminently an orator for the House of Commons. And though he gave to his invectives an angry and distempered enthusiasm which would not now be tolerated, and which even then was a gross defect that detracted from his authority and impaired his position; yet, upon the whole, his speeches were more characterised than those of any of his contemporaries by the tone of a man of the world, who, accustomed betimes to the best society, can be wise without pedantry, pleasant without flippancy, and is not vulgar even when he puts himself into a passion. Thus at the age of thirty-one Charles Fox stood forth before the public—the foremost hero of an united, numerous, and powerful party; he himself, says Horace Walpole, 'the idol of the people,' adding to his advantages of intellect and position the inestimable blessing of an Herculean constitution, which no labours seemed to weary, no excesses to impair. Never did chief of a party inspire more enthusiasm amongst his followers, never was political sympathy more strengthened by personal affection. What became of that party, under the guidance of that leader? We shall see.

At this time a tall, slender stripling, ten years younger than Mr. Fox, with no social fame, with few personal friends, scarcely known even by sight to his nearest connexions, with manners that rather repelled than allured ordinary acquaintance, at once shy and stately with the consciousness of merits unrevealed, took his undistinguished seat below the gangway, and under the gallery, by the side of a young Whig county member (George Byng), who survived to witness the passing of the Reform Bill and attain the venerable distinction of Father of the House of Commons:—

> 'Abstulit clarum cito mors Achillem,
> Longa Tithonum minuit senectus.'

Plain in feature, but with clear, grey, watchful eyes—with high and massive forehead, in which what phrenologists call the perceptive organs were already prominently marked—with lips which when in repose were expressive much of reserve, more of pertinacity and resolve, but in movement were singularly flexible to the impulse of the manlier passions, giving a noble earnestness to declamation and a lofty disdain to sarcasm—this young man

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man sate amongst the Rockingham Whigs, a sojourner in their camp, not a recruit to their standard. He had, indeed, offered himself to their chief, but that provident commander had already measured for his uniform some man of his own inches, and did not think it worth while to secure the thewes of a giant at the price of wasting a livery and disappointing a dwarf.

The incident is curious, and illustrative of reflections from which future leaders of the Whigs might deduce a profitable moral.

When William Pitt, in 1780, sought first to enter Parliament as a candidate for the University of Cambridge, he wrote to Lord Rockingham for his interest, and concluded his letter in words by which honourable men imply support in return for assistance. 'I have only,' writes the son of Lord Chatham, 'to hope that the ground on which I stand, as well as the principles which I have imbibed, and which shall always actuate my conduct, may be considered by your lordship as some recommendation.'

Will it be believed that the Marquis of Rockingham does not answer this letter dated the 19th of July till the 7th of August, and then makes no apology for the delay, but replies with laconic frigidity, 'I had the honour to receive your letter some days ago. I am so circumstanced from the knowledge I have of several persons who may be candidates, and who indeed are expected to be so, that it makes it impossible for me in this instance to show the attention to your wishes which your own as well as the great merits of your family entitle you to.'*

That Lord Rockingham's interest might be pre-engaged was natural, but he does not state it to be so: he implies *preference* to other candidates, but not *pre-engagement;* and that, supposing he was 'so circumstanced' as to render it 'impossible' to aid his applicant in contesting the University, he should have found amongst the numerous boroughs at the disposal of the Whig leader no seat for a recruit whose very name would have been so important an addition to the Whig strength, and who might have served as a connecting link between the Chathamites and the Rockingham party, argues grave deficiency in political tactics. But when Lord John Russell expresses eloquent regret that at a subsequent period Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox did not act together, we submit to him that—in rejecting overtures which, had they been cordially accepted, would have necessarily made Mr. Pitt, on his entrance into public life, not the rival but the follower of Mr. Fox—Lord Rockingham if never less of a prophet was never more of a

* Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham, and his Contemporaries. By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. Vol. ii. p. 423.

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Whig. The Whigs are the Hebrews of politics. Regarding themselves as a chosen race, the privileges of their creed are to be inherited at birth, not conceded to proselytes. They court no converts, even amongst those whom they aspire to govern. Over Edom they may cast their shoe, and Moab they may make their washpot; but no Tory from Edom, and no Radical from Moab has a right to claim admission into the sacred tribes: in the eyes of the rulers of Israel, Lord Chatham's son was a—Gentile.

Thus, unpledged to any political chief, but imbibing from his father opinions irreconcileable with Lord North's administration, on the 26th February, 1781, Mr. Pitt first rose in Parliament in support of Burke's renewed bill for Economical Reform in the Civil List. It is a remarkable proof, which we do not remember to have seen observed, of Pitt's isolation from all sections of party, that Lord Shelburne's friends did not attend this debate, and that he was not therefore acting more in concert with them than with the followers of Lord Rockingham. Of this speech Lord North declared that it was the best first speech he ever heard. Lord John Russell considers it a signal instance of Mr. Fox's generosity, that he hurried up to the young member to compliment and encourage him in this 'sudden display of talents nearly equal to his own.' The praise of generosity is unmerited. Mr. Fox cannot be called generous, though he may justly be called wise, in applauding a young man for an admirable speech on a motion which Mr. Fox and all his party supported. An old member overheard the praise, and said, 'Aye, old as I am, I expect to hear you both battling in these walls as I have done your fathers before you.' The man of fashion, disconcerted by the awkward turn of the compliment, looked foolish; the boy lawyer answered with equal readiness and felicity of expression, 'I have no doubt, General, you would like to attain the age of Methuselah.' If we examine this first speech with some critical attention, and compare it with others known to have received Mr. Pitt's careful revision, there is good internal evidence, that not only its substance but its diction is preserved to us with sufficient accuracy to enable us to judge of the causes which assigned to it so signal a success. We can gather from it, first, the fact that the delivery must have been very striking, for it is precisely one of those speeches which ill delivered would have failed in effect, beyond the merit of the substance—well delivered would have obtained more applause than the substance itself deserved. It is always so in the House of Commons where the language rises above the level tenor of debate, and the argument avoids

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avoids apt personalities to grasp at general principles. Take for instance passages like the following:—

'They ought to have consulted the glory of their royal master, and have seated him in the hearts of his people, by abating from magnificence what was due to necessity . . . . . It would be no diminution of true grandeur to yield to the respectful petitions of the people; the tutelage of that House might be a hard term, but the guardianship of that House could not be disgraceful to a constitutional King. . . . . But it had been said that the saving was immaterial . . . . . it proposed to bring no more than 200,000*l.* into the public coffers; and that sum was insignificant, in the public account, when compared with the millions which we spend. This was surely the most singular species of reasoning that was ever attempted in any assembly. The calamities of the crisis were too great to be benefited by economy! Our expenses were so enormous that it was ridiculous to attend to little matters of account! We have spent so many millions that thousands are beneath our consideration. We were obliged to spend so much, that it was foolish to think of saving any!'

A practised observer of parliamentary effects will at once acknowledge—that sentences like the above, if spoken, especially by a very young man, with frigidity or feebleness would fall flat on the ear as the rhetoric of schoolboy premeditation—while, if uttered with warmth, assisted by the earnest bye-play of countenance and gesture—they would be as sure of loud cheers to-day as they were in 1781. The aid of delivery thus taken for granted, the speech justifies the impression it created—the language is precisely of that character, which when well spoken the House of Commons is most inclined to admire—dignified, yet animated—pointed and careful, yet sufficiently colloquial—the beauties it avoids are those by which the House of Commons is least seduced. So with the matter—it embodies the generous sentiments, to which all popular assemblies the most willingly respond, in arguments that take the broadest objections of the adversaries, and do not fatigue attention by entrance into small details and subtle reasonings. More perhaps than all other elements for parliamentary success—the speech exhibits the two qualities which, when present, give repute to mediocrity,—when absent, impair the efficiency of genius, viz., readiness and tact.* Waking thus 'to find

* Wraxall erroneously ascribes to Pitt's *maiden* speech a sarcastic witticism which he spoils in the telling. Lord John Russell gives the words on the authority of Mr. Adams, but does not seem aware of the occasion on which they were delivered, and apparently antedates them. They were not uttered in Pitt's first session in Parliament, but the second, in going into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, Dec. 14, 1781. To give due force to the witticism, and to rescue it from the character of

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find himself famous,' Pitt did not fall into the error by which Burke at the onset of his career had cheapened his eloquence and damaged his position. Pitt did not speak 'too long and too often.' Only three speeches of his in his first session are recorded; and when the session was over, he had done more than prove himself an orator—he was acknowledged as a Power. The very contrast between his years and his bearing but increased the respect which accompanied the popular admiration. Men regarded as a kind of sublime prodigy a youth so unbending to follies, and uniting such ample resources with such calm self-reliance. The solitude of his position rendered its height more apparent. He continued to hold himself aloof from the recognised chiefs of opposition. Fox and Shelburne alike might sue for his aid, neither one nor the other could lay claim to his allegiance. No doubt this reserve was in part the result of profound calculation. As yet it was only as a subordinate that he could have joined a party, and he who once consents to become a subordinate must go through the hackneyed grades of promotion before he can rise to be a chief. Let Genius pit itself boldly against Routine, and the odds are that it will win the race by the help of its wings. But if it seek its career in Routine itself, it must resign the advantage of its pinions, and trust to the chance of outwalking those two fearful competitors —Length of Service and Family Interest. It is true that the first is somewhat slow in its pace, but then it has ten years start on the road; it is true that the last cannot bear much fatigue, but then, instead of its own slender legs, it makes use of my lord's chaise and four! But if Pitt's isolation from the Whigs was due in part to his political sagacity, it was due also in part to his personal tastes. To a man of his temper there could have been no allurement in the brilliant society of the Whigs, with all the looseness of its wit, and all the licence of its fashion.

Who can fancy William Pitt at his ease in the social orgies at Brookes's, or amidst the gay coteries of Devonshire House, or exchanging jests with Sheridan, or in the levées of St. James's

of presumption, which Lord John's authority assigns to it, his Lordship should have stated correctly the substance of the charge which the witticism at once barbed and interrupted. Pitt was not accusing the Minister, as Lord John says, 'of grave *neglects*,' but the Ministers in general of *want of union*. 'Is it to be credited,' he said, 'that a Ministry ignorant of each other's opinions are unanimous? The absurdity is too monstrous to be believed, especially when the assurance is made at a moment when the Ministry are more disunited than ever.' Here that veteran placeman, Wellbore Ellis, began whispering to Lord North and to Lord George Germaine, whose personal courage had been so gravely called in question; and Pitt, checking his invective, said, 'But I will pause till the unanimity is a little more settled—until' [here comes Mr. Adam's version of the happy taunt] 'the Nestor of the Treasury Bench has composed the differences of Agamemnon and Achilles.' —*See Hansard's Parl. Debates*, vol. xxii. p. 843.

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Street,

Street, in which Fox, 'his bristly black person and shagged breast, quite open, and rarely purified by any ablutions, wrapped in a foul linen gown, and his bushy hair dishevelled, dictated his politics with Epicurean good humour'*—There—where the principles of a loan and the assaults on a government were relieved by broad jokes on the last scandal, the slang of the turf, and the irreverent spectacle of the boyish heir to the crown imbibing lessons of royal decorum and filial reverence from the men whose ribald talk against his father was echoed back to the court from the gossip of every drawing-room and club; there—what figure would have been so inaccordant with the genius of the place as the stately son of Chatham, with his imperial tenacity of self esteem and his instinctive deference for the fair proprieties of life? If it be unjust to suppose Pitt, especially in his youth, was any foe to mirth,—for the mirth of men of gallantry, men of fashion, men of polite morals, he was too austere in his principles, and too decorous in his tastes. We fear that we must allow that in such a society William Pitt would have been quizzed. As therefore, his private temperament and inclinations were not attracted towards intimacy with the Whigs and their illustrious leader, so even where at that time he politically agreed with Mr. Fox, there was so essential a difference in the modes with which the two men treated the same questions, that their intellectual intercourse would have failed for want of sympathy. One distinction between them is pre-eminently noticeable: it continued throughout life, and contains much that made the one supported by the people, even in his most rigorous enactments, the other deserted by the people even in his most popular professions. Mr. Fox identified himself with principles in the abstract, Mr. Pitt rather with the nation to which such principles were to be applied. The one argued and viewed the great problems of state chiefly as a philanthropist, the other chiefly as a patriot. This distinction is not merely theoretical—it affects the practical treatment of mighty questions. He who thinks with Mr. Pitt embraces for change the consideration of season, and refers a speculative principle to the modifications of practical circumstance. And the wisdom of such view of the art of statesmanship is apparent in this, that where the politician avows it frankly,

* Hor. Walpole. To which Lord Holland adds a note:—'This description, though of course a strong caricature, yet certainly has much humour; and I must needs acknowledge, from my boyhood recollections of a morning in St. James's-street, has some truth to recommend it.' Probably in 1783 the description had less caricature than when Lord Holland, at a later period of his uncle's life, recognized the partial truth of its outlines. Fox in his earlier youth, when serving under Lord North, had been remarkable for foppery in dress. He adopted slovenly habits in espousing popular opinions.

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consistency is not violated nor a principle damaged, when he is compelled to say, 'There are considerations connected with the actual time that will not allow me the safe experiment of a theory to which I am otherwise friendly.' But where, on the contrary, the politician rigidly asserts that the principle he affects, must be carried at all hazards, he loses character, and injures that principle itself, if, when he comes into power, he finds that he is no more able to carry it into law than the predecessor whose milder doctrine he had attacked as untenable. But whatever may be thought of the abstract superiority of either creed, there can be no doubt, that in action, the man who is more habitually seen to make his first object the interests of the nation, will obtain the greater degree of national support; and the man who works towards his end according to the instruments at his disposal, will be more likely to achieve some positive result than he who, absorbed in shaping his object according to his own ideal, insists on a circle with tools only fit for a square.

It is unnecessary to narrate the events, or refer to the debates, of the two following sessions, till the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis's army and the fall of Minorca led to the resignation of the amiable minister who had borne with such easy good humour the assaults of his enemies and the disgrace of his country. Two public men then stood forth, pre-eminent for the royal selection of chief minister,—the Marquis of Rockingham and the Earl of Shelburne. The first has been singularly felicitous, the last as singularly unfortunate in those elements of posthumous estimation, which the comments of contemporaries afford. The Whigs have been the chief annalists of that time, and they were as friendly to Rockingham as they were hostile to Shelburne. It is not from Lord Holland nor from Mr. Allen that we have a right to expect an accurate judgment of the man with whom Fox so vehemently quarrelled, and by whom, in the stage-plot of cabinets, Fox was so pleasantly outwitted. On the other hand, the grateful praise of Burke has assigned to Lord Rockingham a place among statesmen to which nothing in his talents or career affords any solid pretension. Lord Rockingham, indeed, was a man whose respectability of character must be not less frankly admitted, than the inferiority of his capacities. We have read with attention Lord Albemarle's 'Memoirs' of this wealthy nobleman, and the skill of the editor has rendered the reading very light and amusing, by keeping Lord Rockingham himself almost hid from the eye. The memoirs indeed would be rendered still more amusing if, in a future edition, the marquis could disappear altogether. Bold as the doubt may be, we question

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whether

whether Lord Rockingham, take him altogether, was not the dullest man whom England ever saw in the rank of first minister. '*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam*'—perhaps the natural sterility was redeemed by artistic culture? Flattering supposition!

'Horse racing,' says Lord Mahon of this favourite of fortune, 'was his early passion and pursuit. He afterwards became a lord of the bedchamber, and was thought perfectly well fitted for that post. When in 1763 the idea was first entertained of appointing him to a high political office, the King expressed his surprise, "for I thought," said his Majesty, "I had not two men in my bedchamber of less parts than Lord Rockingham."' Nevertheless in 1765 the ex-lord of the bedchamber was at the head of his Majesty's government—and that government is entitled to respect for the excellence of its intentions, nor less to our gratitude for the instructive lesson it bequeathed, viz. that excellent intentions unaccompanied by vigour and capacity can neither give permanence to governments nor avail for the guidance of States. Doubtless it is a merit in a sack to be clean, but a clean sack stands on end no more than a foul one—if it is empty. As a party adviser Lord Rockingham is said to have exhibited, in private, plain good sense and sound judgment: these qualities appear little in his correspondence, less in his actions, least of all in his speeches. In Parliament his highest efforts in his best days were but slovenly common-places dropped forth with painful hesitation. Latterly he had grown timidly averse to speaking at all, and had settled down to the confirmed state of a nervous valetudinarian. But whatever Lord Rockingham's defects, he had the great advantage which mediocrity alone possesses,—none of his party were jealous of him. He had another advantage in the high rank and the immense wealth, which invest with imposing splendour the virtue of common honesty, and give to the sobriety that comes from constitutional languor the loftier character of sagacious moderation. At all events he was ingenuous and simple. 'His virtues,' according to Burke's epitaph, 'were his arts.' To sum up—no statesman living was more worshipped by his party—less beloved by his sovereign—was regarded by his country with more indifference—or inspired its enemies with less awe.

The Earl of Shelburne (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne) contrasted the notable tameness of Lord Rockingham, equally by the greatness of his talents and the puzzling complications of his character. Lord Holland tells us in one sentence that 'the Earl had no knowledge of the world, but a thorough perception of its dishonesty;' and adds in the very next, that 'his observations on public life were often original and just, and on indivi-

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dual character, shrewd, sagacious, and happy. I have known,' continues Lord Holland, 'few men whose maxims more frequently occur to my recollection, or are more applicable to the events of the world, and to the characters of those who rule it.' Thus, again, while the same noble critic remarks, that 'there was elevation in Lord Shelburne's character,' and says, 'I have observed traits of real magnanimity in his conduct;' he lends his sanction, in the 'Memorials of Mr. Fox,' to the grave imputation against the Earl of systematic duplicity—the vice, above all others, least compatible with 'elevation of character' and 'magnanimity of conduct,' and implies that the statesman whose youth had been passed in the frank intercourse of camps, and who was allowed by his bitterest detractors conspicuous attributes of courage and decision of character, merited the nicknames of Jesuit* and Malagrida. The true secret of judgments so contradictory is to be found in this—Lord Shelburne's was one of those natures in which both merits and defects are more visible to the eye from the irregularity of the surface which draws and reflects the light. Morally and intellectually, he was eccentric and unequal. His earlier years had purchased military distinction at the cost of scholastic instruction. And in his after intercourse with those in whom he saw secret enemies or doubtful friends, he brought a great deal of the old soldier's caution; nor where he suspected the ambush did he disdain the stratagem. Of long-sustained intrigue he was incapable; but did he conceive a scheme, he could guard it with great closeness, and carry it by a *coup de main*. The politic dissimulation of a Jesuit he certainly had not; but, on occasion, he exhibited the wary astuteness of a Spartan. We must concede the justice with which Burke says of him in a private letter, that he was 'whimsical and suspicious.' But the whims arose from an intellect self-formed, arriving at its own results in its own way; and though often changing its directions, unaccustomed to the beaten track and the professional guide. And if he was suspicious, it must be owned that the charge chiefly came from men whom he might reasonably think it somewhat imprudent to trust. Nor was this tendency of mind unjustified by the peculiar circumstances with which he was surrounded at various periods of his life. In early youth he had some cause to guard himself against his own family: in the noon of his ambition he saw on one side of him a hostile court,

* Lord Holland, in seeking to justify a charge that he can in no way prove, by bringing a nickname of the day in support of its probability, should have remembered that the same nickname of Jesuit was applied yet more familiarly to Edmund Burke; yet certainly no man was ever less entitled to that appellation in the sense it was intended to convey.

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and on the other side a rival faction, whose aid was necessary to his advancement, and whose jealousies might compass his overthrow. But that he had, as Lord Holland asserts, 'a mean opinion of his species,' is scarcely in keeping with a political theory to which respect for mankind, and confidence in human virtue, make the necessary groundwork. 'Lord Shelburne was the only minister I ever heard of,' said Jeremy Bentham, 'who did not fear the people.' His political doctrines were indeed of a more philosophical and comprehensive character than those by which the Great Houses invited the aid of democracy to the dominion of oligarchs. He differed from Mr. Fox and the Whigs of that day in his attachment to the growing science of political economy. No public man then living better understood the true principles of commerce. Without sharing the extravagant doctrines of the Duke of Richmond, he was more sincerely in favour of a modified Parliamentary Reform than were the leading partisans of Lord Rockingham. But he had a thorough contempt for all the commonplace jargon bestowed on that subject, and rather held popular liberty essential to vigorous government, than the fascinating substitute for any government at all.

As a Parliamentary speaker, Lord Shelburne showed the same brilliant and eccentric originality which perplexed the judgment of contemporaries in their estimate of the man. He certainly did not speak like one accustomed to plot and inclined to dissimulate. Animation was his leading excellence. Often rash, often arrogant, careless whom he conciliated, whom offended—speaking with impetuous rapidity,* like a man full of unpremeditated thought, warmed by passionate impulse—exposing himself both to refutation and ridicule, but 'repelling such attacks with great spirit and readiness,'† all authorities concur in the acknowledgment that, in debate, he was generally very effective, and that at times his language itself, though generally unstudied, was felicitously eloquent. Indeed, there are passages in his speeches still preserved to us, which not one of our English orators has surpassed in the hardy nobility of thought, and the masculine strength of diction. 'He was,' says Lord Holland, 'a great master of irony; and no man ever expressed bitter scorn for his opponents with more art and effect.' This is not the rhetoric of a Jesuit: in his vehemence as in his caution, Lord Shelburne was always the soldier.

Regarded purely as a party leader, Lord Shelburne had some of the highest requisites. 'He was munificent and friendly,'

* Fox says, in one of his later speeches, that Lord Shelburne spoke, like himself, very rapidly, and it was difficult for the reporters to follow him.

† Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party.

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says Lord Holland, 'even to a fault; none of his family or connexions were ever involved in any difficulty without finding in him a powerful protector and active friend.' 'He had discernment in discovering the talents of inferiors'—his person was prepossessing, and his manners, when unrestrained, were sufficiently cordial. On the other hand, as caution was not habitual to him, so he often counteracted its effects by a sudden indiscretion. Though so ready he often failed in tact, and his energy, though prodigious, was rather fitful than sustained. Often a deep, but too much a solitary thinker, he could not act in sufficient concert with others. And the closeness with which he concealed his plans was partly connected with a reluctance to receive advice. With much kindness he had little sympathy. And as he lacked the art to conciliate opponents, so he scorned to recover friends whom an offence on their part or a misconception on his own, once estranged from his side. He was not revengeful, but he was not forgiving, or rather, if he forgave in his heart, he did not own it. In these less amiable and attractive attributes, favourably indeed contrasted by the son, who ultimately succeeded to his honours, and who yet lives to command the affectionate veneration of all, who, whatever the differences of party, can appreciate the nature in which a rare elevation and an exquisite suavity admit of no enmities, while cementing all friendships—and which, gracing by accomplished culture a patriotism not embittered by spleen nor alloyed by ambition, harmonizes into classic beauty the character of one with whom Lælius would have eagerly associated, and whom Cicero would have lovingly described—'*Ad imitationem sui vocet alios; ut sese splendore animæ et vitæ suæ, sicut speculum, præbeat civibus.*'*

In the eyes of the King, Lord Shelburne possessed two merits which atoned for speeches that, if not disloyal, were certainly not flattering. First, though friendly to peace, he desired to effect it on terms that might least wound the dignity of the crown, and hesitated therefore to acknowledge unconditionally the independence of America. And secondly, though driven to act with Mr. Fox, he disliked him personally little less than the King did. Accordingly when George III. found himself compelled to choose between the Earl of Shelburne and the Marquis of Rockingham, the former obtained his preference. There were indeed some previous coquettings with Rockingham through the medium of a go-between, little gifted with the arts of seduction. Lord Chancellor Thurlow was sent to sound the Marquis, but without 'authority'—the Marquis refused to treat—he came again—

* Lælius ap. Cic. de Republicâ.—Lib. ii.-xlii.

would

would the Marquis accept the administration and settle the terms afterwards? The Marquis gave a direct negative. The King was in a position that would have been actually impracticable had his obstinacy been such as it is popularly represented, for he had declared in a private letter to Lord North 'in the most solemn manner that his sentiments of honour would not permit him to send for any of the leaders of opposition, and personally treat with them.' 'Every man,' adds his Majesty, 'must be the sole judge of his own feelings, therefore whatever you or any man can say will have no avail with me.' But four days afterwards, a leader of the opposition was sent for to Buckingham House, and in three days more Lord Shelburne was empowered to form an administration. The Earl went straight to Lord Rockingham and offered him the Treasury and Premiership. 'My lord,' he said, with a candour little in unison with the duplicity ascribed to his character by Mr. Fox's friends, 'you could stand without me, I cannot stand without you.' The Marquis was a formalist in point of etiquette—he was disposed to decline, because the King had not sent for himself in person. Mr. Fox and the Duke of Richmond overruled his scruples, and the Marquis suddenly consented to have greatness thrust upon him. The King pocketed his honour as the great subject pocketed his pride, and so, after straining at Lord Shelburne, his Majesty swallowed Lord Rockingham. Exactly ten days from the date of the letter in which George III. so solemnly repeated his assurance that he could see personally no leader of the opposition—the chief of the Whigs kissed hands as first minister of the crown.

Never, considering the grave disasters of the country, did an English minister evince a less dignified sense of responsibility than the Marquis of Rockingham—never did the mind of professed patriot appear more narrowed into the petty circle of party jealousies—never did the diplomacy of a constitutional statesman commissioned to secure the requisite authority to his counsels, and yet conciliate the favour of a reluctant king—so indulge in the spite that must gall his master, and so admit the elements that must divide his cabinet. Had Lord Rockingham possessed 'the sound common sense and clear judgment' which his admirers assign to him, his course was clear. In the necessary changes in court and state, such a man would have gracefully consulted the king's personal tastes and friendships, in appointments not affecting his policy, in order the more strenuously to insist upon the removal of political antagonists. Lord Rockingham did precisely the reverse. A harmless inoffensive nobleman held the office of mastership of the buckhounds. This nobleman the

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the King loved as a peculiar friend; with him the royal intellect unbended in happier moments, and, forgetful of Whigs and Tories, discussed the adventures of the chace. Grimly my Lord Marquis insisted that the hounds should exchange their master, and the King lose his gossip. George III. stooped to personal entreaty, that this one appointment might be left uncancelled; in vain. He even shed tears—the Marquis remained inflexible—Europe and America were at war with England—and Lord Bateman was a necessary sacrifice to the deities of Peace. On the other hand, if there were a man in the three kingdoms whose exclusion from the Cabinet should have been an imperative condition with the Whig minister-in-chief, it was Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The imperious lawyer had a hearty dislike for the Rockingham party; he was notoriously pre-opposed to the measures the Marquis was pledged to support. He was not a man to be swamped by the adverse members of a Cabinet, nor to be awed by the rank of a Rockingham or the genius of a Fox. By office he was the Keeper of the King's conscience; in point of fact the King was rather the keeper of his own. He was sure to report every difference, and exaggerate every error, to the Sovereign, who had accepted the government as a dire necessity, and whom its chief had turned into a personal enemy. Yet the same hand that fortified the stables against a Bateman left the door of the Cabinet unclosed against a Thurlow. But with that smallness of cunning which belongs to smallness of intellect, the Marquis contrived to shift upon Shelburne the responsibility of an appointment which he lacked the courage to resist. In giving a list of those he himself selected for the Cabinet, he left a blank for the office of Chancellor, apparently in compliment to the Earl, whose friendship for Dunning would incline him to offer the seals to that famous lawyer and influential debater. But his true object was, no doubt, to impose upon Shelburne the alternative either of resisting the King and mortally offending Thurlow, or of retaining the Chancellor, and incurring the responsibility of an appointment odious to the Rockingham party. And perhaps Lord Rockingham, dull though he was, could scarcely have been so dull as not to foresee that, of the two evils, Lord Shelburne would choose the last, for the Earl had not the same stern causes to exclude the terrible Chancellor as should have weighed with his colleague. During all the preliminary negotiations, Lord Shelburne had been selected for personal conference with the King, and, as the representative of a party comparatively small to that of the Rockinghamites, the Earl might reasonably consider the royal favour too valuable an element of strength to be thrown away, while Lord Thurlow had been mixed up in the transactions

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transactions conducted by Shelburne, and his very hostility to one portion of the Cabinet might not be without use to the other.* Lord Shelburne therefore retained Lord Thurlow, and Lord Rockingham assented to the appointment. That in the blank left to Lord Shelburne to fill up, the Marquis had no desire to advance Dunning, became instantaneously clear, for when Lord Shelburne propitiated that eminent person to the loss of the Great Seal by elevating him to the peerage, with the Duchy of Lancaster, and a pension of 4000*l.* a year, the Rockingham faction were seized with jealous resentment, and could not rest contented till they had counterbalanced the Shelburne dispensation of patronage, by raising to the peerage a partisan of their own, Sir Fletcher Norton. If Lord Rockingham was sincere in the expectation that Dunning would be raised to the Woolsack, the exceeding bitterness with which himself and the Whigs regarded the compensation afforded by the pension and peerage, seems strangely misplaced. On the liberal party generally Dunning's claims were paramount. It was his motion on the power of the Crown which had most united the Opposition, and conduced to the downfall of the North administration. And not even Fox himself more commanded the ear of the House, or could less safely have been omitted from a share in the *spolia opima*. In brief, the more the history of the formation of the Rockingham government becomes clear, the more the general interests of the nation, and the nobler sagacity of patriots, appear to have been forgotten in the miserable jealousies of rival cliques. The grand object of the Whigs was avowedly less to consolidate the best government that could reform abuses and restore peace, than to maintain the dignity of their coterie against the encroachments of the Shelburnites. One-half the Cabinet and one-half the subordinate appointments were rigidly to counterbalance the other half. The Government was thus composed much on the same principle of symmetry as that on which Browne constructed his gardens. If one tree was planted to shield from the north wind, another must be stuck into the ground just opposite, though it only served to shut out the south. If some eminent man was appointed by Lord Shelburne, some man, whether eminent or worthless, must be thrust in by Lord Rockingham. The envies and bickerings about garters and peerages, and places in the household, could they have been known to the public, would have lost for ever, to the ambition of 'the Great Houses,' the sympathy of every masculine intellect. But the most fatal

* Thus Horace Walpole observes truly, 'that Lord Shelburne having more of the King's favour than Lord Rockingham, the Chancellor would incline the same way.'

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blunder of all was in the places severally assigned to Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox. 'The Foreign Office was, in the improvident regulations of that day, divided between two secretaries of state: they presided over their respective offices, one of which embraced the north, the other the south of Europe and the colonies. The consequences were, that wherever a diplomatic agency was required for negotiation with joint powers, the same man was furnished with instructions from, and had to correspond with, two different principals;' * as each of these principals employed respectively a separate servant in an affair which was or ought to have been substantially the same, it is clear that an arrangement, in which the will and the dignity of two co-equal officers of State were perpetually liable to clash with each other, unquestionably required either the most cordial confidence between the two ministers, or that the negotiations to be effected should appertain exclusively to one of the departments. The last was impossible at the formation of the Rockingham cabinet, in which the primary measures must needs be negotiations for peace with France, which was in the one department, and with America, which was in the other. The first condition thus became still more requisite, and in order to meet it, Lord Shelburne was made Secretary for the south department, and Mr. Fox of the north,—precisely the two men who, out of the whole junto, most disliked and most suspected each other. Thus to the ceremonial adjustment of conflicting dignities, were alike sacrificed the union of the government and the cause of the nation.

Amongst all the partisans of Lord Rockingham, no one had claim to the veneration and gratitude of the ministers equal to Edmund Burke. His motion on Administrative Reform, and the matchless oration by which it had been prefaced, had given them their popular cry at the late election, and comprised the pith of their promises to the people. Lord Rockingham's obligations to Burke were beyond all conceivable estimate; they were such as some common-place Chloe owes to the poet, who converts an original without a feature, into an ideal without a flaw. Burke had taken this (doubtless respectable but) very ordinary nobleman up to the celestial heights of his own orient fancy, and recreated into the prototype of a statesman in times of grave national danger, a mortal whom, if sborn of fortune and titles, no party in a parish, divided on a sewers-rate, would have elected as its champion in the vestry.

It is true that Burke had exhibited, along with the zeal of his

* Memorials of Fox, vol. ii.

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ardent temperament, considerable defects in temper and in tact; but those are not defects that necessitate exclusion from Whig cabinets, provided the erring man can cover such stains on his dinted armour, not with a veteran's cloak, but a herald's tabard. And whatever those defects might be, the chiefs of the party did not pretend that they sufficed to disqualify Burke for a deliberate adviser. 'He had,' says Lord John Townshend, 'the greatest sway, I might almost say command, over Lord Rockingham's friends.'* They professed in private to respect his counsels; they excluded those counsels from a voice in the Cabinet. Lord John Russell, with the honourable sympathy of a man of letters, allows this slight to a man whom posterity regards, if not as the greatest orator of his age, still as the most luminous intellect that ever flashed on the windows of the 'Great Houses,' to have been 'unwise and unjust.' But he adds, in apology for his party, that it does not appear at the time that the exclusion of Mr. Burke was resented by himself or by any of his friends. This may be true of Burke's friends—the Whigs, who excluded him—not quite so true of himself.

'In a letter hitherto unpublished,' observes Lord Mahon, in the 7th volume of his spirited and valuable History (p. 214), 'Burke refers to his position at this time in a tone of great mortification, but with a kind of proud humility. "You have been misinformed. I make no part of the ministerial arrangement. Something in the official line may probably be thought fit for my measure."' And whatever Burke or his friends (Whig friends!) may have felt on the matter, there is no doubt that Mr. Prior in his life of the wronged great man says truly, that his exclusion from the Cabinet was a matter of 'considerable surprise,' and his acquiescence in the slight 'certainly hurt his political reputation.'†

It must, however, be allowed, that the post assigned to Mr. Burke (that of the Pay Office) would have been the most lucrative in the gift of the Government upon one condition, viz., that he had forfeited all claim to public character in accepting its emoluments. For those emoluments the Administrative Reformer was pledged to resign,—and he did so.

The Rockingham administration thus patched together, seems to have failed at once of parliamentary support. The Government could not command the necessary attendance for the transaction of its ordinary business. 'The thin attendances,' says Fox,

* Fox's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 22.
† Prior's Life of Burke, vol. i. p. 403-5.

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'which appear on most occasions is very disheartening. On the bill for securing Sir Thomas Rumbold's property,* we were only 36 to 33.' The insubordination of dependents was notable. On that very question the Attorney and Solicitor General were both against the Government leader. On another occasion Dundas, still Lord-Advocate, not perhaps in the best humour that he was not promoted to the Duchy of Lancaster instead of Dunning, galled Mr. Fox by a speech, 'most offensive,' complains the minister, 'to me personally, by marking in the most pointed way the different opinion he entertained of the purity of Pitt's intentions and mine.' Burke himself, not wholly uninfluenced, we suspect, by irritation at the slight, of which he was too proud to complain, dealt a deadly side-blow to the Cabinet that excluded him. Mr. Fox had declared himself in favour of Parliamentary Reform, but praising Mr. Pitt for his motion to that effect, hinted that it did not go far enough. Burke, with difficulty restrained from appearing in the House upon that occasion, came down a few nights after (on Alderman Sawbridge's motion for shortening parliaments), 'attacked Mr. Pitt in a scream of passion, and not only swore that Parliament was, and always had been, precisely what it ought to be, but that all persons who thought of reforming it wanted to overturn the constitution.' Perhaps, however, in this censure Burke exempted the intentions of Mr. Fox at the expense of that statesman's sincerity, for certainly neither then, nor at any time, had Mr. Fox any very serious intention of reforming Parliament, whatever he might say to the contrary.† Mr. Fox was sometimes less ingenuous to the public than he was to his friends. Now, too, the ordinary punishment of those who are over-lavish in popular professions when storming a government befell the successors to that troublesome fortress. Fox had boastingly implied, that if *he* had the official power, he possessed the requisite means to detach the Dutch from the French. The Dutch received his diplomatic overtures with a frigidity that belied his predictions. He turned to the Americans; there, at least, the eloquence of their advocate was sure

* This bill was important to the government measures; it was for restraining Sir Thomas Rumbold from quitting the kingdom or alienating his property pending the inquiry respecting his conduct at Madras.

† 'Fox, than whom there has seldom existed a more hearty anti-reformer,' writes Lord Dudley to the Bishop of Llandaff. This assertion oversteps the exact truth; but according to the concurrent testimony of those best acquainted with Fox's genuine opinions, and indeed according to some passages in his own Correspondence, it is evident that he regarded the question of Parliamentary Reform with considerable scepticism as to its benefits or necessity; he looked on it chiefly with reference to the interests of his party—a change of suit which the country could very well do without, but which ought from time to time to be taken down from the shelf—aired, paraded, brushed—and put away again.

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of a cordial reception, when commissioned to pacify and anxious to concede. Not a whit of it. The Americans were as sullen as the Dutchmen were phlegmatic. The minister charged with the glorious task of raising the dignity of England in the eyes of foreign states stooped to sue the Russian Czarina and the Austrian Emperor for their mediation between the parent country and the triumphant colonists. The Czarina replied by a personal compliment, the Emperor by a national insult. France and Spain, though in the last extreme of financial distress, refused to accede to the seductions of the Whig peace-maker. Peace falls rarely into the lap of those who ask for it on their knees. Peace has no force in her eloquence unless the trumpet precedes her heralds, and her flag does not carry respect if it droops from the crutch of a beggar. Just retribution! Salutary warning to those who depreciate the power of their country when seeking to damage a government! Men may justly advocate peace, however unpopular, when they hold war inexpedient or unrighteous. But in doing so, patriots will be wary how they tell the enemy that their country has no alternative between peace and destruction. Fox had so often declared in Parliament that England could not encounter her foes, that her foes believed him when he came in the authority of a King's minister with propositions of peace.

But the volumes edited by Lord John Russell contain a document which seems to us so to derogate from Mr. Fox's character as an English statesman, and his position as a Minister of the Crown, that even his warmest admirers may cease to regret that the dignity of the country was not long committed to his hands.

'It was,' says Mr. Allen, 'one of his (Mr. Fox's) first attempts to form a defensive confederacy in the North, by uniting Russia and Prussia with England, in opposition to the exorbitant ambition and insolent pretensions of the House of Bourbon. With that view he seems to have written the following letter to the King of Prussia. Through what channel it was to be conveyed does not appear, nor is it certain that it was ever sent; though from allusions in the following year to what had passed at this period, it probably was.'

Willingly will we give to Mr. Fox's memory the benefit of the doubt. But the letter is printed from the draft in Mr. Fox's own handwriting; and we blush to think that a Minister of England could even have dreamed of placing before the eyes of a foreign potentate words that so depreciated his country, and so debased his King. A few extracts from this epistle, to which we can give no epithet but abject, entitled 'Private Letter of Mr. Fox, written in order to be communicated to the King of Prussia,' will suffice to show the intention and substance of the whole composition.

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composition. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs thus begins:—

'The assurances that you have given me, Monsieur, of the friendship which the King, your master, bears to the English nation, encourages me to write to you from my own impulse, and without having consulted any one on the actual state of affairs in this country. We are overwhelmed by the number and force of our enemies; and however becoming and glorious may be the defence that we count upon making against a Confederation as powerful as that which attacks us, it is to be feared that this glory will cost us dear, and that we shall find ourselves exhausted by the efforts we make, even if events take a turn more favourable than we have reason to hope.'*

Was this the language likely to secure to England the active friendship of a man like Frederick the Great?

'It is true that the embarrassments that beset us are only the fruits of the numberless faults we have committed, and the bad system of policy we have long followed. But it is also true that whatever be the cause, it is of infinite importance to all the nations of Europe, more especially to those of the North, to prevent our succumbing to the House of Bourbon, which looks forward to a despotism over Europe with views much more solid and much better founded than at the time of Louis XIV., when all conceived of it so well-founded a jealousy.'†

The impolicy with which this unworthy fear is confessed to a foreign power is worthy of the extravagant assertion, that the Bourbons were less formidable under Louis XIV. than under Louis XVI. We can imagine Frederick's sneer at his correspondent's sagacity:—

'We embroiled ourselves with our colonies without reason, and after the rupture we conducted ourselves in the same spirit of imprudence and error as that which occasioned it. . . . . We have had the madness to plunge into the war with Holland without reason, and almost without pretext. It is with shame, no doubt, that I make a recital so humiliating to my country; but'—(the excuse is noble!)—

* 'Les assurances que vous m'avez données, Monsieur, de l'amitié que le Roi votre maître porte à la nation anglaise, m'encouragent à vous écrire de mon chef, et sans avoir consulté personne, avec la plus entière confiance, sur l'état actuel des affaires de ce pays-ci. Nous sommes accablés du nombre et de la force de nos ennemis, et quelque belle et glorieuse que sera la défense que nous comptons faire contre une confédération aussi puissante que celle qui nous attaque, il est à craindre, que cette gloire ne nous coûte bien cher, et que nous ne nous trouvions épuisés par les efforts que nous ferons quand même les évènemens prissent une tournure plus favorable que nous n'avons raison d'espérer.'

† 'Il est vrai que les embarras où nous nous trouvons ne sont que le fruit des fautes sans nombre que nous avons faites, et du mauvais système de politique que nous avons dès longtems suivi; mais il est vrai aussi que quelle qu'en soit la cause, il importe infiniment à toutes les nations de l'Europe et sur tout à celles du Nord d'empêcher que nous ne succombions à la maison de Bourbon, qui vise au despotisme de l'Europe avec des vues bien plus solides et mieux fondées que du tems de Louis XIV., quand tout le monde en avoit une jalousie si fondée.'

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'the more we have been feeble, the more it becomes the duty and the interest of those who interest themselves in us to aid us as much by counsels as by other means.'*

Did George III. call Mr. Fox to his cabinet to supplicate the counsels of another sovereign? But Mr. Fox thus additionally proves how he merits the confidence of his master, by revealing to the King of Prussia his estimate of the King of England—

'The consequences of the evil counsels that have been incessantly given to the King from the commencement of his reign, and to imprint as much as possible on his mind, are at present only too apparent to all the world. But, unfortunately, the evil is only discovered just at a time when it is very difficult to remedy it. What is to be done for that purpose?'†

Mr. Fox, then, with a naïve simplicity proceeds to state the difficulty of making any honourable peace with Holland, America, France, and Spain, and the greater difficulty of prosecuting against those powers any successful war; and reducing the gallant monarchy he represents to the condition of a despairing suppliant, exposing all her wounds, rending her purple into rags, and covering her crown with dust and ashes, thus bids her, through his mouth, address the most heartless and cynical philosopher who ever despised the weak and respected the strong:—

'Whom then address, if not him whose friendship has availed us so much in more fortunate times; who knows perfectly the embarrassment in which we find ourselves—who has the enlightenment to penetrate its causes—who *alone* can indicate to us the means by which to extricate ourselves, and who, doubtless, recalls with *complaisance* the time when the two nations acted in concert—an epoch certainly not the least illustrious of his reign. It is, then, from him that I dare demand counsel and support in the present circumstances.'‡

* 'Nous nous sommes brouillés avec nos colonies sans raison, et après la rupture nous nous sommes conduits avec ce même esprit d'imprudence et d'erreur qui l'avoit occasionnée. . . . . Nous avons eu la folie de nous plonger dans la guerre d'Hollande absolument sans raison et quasi sans prétexte. C'est avec honte, sans doute, que je fais un récit si humiliant pour ma nation, mais plus nous avons été faibles, plus il devient le devoir et l'intérêt de ceux qui s'intéressent à nous, de nous aider tant de conseils que d'autres moyens.'

† 'Les suites des mauvais conseils qu'on n'a cessé de donner au Roi depuis le commencement de son règne, et d'imprimer tant qu'on a pu dans son esprit, ne sont à présent que trop apparentes à tout le monde. Mais malheureusement le mal n'est découvert que dans un tems où il est bien difficile d'y remédier. Qu'y faire?'

‡ 'A qui donc s'adresser si ce n'est à lui dont l'amitié nous a tant valu dans des tems plus heureux, qui connaît parfaitement l'embarras où nous nous trouvons, qui a des lumières pour en pénétrer les causes, qui seul peut nous indiquer les moyens d'en sortir et qui sans doute se rappelle avec complaisance le tems où les deux nations agissaient en concert, époque certainement pas la moins illustre de son règne. C'est donc à lui que j'ose demander conseil et appui dans les circonstances présentes.'

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Mr.

Mr. Fox, then suggesting, with infinite humility, some general notions upon the objects to be attained—and intimating that the first step which his Prussian Majesty could make in our favour would be to persuade Russia 'to sustain the honour of her mediation, and to be a little more attentive to the affairs of England than she had been'—winds up by deferring, nevertheless, all such preliminary measures to 'the prudence, justice, and depth of intellect' which distinguish this foreign despot; and repeats that he, Member of the Cabinet, has written without concert with his colleagues or with any one.

Now, granting that all said upon the exhaustion of our resources, or the evil of the counsels which our Sovereign had imbibed were perfectly true, the place to state such facts might be in the Parliament of England, where Mr. Pitt would have stated them with crest erect. But surely no Minister of the Crown—no Englishman proud of England—should have made a foreign potentate the father confessor to the infirmities of his country and the errors of his King.

Whig historians complain that Lord Shelburne was too suspicious of Mr. Fox in his foreign diplomacy—George III. too narrow minded to appreciate the genius of so judicious a counsellor—but let any high-spirited Englishman read that letter, from which we have quoted not unfairly, and on which Lord John Russell, we regret to say, utters not one word of concern or reproach, and we suspect that he will acquit Lord Shelburne, and even pardon George III. No success could attend overtures so abject to a monarch so selfish. Mr. Allen observes drily, 'that the King of Prussia was too old and too cautious to embark in new and hazardous undertakings.'

While abroad our affairs were thus circumstanced and thus conducted, the Rockingham administration but partially attempted the domestic reform its members in opposition had so eloquently urged. Considering all that had been said against the increased and increasing influence of the Crown—when the evil was only met to the extent of a bill that disqualified contractors for seats in Parliament, and revenue-officers for votes in parliamentary elections—the public felt that the quantity of the wool was scarcely worth the loudness of the cry. But the measure was bold and sweeping, compared to the timidity and smallness of the economical reforms that had stormed the last Government with the swell of a torrent and oozed from its successors in the penury of driblets. Burke's boasted saving of 200,000*l.* a year dwindled down to a sum little over 73,000*l.* The Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall remained to shame the felicitous humour with which the orator had described their futility. The ordnance-

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office, the mint, various places in the household denounced by Burke's eloquence, were spared by his amendments—if odious to patriotism, they were convenient to patronage. Burke had the mournful consolation of reforming his own department. No similar consolation was sought by his brother reformers. If the economical reforms, under a Whig premier, were timorously conceived and sparingly executed, the administration of the finances, under a Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, was yet more discreetly free from the rashness of improvement. For an office at that time requiring no ordinary genius, the party of the great Houses had naturally enough selected a Cavendish, distinguished alike by sobriety of manners and mediocrity of intellect. This amiable nobleman—familiarly styled 'the learned Canary Bird'—whom Horace Walpole has unjustly accused of ambition, had, not without well-founded diffidence, yielded to the pressure of friends nobly anxious to place the national resources under the control of a man whose connexions might reflect their own elevation on the funds. The full results of so judicious a selection were not apparent till the appointment was renewed under the coalition administration.

We have thus dwelt at some length on the characteristics of the Rockingham Government, because it is necessary to see all that it promised to effect before we can fully comprehend the apathy with which an ungrateful country subsequently resigned itself to administrations from which the Whigs were excluded, and because a due contemplation of the idiosyncrasies peculiar to 'the Great Houses' in the junction between the Whigs proper and the disciples of Lord Chatham may throw some light on the interior of a more recent cabinet, in which the Whigs divided with men who were to Peel what the Shelburnites were to Chatham, the honours their genealogy entitled them to monopolise, and have never been quite right in the head since they were unhappily seized with that fit of condescension—

> 'Nulli sua signa, suusque
> Ductor,—eant taciti passim!'

In this brief period of power Mr. Fox vainly concentrated the various energies of his genius. He renounced his gay habits—that desultory attention to business, which passed under the name of indolence—he was indefatigable in the transaction of official affairs—more than at any time of his life he kept his warm and impulsive temper under dignified control. His eloquence was less vehement but not less effective. Yet even as a parliamentary leader he must have failed somehow in that indescribable, yet indispensable quality which conciliates or commands into

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into discipline inert or unruly members. With a government just formed; in the very honeymoon of official possession, we have seen that he could not enforce a requisite attendance. His subordinates were mutineers. He neither awed the House like Chatham nor soothed it like North. The commons admired a man of genius, they did not bow to a master. Inferior though Lord Shelburne was to him as a parliamentary orator, and small though in numbers and in property as was the Shelburne party in comparison with that of which Fox was the organ, Lord Shelburne was more than Fox's match in the Cabinet. True, the King was inimical to Fox, but by one of those grievous errors in conduct by which the great orator belied his repute for good sense, and counteracted the efforts of his vehement ambition, he seated the King's dislike to him in the deepest recess of the human heart. The Prince of Wales treated his father with an irreverence which furnished every club-house with pungent anecdotes. In becoming the father's official councillor Mr. Fox remained the son's chosen companion. The King perhaps overrated Fox's influence over the heir-apparent, and unjustly ascribed to the example of the matured man of intellect and fashion the excesses of a youth who coupled contempt the most galling for his father with admiration the most glowing for the friend with whom his pleasures were shared, and by whom his opinions were coloured. But it is obvious that there was only one condition on which Mr. Fox could have united the confidence of the King with the intimacy of the Prince, viz. a reconciliation between the two. This he took no direct pains to effect, and after conceding all that can be said on behalf of the warmth of Mr. Fox's personal friendships—a friendship which impairs utility, implicates character, is founded on no esteem, and endeared by no worthy association, still remains a grievous error of conduct in a man who, embracing the stern career, and coveting the high rewards of a practical statesman, must learn to adapt all his means to the attainment of necessary objects, and sacrifice everything but his honour and his conscience to the service which unites the advancement of his ambition with the interests of his country.

Meanwhile, between the Government and the Opposition, in armed neutrality, stood William Pitt. He had been offered by Lord Shelburne—not by the conclave of the Great Houses—various subordinate places in the new Government. One of them, that of Irish Vice-Treasurer, was very lucrative, and William Pitt was very poor. He had too much reliance on himself to accept a subordinate office. He had said so in the House three weeks before Lord Rockingham formed his Cabinet, and the wits smiled at the young man's arrogance. If we are to

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believe Horace Walpole and an anecdote transmitted to us at third hand by Lord Albemarle, he repented the boast as soon as it passed his lips; yet the boast was wise in itself, for genius is a commodity of which the commonalty of men do not know the precise value, and its price in the market is very much regulated by the estimate set on it by the possessor himself. But the isolated position in which the young orator thus placed himself was one that required, to maintain it, not only lofty capacities, but extraordinary prudence. All those with whom he had voted since his entrance into Parliament were supporters of that Government from which he remained aloof. The Opposition was composed of the friends of Lord North, whose Administration he had assisted to overthrow. Never did any man of mark and repute stand in Parliament so wholly without the aid of party—the advice of friends. And to make the situation yet more difficult, never in that House, in which the habit of affairs and knowledge of the world seem qualities for sustained success, more essential than the learning of the mere scholar or the eloquence of the mere orator,—did a man aspire to a foremost rank with so slender an experience of parliamentary business, and so stinted a commerce with the social varieties of mankind. Yet here he most succeeded, where Mr. Fox, in the maturity of his manhood, trained in political conflict, and familiarized by travel, by his pleasures not less than his studies, to human character in all its colours, and human life in all its gradations—notably failed,—viz. in the seizure of circumstances. the practical sagacity to which we would give the name of '*conduct*,' and by which results that amaze the strongest are obtained, less by the violence of the effort than the equilibrium of the forces.

The friends of Parliamentary Reform, in a meeting held at the Duke of Richmond's, had agreed to place that important question in the hands of Mr. Pitt; perhaps it was the only matter connected with the question on which they were agreed. A letter from Lord Rockingham to Mr. Milnes (great-uncle of the accomplished member for Pontefract), who enjoyed the reputation of influencing more dissenters and drinking more port-wine than any man in the county of York, shows how much confusion prevailed on the subject, whether in the mind of the writer or the projects of the Reformers.* In fact, the supporters of Parliamentary Reform consisted mainly of two great divisions —the impracticable and the insincere. Pitt treated the difficulties that beset the question with consummate skill in refer-

* Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham, by Lord Albemarle, vol. ii. p. 375.

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ence to his own views and position. He contrasted the insincere by his earnestness, and the impracticable by his moderation. He limited the object of his motion to the appointment of a committee of inquiry, and prefaced it by a speech, in which there was a marked avoidance of all the theories espoused by the Democratic party, and a very temperate but manly exposition of the abuses he desired to remedy. Politicians may differ as to the soundness of the ideas Mr. Pitt, at that time, entertained on this subject, but those who accuse him of deserting the question in later life should at least remember that his idea of a Parliamentary Reform was always eminently conservative. His views indeed are only indicated in his first speech; they were, not long after, made unmistakeably clear. In suppressing the rotten boroughs, though he would have unquestionably diminished the Government influences, he would have proportionally increased those which protect national institutions. In every form of government the enduring element is in the cultivators of the soil. With them rests the most stubborn resistance to the encroachments of tyranny on the one hand, of popular licence on the other. Pitt's theory of Reform, which was to give to the counties the members taken from the close boroughs, might be fairly open to the objection that it did not allow sufficient room and play to the innovating spirit which rises amidst urban populations, and is no less essential to progress and energy than a conservative equilibrium, through agrarian representation, is to safety and duration; but it does not subject him to the charge of advocating at one time the Democratic innovations he resisted at another. His views, then, were not less opposed to those of the Duke of Richmond than they were subsequently to those of Mr. Grey.

The Government reeled under a motion, in which its supporters divided against its leader in the Commons and vanquished him. 'Our having been beat upon Pitt's motion,' writes Mr. Fox (who voted for it, but if treating of the Cabinet should rather have said *my* than *our*), 'will, in my opinion, produce many more bad consequences than many people seem to suppose.' A little later Mr. Pitt placed Fox himself on the unpopular side, supporting Lord Mahon's bill against bribery and expense in the election of members, which Mr. Fox defended by his speech, and which, despite of Mr. Fox, had a majority of one in its favour. It was withdrawn on re-committal by the rejection of its severer clauses —that, in especial, which forbade a candidate to pay for the conveyance to the poll of non-resident electors; Mr. Fox on this occasion having the large ministerial majority of twenty-six!

But while thus fearlessly advocating his opinions, Mr. Pitt

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was singularly felicitous in making no enemies. The Government were compelled, and the Opposition were eager, to praise the man who stood committed to neither; and the public, long accustomed to see its ablest favourites going all lengths with a party, learned to regard with esteem this solitary thinker, who, exposing the jobs of the Court, spoke in respect, never servile, of the King, and who, advocating popular opinions, never pushed them into heated extravagance. It was, apart from his eloquence, this apparent fairness of intellect—this combination of courage and prudence—this superiority over the ordinary motives of hackneyed politicians—this freedom from party spleen —this indifference, not to personal ambition but to personal profit—this severe independence of spirit akin to this singleness of action—which fixed the eyes of the country upon the young lawyer who preferred even a briefless attendance at Westminster Hall to the emoluments of office not accompanied with the responsibilities of power.

Meanwhile 'the progress of dissension and mutual alienation in the Ministry' made inevitable the speedy dissolution of a body so organically afflicted. The main political difference between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox may serve to illustrate that peculiarity in the character of the latter which we have before intimated, and which induced him to prefer the maintenance of an abstract principle to the practical consideration of what was best for his country. Mr. Fox was for making the unconditional declaration of American independence previous to any treaty of peace; Lord Shelburne was for equally conceding the declaration, but for making it conditional on the absolute conclusion of the peace. If Mr. Fox had been the philosophical advocate of the human race, we think Mr. Fox would have been right in his view; but as the minister charged with saving the honour and guarding the interests of England, there can be no doubt that the course he preferred was the more wounding to the national dignity and the more careless of the national welfare. For it was surely less galling to the spirit of the mother country, and placed her in a higher position before the eyes of the continental powers, to recognize the independence of her ancient colony as an essential article in the general pacification of Europe, than to separate the revolt of the colonists from the hostilities of the European States, and acknowledge by an unconditional surrender the defeat of her arms and the injustice of her cause. To abandon all claim to a supremacy for which, right or wrong, its people had long contended with an ardour that justified the pertinacity of its King, was necessarily a heavy blow to the majesty of a state that could only be great in proportion as it commanded the moral respect

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respect of neighbours with larger armaments and more extensive dominions; but the blow was less accompanied by contumely if the concession were made not alone to the demands of victorious insurgents, but to those of combined nations and for the restoration of universal peace: while as to the question of that presiding regard for the national interest and safety, which the councillors of all states at war with others have no right to relinquish for the abstract principle of the schools, the reasoning which General Conway addressed to the Cabinet seems unanswerable, viz., 'that the acknowledgment of independence might be a leading argument with the Americans for making peace with us; but should they refuse peace, should we not weaken our right of warring on them by having acknowledged their independence?' A difference of this nature between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox was naturally aggravated by the conflicting duties of their offices: Mr. Fox, as one of the Foreign Secretaries, having his correspondent at Paris in Mr. Thomas Grenville, who was authorized by the entire Cabinet to negotiate peace with M. De Vergennes; and Lord Shelburne, as the other Foreign Secretary (under whose department the Colonies actually were), having his correspondent in Mr. Oswald, who had previously been in communication with Franklin, and whom Franklin himself especially desired to retain and avowedly preferred to Mr. Grenville. 'That,' in the words of Lord Holland, 'Lord Shelburne discussed, entertained, and communicated through Mr. Oswald with Franklin several projects of the latter without communicating them to his colleagues, and especially the strange one of ceding Canada to the United States, is clear enough.' But Lord Holland omits to observe, on the other hand, that Mr. Fox was not only holding private communications with Mr. Grenville, equally unknown to his colleagues, but that he had been no less privately communicating with the Secretary of Ireland unknown to Lord Shelburne, with whose unquestionable department he thus interfered; and that he had written and, according to Mr. Allen, had sent to the King of Prussia a document involving the most obvious responsibilities owed by a member of the Cabinet to his Sovereign, unknown to a single one of the other advisers of the Crown. Granting that Lord Shelburne was not sufficiently ingenuous, Mr. Fox, therefore, seems to us to have disqualified himself from complaints of reserve, still less of duplicity. And after wading through all the tedious and complicated evidences on either side, we think the most that can be said against Lord Shelburne is this, that in his anxiety to obtain the best terms he could for his sovereign and his country, he sought with too guarded a secresy

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to prevent Mr. Fox from concluding what he held to be the worst.* Be that as it may, Mr. Fox was outvoted in the Cabinet upon the construction to be put on a minute of instructions to Mr. Grenville, which embodied the whole public question at issue between himself and Lord Shelburne, General Conway (on the ground we have stated) giving his casting vote against Mr. Fox's opinions. From that moment the great orator resolved to retire. According to the best authority (the journal of his friend, General Fitzpatrick), he notified this intention on Sunday, June 30th. The next day, after a week's illness, the Marquis of Rockingham died.

Horace Walpole considers it 'a puerile want of policy in Lord Rockingham's friends not to have seized the opportunity of his lordship's approaching dissolution to take measures for naming his successor.' The reproach is scarcely merited. Lord Rockingham's friends were much too disunited for such amicable preliminary concert; but no sooner did the fatal event compel the Great Houses to elect their new representative, than they formed their decision with the consistency of rigid sectaries, and adhered to its consequences with the tenacity of faithful martyrs. Who, in times so disordered, was the fittest person to preside over the councils of England? — evidently a minister who could resemble the illustrious defunct in his pre-eminent attribute of being at once the greatest lord and the dullest man. Accordingly, within two days of Lord Rockingham's death, they set up for first minister the Duke of Portland. 'True that his fortune, though noble, was considerably impaired; in *other* respects,' says Walpole, with unconscious irony, 'his character was unimpeachable. But,' adds that sarcastic observer, 'he had never attempted to show any parliamentary abilities, nor had the credit of possessing any. Nor did it redound to the honour of his faction that in such momentous times they could furnish their country with nothing but a succession of mutes.' Mutes! but that was the merit of the faction. The faction had more than enough of talkers, and no talker liked to allow another talker to be set above him. All jealousies could be best settled by selecting a man who might be chosen for those qualities by which no one who plumes himself on intellect ever boasts to be distinguished. The marvellous abilities of Mr. Fox appeared to some

* For, as to the cession of Canada, no one can suspect Lord Shelburne or George III. of having seriously inclined to such a proposal. It was competent to Franklin to make it, but there is not the slightest evidence that Lord Shelburne for an instant favoured the idea. And he might have very good reasons in his disapproval of it not to submit the proposal to a cabinet in which he might fear it would find supporters.

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few of his personal friends—and, to our amaze, they appear still to the cool retrospect of Lord John Russell—to constitute superior claims to the succession of Lord Rockingham. Mr. Fox himself knew his party too well to misjudge so egregiously the qualities that guided their preference. He was aware, to use his own expression, 'that he was quite out of the question;' nor did the faction as a body demur to the justice of that modest conviction. The ruined cadet of a race which could not on the father's side trace its pedigree beyond three generations might do very well to lead the Commons of England; but, as first Lord of the Treasury, his were not precisely the hands from which the Great Houses would feel a pride in receiving garters and gold sticks. But Mr. Fox, on his mother's side, had an uncle of ducal rank and royal blood—an uncle of manners the most noble, of bearing the most chivalric—'of great capacity for business, and a still greater appetite for employing it.' The Duke of Richmond, to whom we refer, did not, therefore, like Mr. Fox, think himself 'out of the question.' But the Duke had two or three trifling defects, which combined to unfit him for the choice of the Great Houses. In spite of his rank his opinions were popular; and in spite of his graceful manners and a 'thousand virtues' he himself was just the reverse. He was 'intractable,' he had a will of his own; he was apt to have 'speculative visions, and was particularly romantic upon the article of representation.' In short, the Duke of Richmond was set aside. And Fox and the Duke being thus dissolved in the Whig crucible, nothing remained but that *caput mortuum* his Grace of Portland.

The intrigues of this interesting crisis have an exquisite air of high comedy. The Whig junto having agreed that the Duke of Richmond was to concede his claim to the Duke of Portland, who, above all men, was selected to tell him so?—who was to be the simpler Bouverie to that more vain Lord John? The Whigs appointed Mr. Fox; and, 'being his Grace's nephew, the Duke,' says Walpole, with the shrewdness of a man of the world, 'was most offended with *him*.' With the *bonhommie* of a child Mr. Fox undertook the task of alienating from his party one of its ablest chiefs, and from himself his most powerful relation. Horace Walpole was present in one of the meetings between uncle and nephew, and informs us that 'he entreated both to argue without passion, and to remember that, being such near relatives, they must come together again.' 'I did prevent any warmth,' adds that most cynical of peacemakers, 'and they parted civilly, though equally discontented with each other.' It must have been a yet more amusing scene 'when Lord Shelburne was desired by the voice of the party to acquaint King George III. that the Whigs

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Whigs recommended the Duke of Portland to his Majesty to succeed Lord Rockingham.' The Earl had previously foiled Mr. Fox's opposition in the cabinet with a sort of well-bred humour which seems to imply a cordial enjoyment of his part in the play. When General Conway, on whom the Rockingham faction, despite his superb pretensions to be above all considerations of party, had certainly counted as their own, gave in that cabinet of nine his independent vote, much to that faction's annoyance, quoth Lord Shelburne aside to Mr. Fox, 'That innocent man never perceives that he has the casting vote of the cabinet!' Again says the Earl smilingly to his baffled rival, 'Very provoking, I must own, for you to see Lord Camden and the Duke of Grafton come down with their lounging opinions to outvote you in cabinet.' Accordingly, with his accustomed dry delight in a joke, Lord Shelburne accepted the mission to report to the King the decrees of the Whigs; and, returning, reported to the delegates that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to appoint as first Lord of the Treasury—the Earl of Shelburne himself.

Though the announcement could not have been unexpected, it produced the effect of a bomb upon a company of gazers only prepared for the ascent of a rocket. Fox would listen to no remonstrance; he carried at once the seals of his office to the King, complained loudly of Lord Shelburne's 'treacheries,' and proclaimed, as it were, his contempt for the royal favour he had lost, or his hopes in royal favour prospective, by receiving at dinner that very day the Prince of Wales as his guest, and allowing his partisans to circulate the soothing intelligence that the Heir Apparent regarded 'the Rockingham party as the best friends of the country.' Lord John Cavendish alone of the members of the cabinet imitated the example of Mr. Fox. The three other whigs by profession, Keppel, Conway, and the Duke of Richmond, remained in office; each professing to share Fox's distrust of Lord Shelburne, but each by remaining, and upon the avowed grounds of public duty, implying a censure on those who retired. Never before did a parliamentary leader make a movement of equal importance with so little approval and so scanty a following, or upon grounds less calculated to compensate in the sympathy of the people for the detriment inflicted upon party. 'My opinion,' writes Lord Temple to his brother Thomas,* 'is that Fox has undone himself with the public, and his most intimate friends seem of the same opinion.' The blow to the Whigs which the hasty back-stroke of their chief inflicted was indeed so mighty, that it scattered them right and left.

* Courts and Cabinets of George III. vol. i. p. 52.

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The policy of the Whigs as a party was evidently either to absorb the Shelburnites into their own body, or to destroy Lord Shelburne's personal influence as an obstacle to that fusion. The course taken by Mr. Fox transferred to Lord Shelburne all whom interest, ambition, or sense of public duty enlisted on the side of the Government. And by that single act Mr. Fox, viewing him only as a party chief, lost at least one-third of the numbers, and a far greater proportionate amount in property, rank, and character, of the party committed to his guidance. His resignation may have been necessitated. Mr. Fox might feel that he could not with honour serve under Lord Shelburne. But since so many of his friends retained their offices, and remonstrated against his own decision, prudence demanded that his retirement should be made with temperance and dignity. Preserving in parliament the attitude of a vigilant neutrality, he might thus have retained his friends, whether in or out of office, while asserting his own independence. But Mr. Fox here manifested to the fullest extent his characteristic errors of conduct. He began at once 'an opposition wofully thinned and disconnected,'* and to that opposition he gave all the rancour and vehemence which could justify his opponents in ascribing his motives to personal spleen and mortified ambition. On this score Lord John Russell writes well:—'Conceding this point [that Mr. Fox's resignation was almost inevitable], 'it must be owned that the field of battle was the worst that could be chosen. Lord Shelburne, the friend and colleague of Lord Chatham, the Secretary of State under Lord Rockingham, a man of tried acquirements and undoubted abilities, was personally far superior to the Duke of Portland as a candidate for the office of prime minister.'—'The choice of a prime minister against the choice of the Crown, and that in the person of a man whose rank and fair character were his only recommendations, appeared to the public an unwarrantable pretension, inspired by narrow jealousies and aristocratic prejudices.'

This was, however, the ground which Mr. Fox selected. From this ground he fulmined on the Government—in which the most eminent of his recent colleagues remained, which a large and influential number of his recent followers supported—an artillery of eloquence startling by the explosion of its powder, harmless by the misdirection of its ball. He not only accused Lord Shelburne of duplicity to himself, but insulted those just severed from his side by declaring it was 'impossible to act under

* Sheridan's Letter to Thomas Grenville, Courts and Cabinets of George III. vol. i. p. 53.

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the Earl with honour or benefit to the country.' He ventured to prophesy 'not only that Lord Shelburne would still be opposed to the independence of America, but that in order to maintain himself in power the Earl would be capable of that extremity of baseness—a coalition with Lord North!'

What followed is notorious. Mr. Fox himself coalesced with Lord North; and that coalition was first proclaimed to the world in denouncing the treaties for a peace which Mr. Fox had so solemnly invoked throughout the phases of his opposition to Lord North's Government, and which, as a minister himself, he had pushed diplomacy to the extreme of supplication in order to effect! The peace itself was more honourable to the country than that which Mr. Fox would have effected. Lord Shelburne carried his point. The acknowledgment of American independence was made by an article in the treaty, not by a previous declaration. Nothing further was heard of the cession of Canada. But he who wishes to see the vindication of that peace and its provisions must turn to the great speech in their defence against Fox, which, in tone and argument, is one of the noblest ever uttered by Pitt. But let us glance for a moment over the condition of parties before Fox committed himself to the formal coalition with Lord North. In point of numbers the new Government was far weaker than that out of which it had grown. According to a calculation made to Gibbon, who reports it, the supporters of Ministers did not muster more than 140; the Fox party was estimated at 90; Lord North's at 120, the Members not thus classified were considered uncertain. But there were an energy and a decision of purpose in the foreign negotiations of Lord Shelburne's Government which had not characterised its predecessor. And the Earl had overcome the strongest difficulty of all in the way of peace—*atrocem animum Catonis*—the stubborn reluctance of George III. Vigour, indeed, was Lord Shelburne's eminent attribute. 'I will do him justice,' says Lord Temple (after censuring the Earl's vanity and personal arrogance), 'in acknowledging his merit as one of the quickest and most indefatigable ministers that this country ever saw.' The Cabinet itself was but provisional; Admiral Keppel soon left it. 'The Duke of Richmond,' says Lord Temple, 'only determined to go on till the first breach on fair public grounds;' and (according to Horace Walpole) 'told the King that, though he would keep the Ordnance if the King desired it, he would go no more to council.' Of Lord Shelburne's own special party, Lord Camden, pleading his advanced years, would only pledge himself to retain office for three months, and the Duke of Grafton went discontented into the country, and subsequently left

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the Government just before its dissolution. Here Lord Shelburne's defect in conciliating those with whom he had to deal became seriously apparent. Only on one member of this Cabinet, except his personal friend Dunning (now in the Upper House as Lord Ashburton), could the chief minister count with confidence, viz. the young man whom he had at once raised to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, William Pitt. The leadership of the House of Commons was nominally vested in Thomas Townshend, Secretary of State; but it was Pitt who took the prominent part in the defence of the Government and the conduct of business. But great as his own powers were, Pitt himself felt that a ministry thus formed and supported could not last. The peace, however necessary, was in itself unpopular. The Government could only secure a majority in the House of Commons in its favour by a junction with one of the two parties which were both convinced of the impracticability of continued war—the Foxites and the Northites. Lord Shelburne was urged by some of his friends to coalesce with the last, by others to unite with the first. The Earl was not unwilling to propitiate Lord North, but on the condition of not placing him in the Cabinet. Dundas sounded Lord North on this head; 'but,' says Walpole, 'Lord Shelburne, foolishly, meanwhile, making the Duke of Rutland not only Lord Steward but of the Cabinet Council, filled up one of the best places with which he might have trafficked with Opposition.' So the overtures to Lord North, which were never cordial nor direct, failed of effect. 'Indeed,' says Bishop Tomline* (a better authority here than Walpole), 'as Lord North was fully aware of Mr. Pitt's positive determination to have no political connexion with him, and he could not but know that a perfectly good understanding subsisted between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt, he must therefore have been convinced that any union between himself and the present Ministers must have been utterly impracticable.' It is true that the more personal reasons which might well weigh with Mr. Fox in not accepting as a colleague in council the man whom he had so short a time before threatened with the block, were not applicable to Pitt, who had indulged in no similar language and received only pointed compliments from the ex-minister,—but by that intuitive sympathy with public opinion, which constituted more than half his political wisdom, Pitt clearly saw that though the country could acquiesce in arrangements that might strengthen the Government by the support of Lord North's partisans, it could not tolerate

* Life of Pitt.

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the restoration to power of the man whose policy had involved it in such serious calamities. Against an union with Fox there was no such vital objection. If the personal differences between the Whig leader and Lord Shelburne could be adjusted, their political dissensions might well terminate in a peace which secured the substance of all that its common advocates professed to desire. These personal differences Lord Shelburne, on his side, was induced to forego, and to be the first to court reconciliation. It is clear that at this time, as on later occasions, far from not enduring a rival near the throne, Pitt was desirous of yet securing to the Government of the country the only man whose parliamentary genius and position were equal to his own. For the first and only time in his life he met Fox in private but political negotiation — happy perhaps for the career of Fox, had the object of the interview been effected! But Fox's resentment against Lord Shelburne was more implacable than Lord Shelburne's against Fox. Pitt proposed that Fox and his friends should have an equal share in the Government, Lord Shelburne retaining the Treasury; Fox made Lord Shelburne's resignation a *sine quâ non*. Pitt drew himself up—'I did not come here to betray Lord Shelburne,' said he, and left the room.

Immediately following these fruitless negotiations, Lord North's familiar friend Mr. Adam, indignant at the idea that Lord North should be excluded from the Cabinet that was left open to his friends, got into communication, through George North the ex-Minister's son, with Fox's familiar friend Lord John Townshend. 'These three (writes Lord John to Lord Holland in 1830) laid their heads together.' 'Fitzpatrick's aid was invaluable;' Sheridan was 'eager and clamorous' for the junction; Burke was not adverse. Beyond this (and we rejoice to find that Burke's share in the intrigue has been so much exaggerated) Burke had no great hand in the work; 'and,' adds Lord John, 'it was lucky, as we thought, that he had not, as he might in any day have marred everything, according to custom, in some wrong-headed fit of intemperance.' Thus three men, of mark in their little day, but exceedingly obscure to posterity, made up the notorious Coalition between Fox and North, of which the ultimate consequences were the annihilation of the North party, the decimation and discredit of the Whig, and the formation of that vast parliamentary majority,—founded on the ruins of the one, swelled by the seceders from the other,—which so long maintained the destinies of England in the hands of Mr. Pitt.

Against the morality of the Coalition so much has been said, that we may be saved the necessity of reiterating austere homi-

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lies on a worn-out text. But we must frankly own, that the apologists for Mr. Fox have in this instance laid too much stress on the placability of his disposition. For if he forgot his old resentment against Lord North, it was to gratify his new resentment against Lord Shelburne. It was the sacrifice of one revenge for the prosecution of another. And his real excuse is not to be sought in the forgiving sweetness of his temper, but in that fervour of passion which too often blinds judgment by the very fire that it gives to genius. From a great flame goes a great smoke.

But, accepting all that can mitigate the political sin of the Fox and North Coalition, it remains not the less grave as a political blunder on the part of Mr. Fox. It is difficult to conceive how a people could ever have been wisely governed by a statesman who could so egregiously miscalculate the directions of public opinion. Nor could a party fail to decrease rapidly in power and importance that appeared to the community to renounce all the recognised principles of political action in order to subserve the ambition of a chief whose very genius only rendered more alarming to the safety of the commonwealth the unscrupulous appliance of his means to the naked audacity of his ends.

But whatever the ultimate effect of the coalition, it obtained Fox's immediate object—it drove Shelburne from power; and he who had declared when opposing Lord North that 'peace upon any terms—peace for a year, for a month, for a day—was indispensable under the present circumstances of the country,' joined with Lord North in condemning the successful negotiator of a peace, of which Lord Temple, no partial friend to Lord Shelburne, speaks 'as the most meritorious and happiest event for a kingdom exhausted of men and of credit.' 'By my absence in Ireland and my little connection with Lord Shelburne I was enabled,' adds Lord Temple, 'to judge of it with coolness and impartiality, and from the knowledge of the various difficulties attending it, I am convinced better terms could not have been had.'*

It was evidently the hope of the Coalition to detach Pitt from Shelburne. North, in replying to Pitt's speech against the resolutions by which Lord John Cavendish implied his censure of the Government, pointedly said that 'he saw no reason why the carrying of the present motion should drive Mr. Pitt from the service of his country.' Fox up to this moment had also taken occasion to compliment Pitt at the expense of Shelburne. So exclusively personal towards the chief minister was the attack of

* Court and Cabinets of George III., vol. i. p. 302.

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the Coalition, that, when Lord Shelburne resigned, the King, on the plea injudiciously left to him 'that Lord Shelburne was the only person in whom the House of Commons had shown a want of confidence,' baulked the expectations of the victors, and startled all parties by offering the Treasury to Pitt with full powers to nominate his colleagues.

In the secret diplomacy of parties a man whose name henceforth became closely associated with that of Pitt had lately taken a very active part. Henry Dundas, then in his forty-third year, is thus characterised by Lord Brougham, in one of those Sketches which, whatever our several impressions in particular instances as to the perfect accuracy of the colouring, are not less valuable specimens of a great artist's skill in composition. 'Henry Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) was a plain business-like speaker; a clear, easy, fluent, and—from much practice as well as strong natural sense—a skilful debater.' To this we may add, that if the effect of his speeches was somewhat marred by a broad Scotch accent, so on the other hand it was favoured by the advantages of a comely countenance and imposing person. He understood well the *system* of business—uniting industry in details with the facility of generalisation; his temperament was buoyant, his manners were pleasing. No man more agreeable could be met in the byeways of political life. The austerest member on the opposite side could enjoy his laugh in the lobby or share his bottle at Bellamy's. To qualities so fitted to rise in life, Henry Dundas added the profound determination to do so. He grafted his talents on the healthiest fruit-trees, and trained them with due care on the sunny side of the wall. Lord Advocate under North's administration, and one of the most zealous defenders of the American war while the war was popular, with intuitive sagacity he saw in season the necessity of adapting his opinions to the vicissitudes of time. By a sort of magnetism kindred to this happy clairvoyance he was attracted towards Mr. Pitt, on the very first appearance of the latter as the opponent of the Government of which Dundas was the partisan and member. In reply to a speech against Ministers made by Pitt in his maiden session, Dundas said:—

'The Honourable Gentleman who spoke last claims *my particular approbation*. I find myself compelled to rejoice in the good fortune of my country and my fellow-subjects, who are destined at some future day to derive the most important services from so happy an union of first-rate abilities, high integrity, bold and honest independency of conduct, and the most precocious eloquence.'

By a dexterity that was really admirable in its way, the Lord Advocate

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Advocate contrived to glide so easily from Lord North's administration into Lord Rockingham's that he really heightened his character in retaining his office. With a penetrating eye that comprehended in a glance the welfare of Great Britain and the interests of Henry Dundas, this profound politician perceived the faults in Mr. Fox that rendered it more likely that the genius of that statesman would adorn an Opposition than maintain a Government. Accordingly we have seen that while in the Rockingham administration, and nominally under the lead of Mr. Fox, he still turned his prophetic inclinations towards Mr. Pitt, and made a marked distinction between the purity of intention that distinguished the young man who spoke on the opposite side of the House and that which characterised the leader on the Treasury Bench. From Lord Rockingham's administration he slid into Lord Shelburne's with a yet easier grace than that with which he had glided from Lord North's into Lord Rockingham's. Anxious to preserve his office and his country, Dundas then became the zealous but unsuccessful negotiator in the attempt to secure to Lord Shelburne the support of Lord North. Some little time before retiring from power, but when its necessity was evident, Lord Shelburne sent to Dundas, and said to him with that courtly combination of cynicism and loftiness which often distinguished the Earl in his commerce with mankind—'Did you ever hear the story of the Duke of Perth?' 'No,' said Dundas. 'Then I will tell it you. The Duke of Perth had a country neighbour and friend who came to him one morning with a white cockade in his hat. "What is the meaning of this?" asked the Duke. "I wish to show your grace," replied his country friend, "that I am resolved to follow your fortunes." The Duke snatched the hat from his head, took the cockade out of it, and threw it into the fire, saying—"My situation and duty compel me to take this line, but that is no reason why you should ruin yourself and your family." I find,' continued Lord Shelburne, 'it will now be necessary for me to quit the government, but as you are beloved by all parties I wished you to have early notice of it, that you might be prepared for what must happen!'

The Lord Advocate *was* prepared not to ruin himself and his family. And he it was who on Lord Shelburne's final overthrow, 'being,' says Horace Walpole, 'one of the boldest of men, proposed to the King to send for the very young Chancellor of the Exchequer, William Pitt, not yet past 23;'—he it was who strained all the efforts of his eloquent experience to induce William Pitt to accept the offer, and in order to give the more

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time for reflection, he it was who moved the adjournment of the House for three days. 'By far the greater number of the friends whom Pitt consulted,' says Bishop Tomline, 'advised him to accept the offer.' Pitt never more evinced that fine judgment which Lord Bacon calls 'the wisdom of business,' than when he declined. Again the King, most loth to humble himself to what he called 'a faction,' entreated Pitt to retract his determination. But Pitt remained immovable. He understood the King's interest better than his Majesty did. The Coalition must be tried in office before it could be safe for the monarchy to hazard that most delicate and critical of all political questions which lies involved in the constitutional prerogative of the King to choose his ministers, and the attempt of ministers so chosen to govern the country, even for a time, against a majority in the House of Commons. 'The King,' said the dutiful heir-apparent, whose friendship Mr. Fox so dearly purchased, 'has not yet agreed to the plan of the Coalition, but by G—— he shall be made to agree to it.'

The royal prediction was verified; the Duke of Portland became chief minister under Lord North and Mr. Fox.

In quitting office—with powers so acknowledged, and an ambition so flatteringly caressed—we might suppose, according to ordinary parliamentary precedents, that Mr. Pitt would have become the recognized leader of Opposition. He pointedly renounced all assumption to that post. Before the new ministry was formed, he declared with emphasis that 'he was unconnected with any party whatever; that he should keep himself reserved, and act with whichever side he thought did right.' He soon showed his independence of the main body in Opposition by renewing in more detail his motion on Parliamentary Reform. It was lost by a much larger majority than the former one, owing, it was said, 'to the increased influence of Lord North, as Secretary of State'—a proof how little Fox had advanced the principles he professed by the coalition in which he had gratified his personal ambition and private resentment. Nor would Pitt join with the majority of the Opposition, in the popular clamour against a tax on receipts; though on another occasion he unsparingly exposed the waste and profligacy of a loan by which, according to Lord Shelburne, the public lost 650,000*l.*, which was negotiated in private on the same principle which Lord North had adopted and the Whigs denounced; which gave a bonus of six per cent. to the lenders, and rose with a rapidity that startled the upward eyes on Exchange to a premium of eight. But the Great Houses had again placed the finances of the country in the

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the well-bred hands of Lord John Cavendish; and it is no matter of surprise that the 3 per cent. Consols, which in March were at 70, fell to 56 in the following December, just before the country lost the services of that estimable nobleman. The public paid dear for the whistle of the 'learned Canary Bird.' It was in thus standing aloof from party that Pitt continued to concentre on himself the hopes of the country, with which every party had lost ground. Had Pitt avowedly become leader of an Opposition in which the former supporters of the North administration—angry with the Coalition—made the more prominent section, he would have taken from his position that character of independence and liberality which rendered it so popular. He must have foreseen that when the occasion came for concert, the various malcontents would rally round him. All wrecks come to the shore—but only in crumbling away can the shore drift to the wrecks. Thus, still standing alone, Pitt was the better enabled to appear before the public as the adviser of practical reforms emanating from himself, and unembarrassed by complaisance to the antecedents of those who had supported abuses under previous Governments. He introduced a bill for the more economical regulation of the public offices, which the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed upon the ground, 'that if abuses did exist, the heads of the offices might reform them.' Ministers did not, however, dare to divide against the bill in the Commons; but they united to throw it out in the Lords. Decidedly in the Coalition the old North principles had a full proportion of influence. But Mr. Fox, who had complained so much of Cabinet dissensions when acting with Shelburne, is silent as to any differences in acting with North; on the contrary, he speaks only of the gratitude due to Lord North's 'very handsome conduct,' and of the concord between himself and that distinguished High Tory upon all practical questions.

Parliament, prorogued on the 16th of July, left the coalition unscathed, and in September Pitt went abroad for the first and only time of his life: his companions were Eliot and Wilberforce. With the more eminent of these two accomplished men Pitt had formed a friendship which at that period in the lives of both was endeared by congenial habits and kindred sympathies. They were of the same age—born within three months of each other, both accomplished scholars, neither of them professedly a bookman. Both had high animal spirits; though Pitt's finding their usual vent in political conflict, Wilberforce had more ready gaiety to spend in general society. Mirth in each had a singular character of freshness and innocence—almost feminine with Wilberforce, at times quite boyish with Pitt. Speaking of one of Pitt's visits to him at Wimbledon, at the date

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when his friend was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Shelburne, Wilberforce says, 'We found the fruits of Pitt's earlier rising in the careful sowing of the garden-beds with the fragments of a dress-hat, in which Ryder had over-night come down from the Opera.' The acquaintance between these two young men had commenced at Cambridge, had become more intimate in the gallery of the House of Commons, where both often sat as observant strangers before they became actors of such mark upon the stage. They grew yet more intimate at Goosetree's Club, while Pitt yet played with 'intense earnestness' at games of chance; or at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, in memory of Shakspeare, where Pitt was 'the most amusing of the party.' Wilberforce entered the House as member for Hull, at the general election, a few months before Pitt. Lord Rockingham had declined the overtures of the one; he strained all his interest in Yorkshire against the other. The decided action and popular sentiments of Pitt often separated them on divisions; and it was not till the Shelburne government that they became politically united. During that administration, Pitt, 'to whom it was a luxury even to sleep in country air,' frequently visited Wilberforce at his villa; and thither did he joyously repair when he resigned his residence in Downing Street to the Coalition Ministry. 'Eliot, Arden, and I,' wrote Pitt one afternoon, 'will be with you before curfew, and expect an early meal of peas and strawberries.'

Wilberforce had already distinguished himself as a speaker in parliament. He had seconded Pitt on the address to the throne under the Shelburne government; he had denounced the Coalition with a vehemence equal to his friend's. Of all Pitt's associates there was not one who at that time appeared more likely, from congenial character, sentiments, and intellect, to share in the honours of his political career. But Providence destined them to promote noble ends, in directions that diverged by the way: the one advancing human interests in the more exclusive service of his country; the other adorning his country, and elevating its moral standard by a more special devotion to the cause of catholic humanity.

The three travellers crossed over to Calais, and proceeded straight to Rheims, 'to gain some knowledge of the language before they went to Paris.' The intendant of the police regarded them as very suspicious characters. Their courier represented them as 'grands seigneurs;' 'and yet,' said the shrewd functionary, 'they are in a wretched lodging, and have no attendance. They must be *des intrigants.*' Fortunately these unfavourable impressions were communicated to a French abbé, 'a fellow of infinite humour,' who was secretary to the Conseil d'Etat, under

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the Archbishop of Perigord. 'Satisfied,' as the abbé said, 'with their appearance,' he offered them every civility which the politeness of his nation could suggest; made them acquainted with the noblesse in the neighbourhood; and introduced them to a familiar footing at the episcopal palace. Pitt here evinced that remarkable quickness of perception which gave to his youth the advantages usually confined to experience. 'Though no master of the French vocabulary, he caught readily the intonations of the language, and soon spoke it with considerable accuracy.'

Two of his reputed sayings at this time are worth citing. 'I am greatly surprised,' said the abbé, 'that a country so moral as England can submit to be governed by a man so wanting in private character as Fox. It seems to show you to be less moral than you appear.' '*C'est que vous n'avez été sous la baguette du magicien*,' was Pitt's happy reply; 'but the remark,' he continued, 'is just.' Another time the abbé asked him, in what part the British Constitution might be first expected to decay. Pitt, musing for a moment, answered, 'The part of our Constitution which will first perish is the prerogative of the King and the authority of the House of Peers.' The answer is profound; and though the circumstances of that time might favour the conjecture more than those of the present, yet, no doubt, in the ordinary progress of civilization, the vitality of the moving body endures longer than the checks on its action. Rarely does the bridle last as long as the horse! But this reply, made at the time when Pitt was a parliamentary reformer, and desired, by the mode of his reform, to give more preponderance to the conservative scale in the balance of representative government, may serve to explain the motives of his policy in later life, when he deemed it necessary to carry all his genius to the preservation of the weaker powers in the State. For though Crown and Peers may go first, if ever the harmonious elements of the English constitution are condemned to dissolution, popular freedom may go very soon afterwards. In states highly civilized the fears of property soon determine any contest between political liberty and civil order in favour of the last. Remove a king, and the odds are that you create a dictator; destroy an aristocracy, and between throne and mob—between wealth and penury—between thief and till—what do order and property invoke to their aid? The answer is brief—an army! In every European community soldiers appear in proportion as aristocracy recedes. And just it is, in refutation of the charge of inconsistency brought against Pitt at a subsequent period, to state that it was at this date, when he most favoured Parliamentary reform, that Franklin, conversing with him on forms of government,

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ment, was equally surprised by his talents and his anti-republican opinions.*

The three friends proceeded to Paris and thence to the Court at Fontainebleau. At this time Horace Walpole is said to have tried 'to get up a match' between William Pitt and Necker's daughter, afterwards so famous as Madame de Staël. It is even asserted that the Genevese offered to endow the young lady with a fortune of 14,000*l.* a-year. Happily, perhaps, for his domestic peace, Pitt was not tempted. He replied, probably in jest, that he was already married to his country.† The subsequent entries in Wilberforce's diary are curious:—

'Introduced to King, Queen, Monsieur, Madame, Comte, and Comtesse d'Artois, and two aunts. Pitt stag-hunting! Eliot and I in chace to see the King—clumsy, strange figure, in immense boots! Dined. Marquis de la Fayette—pleasing, enthusiastical man. They all, men and women' (writes Wilberforce to Henry Bankes), 'crowded round Pitt in shoals, and he behaved with great spirit, though he was sometimes a little bored when they talked to him about the parliamentary reform.'

In the midst of these courtly gaities Pitt was recalled to London, by a special messenger, despatched by whom or for what object does not appear. Assuming the latter to be political, it seems evident that Pitt on his return to England did not see the probability of his own speedy accession to power; for at this period he seriously determined to resume the profession of the law, as the only plan he could adopt to preserve 'that independence which he had resolved never to forfeit.'‡ Indeed, the Coalition Administration had gained strength merely by living on. Though the discontent of the King remained unsoftened, it assumed the character of despondency. He said in private that 'though he disliked ministers he would give them fair play.' In a confidential letter to Lord Northington, Fox writes that—

'The King has no inclination to do anything to serve us or to hurt us; and I believe that he has no view to any other administration which he means to substitute in lieu of us. . . . Our lasting out the summer will prove that his dislike is not such as to proceed to overt acts. Parliament is certainly our strong place; and if we can last during the recess, I think people will have little doubt of our lasting during the session. When I look over our strength in the House of Commons, and see that

* Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party, vol. ii. p. 262.

† Lord Brougham ('Sketch of Pitt') says that the story of his refusing to marry Mademoiselle de Necker rests on a true foundation, but unless the answer was in jest, which is very possible, it was too theatrical for so great a man. We agree with Lord Brougham.

‡ Tomline's Life of Pitt, chap. iii.

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all hopes of dissension are given up even by the enemy, while on the other hand Shelburne, Temple, Thurlow, and Pitt, are some of them quite unmanageable, and have, to my certain knowledge, hardly any communication with each other, I cannot help thinking the fear of our being overturned in parliament is quite chimerical.'

The Ministry indeed were strong by union within the Cabinet, by a large majority in the Commons, by the motley and divided nature of the opposition, and above all by the apparent impossibility to form any other Government. The Whigs thought the Coalition had ceased to be unpopular; that supposition, as events proved, was incorrect. But we have seen in our time how disposed our practical countrymen are to acquiesce in a Government they disapprove, if they see no elements for the permanent formation of a better. There is no question on which Administrations more depend for continuance than this—'If out, who are to come in?'

And during this short interval of power Fox himself appears to brilliant advantage. With the firmness which Rockingham had wanted, he insisted on excluding Thurlow from his Cabinet. He turned out the Lord Advocate Dundas, who would have stayed in if he could, though he had before emphatically declared his resolve 'to adhere to the fortunes of Mr. Pitt.' Fox wavered, it is true (from one of his most fatal faults—facility to the advice of friends whose intellect was far inferior to his own), in the course of the summer as to the restoration of the grim Lord Chancellor. But some negotiations to that effect failed. His policy with regard to Ireland was on the whole sound and vigorous. He showed temper and judgment in smoothing over a difficulty as to the allowance to be made to the Prince of Wales, which at one time gravely threatened to place the people on the side of the King; and the unanimity that prevailed in a Cabinet so composed must have been owing not more to Lord North's exquisite good humour and epicurean philosophy, than to Fox's frank and cordial temper, and masculine knowledge of the world—of gentlemen. Only in one quarter danger to the Government could be discerned. Ministers were strong for the transaction of ordinary business; they must necessarily be weak the instant they began to legislate on a grander scale, and admit the principles of reconstruction. Parliamentary reform, with Lord North voting one way sincerely, and Mr. Fox another way with little faith in the wisdom of his vote, was out of the question. The safety of the Whigs really lay in the abeyance of Whiggery. But there was one question on which it was impossible not to stir. Reform in England might be shelved—reform in India could brook no longer delay. Not to be evaded was the dire necessity 'of doing something'

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something' to rectify or terminate a system of misgovernment which, Lord John Russell justly says, 'had alarmed and disquieted English statesmen of all parties.' If the Ministry had dallied with this subject, it would have been taken out of their hands by the Opposition. Dundas indeed, whose knowledge of Indian affairs was superior to that of any public man (unless Burke alone be excepted), had already, in the previous April, taken the initiative on the question by the introduction of a 'Bill for the better regulation and government of the British possessions in India;' and Mr. Fox had on that occasion declared his intention of taking up the whole question early the next session. Fox had sufficient sagacity to suspect that the measures devised by himself and his Cabinet for the remedy of evils universally acknowledged were of a hazardous nature; but that sagacity did not go far enough to foresee the amount of the hazard, the nature of the objections his bill would provoke, nor the means of preserving its efficiency but removing its more obnoxious provisions. He seems to have supposed that the Opposition would only be formidable, inasmuch as they would be joined 'on the grounds of personal attachment to this or that director, or to this or that governor.' Never more did he show his want of what the present Emperor of France has called 'the electric sympathy between the successful statesman and public opinion,' than in his imperfect perception of the real danger to which his measure would expose the Ministry. On the whole he was sanguine of success: 'the question,' he hoped, 'would be over by Christmas, and Government safe for the session.' Thus apparently strong, Ministers met Parliament on the 11th of November, 1783. They announced in the King's speech the conclusion of definitive treaties of peace. The situation of the East India Company, and the necessity of providing for the security and improvement of the revenue, were the reasons assigned for calling Parliament together at so early a period. Pitt spoke on the address with the moderation of a man who saw no opening for assault. He said, it is true, and with justice, 'that the principle of the peace proposed was the same as that which the members of the Government, when in opposition, had rejected,' and that the vote was the panegyric of the late Ministers upon the very point on which they were then censured; but he agreed that the affairs of India and the state of the revenue demanded the immediate attention of Ministers, in terms so far from hostile, that Fox 'thanked him for his support.' All thus went on smoothly till, on the 18th, Fox, with a dazzling and fatal eloquence, introduced his 'India Bill' and condemned his Government. All which must render the measure adverse alike to Crown and people

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—all which the elaborate survey of its framers had overlooked—Pitt saw with his usual rapidity of glance, and denounced with a vehemence the result could not fail to justify. The enemy with their own hands had led the fatal horse into Ilion, and Fox but decked with pompous trappings the engine that contained his destruction.

> 'Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus
> Dardaniæ: fuimus Tröes, fuit Ilium, et ingens
> Gloria Teucrorum: ferus omnia Jupiter Argos
> Transtulit!'

The noble editor of the correspondence we have so largely quoted somewhat startles us by the panegyric he devotes to the measure he exhumes from its grave. We are willing to respect the pious reverence with which he handles its cold remains. We will grant they are not the bones of a monster, but we cannot enshrine them as the relics of a saint. Let us allow, if he pleases, that this ill-starred India Bill contained much that was excellent, and that the mischievous part of it was exaggerated by its opponents. But after all that can be said in its defence, it does not the less exhibit a lamentable failure in practical statesmanship. When a reform is necessary, two considerations should be paramount with a Government seriously anxious to carry it: firstly, the plan proposed should be one which the people will support; and secondly, one that its opponents cannot with effect ascribe to corrupt and sinister motives. Mr. Fox's plan (and to him, not to Burke, Lord John insists on ascribing the honour of its conception) combined every element of unpopularity, and gave every excuse to the charge that it was sought less to govern India well than to secure, by the patronage of India, the duration of the Whig Ministry. 'The transfer of a power, the vastness and the abuse of which had been duly impressed on the public mind, to seven commissioners named by the Whig Government, with the disposal of the military commands and commissions in the armies of the Indian empire; the annual nomination of cadets and writers to the different settlements; the purchase of merchandise and stores to the amount of five or six millions a year; the taking up ships and contracts for freights—these, and various other sources of patronage connected with such enormous establishments, such extensive trade, so large a dominion, and so ample a revenue, must have constituted a degree of influence which, when opposed to Ministers, might have impeded the necessary functions of executive government, and when friendly might have enabled them to carry any measures, however injurious to the interests of the people or the prerogative of the Crown.'

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Crown.'* Thus argued the opponents to the bill; and poor indeed seems Lord John Russell's answer, that the dictatorship of the commission would only last for four years. For if the patronage thus given to the Coalition could secure a continuance of four years to that government, the same cause would prolong power to the same dispensers of the patronage. And in the very speech in which Fox moved for leave to bring in the bill, he said that 'the influence of the Crown in its most enormous and alarming state was nothing compared to the boundless patronage of the East Indian government, if the latter was to be used in the influence of that House.' But all this patronage was to be placed in the hands of commissioners chosen by Mr. Fox.

As the Bill proceeded, new alarms were created. Its defenders, especially the Attorney-General, used arguments that threatened the charters of every Company in England. Thus vested rights, popular opinions, royal prerogative, were all combined in one opposition, not to Reform in India, but to proposals that seemed to transfer to a government at home, whose very existence was an outrage on all creeds of political integrity hitherto received, the corruption of Indian patronage and the audacity of Indian rapine. But though the clouds might be seen collecting from each point in the sky, their distance from each other made the storm slow in forming. Fox saw that his danger lay in discussion, his safety in despatch. He availed himself of his majority to hurry his measure through its successive stages in the Commons, in spite of all that William Grenville and Pitt could do to arrest its progress. On the 9th of December it was carried up to the House of Lords, by Mr. Fox and 'a great body of the House of Commons.' Meanwhile the King had risen from his inert despondency—the Lord had delivered his ministers into his hands. He had not hitherto openly proclaimed his hostility to his government; his government now declared war upon him, and placed him in the position most favourable to monarchical power, and that in which it has ever most excuse for extraordinary measures—the defensive. The commission for the administration of the Indian empire was to be established without concert with the sovereign, and irremoveable except by an address from either House of Parliament. The King might well regard and represent it as a transfer of the royal prerogative from himself to Mr. Fox. Nor did he stand here without eminent advisers—men not stigmatized as the King's friends, but who had been the partisans of Rockingham, willing not only to sanction but to recommend his resort to every

* Tomline's Life of Pitt.

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weapon of defence on which he could lay his grasp. Even while the India Bill was passing through its triumphant progress in the House of Lords, Lord Temple had taken the initiative in the strategy of resistance. A memorandum dated December 1st (eight days before the Bill passed the Commons), which may be found in the 'Courts and Cabinets of George III.,' vol. i. p. 288, is the key to the whole mystery of those transactions, which Fox naturally denounced as a back-door intrigue. This memorandum, in stating the reason that calls for the King's interposition against a plan that 'takes more than half the royal power, and by that means disables the King for the rest of his reign,' sums up with masterly precision the course to be adopted for the defeat of the measure. The King's refusal, if it passed both Houses, would be a violent means; the change of his ministers immediately after the victorious majority in the House of Commons, little less so. The easier way to remove the government would be when the Bill received discountenance in its progress; that discountenance could not be anticipated in the Commons, in the Lords it might. But to induce the Lords to take a decided part against the King's government and in the King's favour, it would be necessary to state explicitly to those disposed towards his Majesty's aid the wishes he entertained. Thus the Bill thrown out of one legislative chamber might leave his Majesty free to decide whether or not he would change the ministry who framed it. The King seized upon the advice thus tendered. Lord Temple took care that there should be no doubt in the Upper Chamber as to the royal mind. And on the 17th of December the India Bill or rather Bills were rejected in the Lords by a majority of nineteen. On the 18th at midnight, Lord North and Mr. Fox received the royal message to send their seals of office to his Majesty by the Under Secretary, 'as a personal interview would be disagreeable to his Majesty.' The course adopted by the King in bringing his direct influence to bear on the House of Lords was one of those extreme measures which extreme dangers can alone justify. Solemn though the ceremonies that surround the constitution, the constitution itself is something more than a ceremony. Its decorum may be shocked by pulling it out of the water, but that is better—once in a way—than allowing it to be drowned with apathetic respect. And the question simply is, whether Fox's India Bill did not threaten the constitution with a worse evil than was inflicted by the nature of the King's interference to prevent it.

'Necessitate quodlibet telum utile est.'

But, though the King in practice may have adopted a wise policy, in theory it was one that a constitutional statesman would hesitate

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to advise and be reluctant to defend. And the King thus tampering with a principle so dear to England as liberty of debate, Fox, if he had seen his true position with wise discernment, and maintained it by temperate firmness, might have carried the country with him, and left George III. no option between Whiggery in England or prerogative in Hanover. But here again Fox contrasted his genius as an orator with his marked defects as a Parliamentary chief. On the day the Bill was thrown out by the Lords he wrote word, 'We are not yet out, but I suppose we shall be to-morrow; however, we are so strong that nobody can undertake without madness, and, if they do, I think we shall destroy them almost as soon as they are formed.' With these convictions on his mind, what was Fox's obvious course? Lord John states it with clearness and candour: first, to have forestalled dismissal, to have resigned at once; secondly, to have moved resolutions against secret influence; and thirdly, in a collision between the two Houses, to have given the Crown every facility for dissolving Parliament. Instead of this, Fox was still in the King's service, when he supported a resolution — brought forward by one of his party (Mr. Baker) the day the Bill was finally debated by the Lords— in censure of the King himself; that motion carried, one to take into consideration the state of the nation was announced for the following Monday. It was not then as an independent Member of Parliament that Fox defended the letter and spirit of the constitution; it was as Minister of the Crown that he impeached his master. Fox's speech on the question is admirable for its eloquence, but an eloquence such as Mirabeau might have thundered forth at the van of revolution. 'The deliberations of this night,' said King George's Minister for Foreign Affairs,—

'must decide whether we are to be freemen or slaves! whether the House of Commons be the palladium of liberty or the organ of despotism.' 'We shall certainly lose our liberty when the deliberations of Parliament are decided, not by legal and usual, but by the illegal and extraordinary, assertions of prerogative.' 'I did not come in by the fiat of majesty, though by this fiat I am not unwilling to go out. I ever stood, and wish to stand now, on public ground alone.'

Language of this kind was certainly misplaced in a man who was still a King's minister, and left triumphant Pitt's assertion that a minister thus complaining that he had not the confidence of his sovereign should have resigned. In the very same night Erskine was put forward to move a resolution of which the direct object was to prevent an appeal to the people, and which declared that the House of Commons would consider as an enemy any person who should presume to advise his Majesty to interrupt

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interrupt the consideration of a suitable remedy for the abuses in the government of India—in other words, to dissolve Parliament; and thus, while condemning the King for an extraordinary assertion of prerogative, his own Government sought to fetter him in the simplest exercise of its recognized powers.

Lord Temple held the seals for three days as Secretary of State; but the part that nobleman had taken utterly disqualified him for a leading share in the Government he had contributed to overthrow. The Treasury was a third time pressed upon Pitt, and this time he accepted; but it was not without a full perception of the difficulties that beset him.

'When I went,' says Bishop Tomline, 'into Mr. Pitt's bedroom the next morning, he told me he had had not a moment's sleep; he expressed great uneasiness at the state of public affairs, at the same time declaring his fixed resolution not to abandon the situation he had undertaken, but to make the best stand in his power, though very doubtful of the result.'

Many public men, indeed, who had approved his opposition to the late ministry, declined the responsibility of assisting in the formation of a new one. No one believed his government could last a month. In the ministry he formed he was compelled entirely to rely upon the Peers; not one commoner of sufficient mark for the Cabinet could he find. And yet so strongly was it felt that the struggle waged by the minister was against the Great Houses, that a peer of high rank said shortly afterwards, 'Mr. Pitt single-handed has beat the aristocracy.' It was not the aristocracy he beat, but rather by the help of the aristocracy he beat the oligarchy which had ruled in its name.

A name greater than Temple's was absent from the new Government. But its greatness necessitated its exclusion, except at the head of the list. The Earl of Shelburne, according to Lord Holland, 'felt great resentment against Mr. Pitt for leaving him out in the formation of his ministry.' Lord Holland (never in the Earl's confidence) errs in this conclusion. Pitt would have justified every charge of presumption brought against him had he invited to a post inferior to his own the brilliant and haughty chief under whom he had served but the year before.*

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* Indeed from motives of obvious delicacy so carefully did Pitt refrain from soliciting to the aid of an experiment, the hazard of which was ascribed to his personal arrogance and vanity, men of station more established than his own, that not even the decided part which Lord Gower had taken against the India Bill induced him to press that nobleman to give to the Cabinet the advantage

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On better authority than Lord Holland's we presume to contradict a prevalent idea that Shelburne bore a grudge against Pitt for not urging a request that a man of the Earl's temper would have treated as an affront. But not less is it certain, that if Shelburne felt no resentment against Mr. Pitt, deep was his resentment against George III. The anger was mutual. The King never pardoned Lord Shelburne's resignation—Shelburne never pardoned the King for misapprehending his situation then, and not appealing to his counsels afterwards; and, from circumstances insufficiently known to us, the Earl always considered that the King had not only wronged but deceived him. Henceforth this remarkable man appears no more as a candidate for power. He accepted, not without reluctance, the Marquisate of Lansdowne, as Temple, equally haughty, accepted the Marquisate of Buckingham; but he was peculiarly careful that the world should not suppose that his political independence was compromised by the honours that attested his former services. The year after the assumption of his new title he suddenly reappeared in the Lords, and with that eccentricity of self-willed genius which had obtained for him the epithet of insincere, he relieved the vote that he gave to the Government from all suspicion of servile complaisance by a speech barbed with an irony that delighted the Opposition. But such demonstrations of his earlier spirit were, for some years, too rare to prove to the public that Lord Shelburne still lived in the Marquis of Lansdowne. On the Regency question, indeed, he displayed, in a speech which, in masculine diction and vigorous thought, is perhaps the most striking specimen of his eloquence preserved to the study of English orators, his rooted disdain of Whig tactics and idols, and the philosophy of the Tribune which he had grafted on his experience of Courts.

'The people,' exclaimed the great Marquis in the course of this nervous oration—'the people, my lords, have rights and privileges; kings and princes have none.' The French Revolution, with the war which was its collateral consequence, furnished the Lord of Bowood with ample occasion to deduce from that

advantage of his name; and it was Lord Gower who sent to inform the young minister that 'in the distressed situation of the sovereign and the country he would take any office in which he could be useful.' Lord Gower gave a noble example in the patriotism which distinguished him on this occasion. Twice previously refusing the Treasury, and sincerely preferring the repose of private life—he not only risked the prestige of his position in accepting office under a Government that seemed doomed at its birth, but afterwards gave up the office most suited to his personal dignity, the Presidentship of the Council, and condescended to accept the Privy Seal in order to secure to the Cabinet the illustrious Camden, who, having been Lord Chancellor, could not well take any office but that of Lord President.

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startling axiom many notable problems in the Mathesis of Democracy. Retaining to the last his profound contempt for Fox, the shafts that he launched against Pitt were forged on the same anvil as those which had thinned the ranks of the oligarchy he had aided Pitt to destroy. The high-spirited soldier who had so reluctantly acceded to the claims of American patriots, so scrupulously enforced the formality of a clause to save the honour of the Imperial Crown, now insisted on suing for peace to a nation which had decreed that a proposal for peace was a capital crime in its citizens, and declared by the mouth of its minister, 'If kings treat with us, let them treat with our armies on the frontiers.' *

Yet it is not thus that we would part with this eminent man. We love rather to regard him sauntering on the lawns of Bowood, listening with the sceptical smile of his profound and embittered experience to the young visions of Bentham; or, in the salons of Paris, startling Mirabeau with his easy force, and comparing with the ill-starred Malesherbes the stores of a reading almost equally diffuse, and the results of a far more extensive commerce with mankind. Nor is there less interest in the contemplation of this once fiery soldier, this passionate yet scheming statesman, musing alone amidst the vast collection of political documents which his industry amassed, as if in those records of abortive stratagem and foiled ambition he found a melancholy consolation for the close of his own career. We must apologise for the length of this episodical digression—not indeed disproportioned to the dignity of the man, to whom, more than any other, is to be ascribed that great revolution in our national councils which freed the monarchy from the dominion of the Great Houses, to whom Pitt owed his introduction into the national councils, and from whom, of all contemporaneous statesmen, that Minister acknowledged that he had learned the most. Upon large classes of our countrymen the influence of Lord Shelburne's peculiar intellect and modes of thinking still rests. It may be seen in the principles of commerce now generally received, and to which he was the first practical statesman who lent his authority; it may be seen in that powerful division in the popular camp which disdains alike the rant of the hustings and the affectation with which the Whigs invoke history and the constitution to the aid of party manœuvres —the philosophers of the English Agora, with whom the principles of Mr. Fox are less authority than the maxims of Mr. Mill. While apart from his later doctrines, and viewing him rather as

* See Lord Grenville's reply to Lord Lansdowne's motion for peace with France. Parl. Debates, Feb. 17, 1794.

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he stood midway between Rockingham and North, his tenets often live again in that large and growing school of politicians who have no fear of the people in defending their institutions, and who will not allow that genuine Conservatism should concede to any faction arrogating popular claims a monopoly of the privilege to reform abuses, and to keep from that discord which is the sure prelude to social disorder the reciprocal harmonies of opinion and law.

On forming the Coalition Government, Fox had said 'success only could justify it.' Success only could justify the course the King took to overthrow it. But no sooner was that Government dismissed than the people, before comparatively supine from a belief in its necessity, hastened to manifest the detestation they had suppressed. Addresses of congratulation to the King poured in from all quarters. The constituencies were evidently not with the majority in the Commons. There, the motion for a new writ for the borough of Appleby was received with loud and derisive laughter.

The War of the Giants now commenced. Never in Parliament was a contest to decide the fate of parties for long years to come fought with such fiery valour on the one side, with such consummate judgment on the other. By a fatal error of policy Fox continued to fix the contest upon ground untenable in itself and unpopular by the arguments used to defend it, viz., that Parliament should not be dissolved. The insistence on this point could only be construed into an acknowledgment of weakness, a fear of the very tribunal whose decision, according to all his previous theories, it became him to be the first to solicit. In Pitt's absence from Parliament during his re-election, the Opposition carried an address to the Crown praying his Majesty not to dissolve. His Majesty drily replied, that he should not interrupt their meeting by that exercise of his prerogative.

Pitt, indeed, was urged by many of his friends to advise a dissolution; but he foresaw that such a step would be premature. What were called the great parliamentary interests—the close boroughs—were against him. His chance of success lay with the popular and independent constituencies. To command these, prolonged discussion was essential. He could not leave unanswered in the mouths of his opponents on the hustings the cry that he came in 'by secret influences;' or that, in opposing the India Bill, he would maintain Indian misgovernment. He resolved to confront the tempestuous majority against him, and let the people compare himself with his assailants before he asked for their verdict. The House adjourned from the 26th of December to the 12th of January. During the recess Pitt was fortunately enabled

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enabled to give a signal proof of that superiority to self-interest which the English people are ever disposed to associate with a paramount zeal for the public service. The Clerkship of the Pells, in his own gift, became vacant; its emoluments were above 3000*l.* a year. Lord Thurlow and many others pressed him to take that office to himself. He was poor, his present station exceedingly precarious. Pecuniary independence was confessedly dear to the man who, in order to secure it, had even thought of resigning the position he had so rapidly won in Parliament for the tedious profession of the bar. Pitt not only declined himself to take the office, but, in the appointment he made, he covered a blot in the Rockingham administration. Colonel Barré had been rewarded by that Government with a pension of 3000*l.* a year. No member of Parliament more deserved some distinction from a Government espousing popular opinions, but the public did not like to see that distinction in the jobbing form of a pension. Pitt gave the Clerkship of the Pells to Colonel Barré on condition that the pension was resigned. 'It is the act of a man,' said that stern colonel, whose first growl in Parliament had daunted Chatham, though Chatham had lived to tame him, 'who feels that he stands upon a high eminence in the eyes of that country which he is destined to govern.'

Pitt hastened to meet the attacks made on him in his absence. But one flaw could be found in his title—he was said to have come in through intrigue; through secret influence: that accusation Lord John Russell has repeated. 'Mr. Pitt,' he says, 'committed a great fault in accepting office as the price of an unworthy intrigue.' This allegation is wholly inaccurate. Grant that the communications between the King and Lord Temple, and the circulation of the King's views as to the India Bill among the Peers, could be fairly called an unworthy intrigue—there is not the slightest evidence that Pitt advised or shared in them: the utmost even that Lord Holland can say on that head is, that they were '*probably* known to Pitt.' The probability is all the other way. Pitt, we are told, by one who was thoroughly in his confidence at that particular period (his former tutor, Bishop Tomline), though seriously embarrassed at the loss of Lord Temple's assistance in forming his government, was 'convinced of the propriety of Temple's resignation, under the present impression of the public mind.' Temple himself stood aloof from that government, gave it no advice, and evidently—by a letter to Pitt, dated a week after his own resignation of the seals, beginning 'Dear Sir'—was exceedingly chilled towards his near relation.* Had Pitt in any way authorised the clandestine transactions between Temple and

* 'Courts and Cabinets of George III.,' vol. i. p. 291.

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the King, he could not have been convinced of the propriety of Lord Temple's abstinence from the government; and for the same reason he would have felt himself disqualified for office. His participation in such intrigue must have been known to its promoters, and he could not have stood up in parliament and pronounced these solemn and stately words on the first day he met that parliament as minister of the Crown:—

'I came up no backstairs; when sent for by my sovereign to know whether I would accept office, I necessarily went to the Royal Closet. Little did I think to be ever charged in this House with being the tool and abettor of secret influence. I will never condescend to be the instrument of any secret advisers whatever; nor in one instance, while I have the honour to act as minister of the Crown, will I be responsible for measures not my own, or at least in which my heart and judgment do not entirely acquiesce. I have taken upon me the government of the country upon one single, plain, intelligible principle, by which I desire to stand or fall, viz., to save the country from the India Bill, which threatened destruction to its liberties. My conduct is uniform and intelligible, and the nation and the world will understand and applaud it.'

The nation did understand it then, and understands it now. By one of those quick decisions in the public judgment which make distinctions the most marked on questions the most delicate, the people discriminated between Lord Temple and Pitt. They would not have accepted the first as minister. In accrediting the last they acquitted him. Pitt was not the questionable cause that destroyed the Coalition, but his government was the necessary consequence of that destruction. And he would have deserted the principles he professed, condemned the country to a bill that he regarded fatal to its liberties, and delivered people and King bound hand and foot to the Coalition Ministry, if he had said, 'I cannot aid in defending the right, because somebody else has given me the power to do so by having done something wrong.' And truly observes his biographer, 'that such was the confidence felt in Mr. Pitt, even at this early period of his life, that his character was not in the slightest degree affected by the clamour which compelled Lord Temple to resign.' Two days after, the young minister brought forward his own India Bill, and gave the country an occasion to contrast his constructive genius with that of Mr. Fox. The Bill was rejected by the House after a second reading on the motion for committal. But in that hostile assembly the majority against it was only eight; and the sense of the country was soon pronounced in its favour. Still Fox continued to fight against a dissolution, and upon arguments equally hostile to constitutional monarchy and representative government. He

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He had the incredible audacity to assert that the Crown did not possess the power of dissolving parliament in the middle of a session, 'an attempt,' says Lord John truly, 'that had neither law nor precedent in its favour.'

To give the supreme power of the nation, not to the people who elected the House of Commons, but to a House of Commons actually sitting—and without appeal to the people, whatever the measures it might adopt—would obviously be to constitute a standing army against both the Crown and the Constituencies. And never was there an instance in which a demand of this nature could be more unhappily made; for the majority against the King's Government were composed, as Lord John remarks, 'in part of the men who had led the country to loss and disgrace during the American war, and in part of the men who had promised to bring them to punishment for that misconduct. It would be said,' adds Lord John (and it *was* said), 'that the object for which these two hostile parties had combined was to erect a power, neither elected by the people nor removable by the Crown, in whose store all the treasures of India were to be thrown for the purpose of maintaining the sway of an oligarchy unknown to the Constitution and hateful to the nation. Such were the perils rashly incurred by Mr. Fox; such were the perils by which he was overwhelmed.' But granting that both as a party leader and a constitutional statesman, Mr. Fox thus proved his grievous defects, cheerfully do we add with Lord John, 'that it is impossible not to admire the wonderful resource, the untiring energy, the various eloquence, the manly courage, with which he conducted this extraordinary campaign.' In fact he appears to us never more signally to have shown how possible it is in the English parliament to unite the grandest powers of debate with the most egregious mistakes in Council. But the Constitution meanwhile was shaking beneath this contest of its elementary powers; the country gentlemen on both sides feared for the land in which their stake was so large. Amongst them party was suspended—patriotism prevailed; supporters of Government and friends of the Opposition united in the open endeavour to reconcile Pitt and Fox, King and Commons. Against such a combination all Pitt's more ambitious interests must have been arrayed, yet apparently he did not suffer such considerations to weigh with him unduly. He felt the tremendous difficulties of his position. He stood the sole Cabinet Minister in the House of Commons (charged, therefore, with the defence and conduct of all the departments in the state), against a combination unparalleled for the splendour of the powers which it brought to bear upon debate. On many prospective questions Pitt, still professedly a Reformer, might concur with Fox,

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provided Fox were his colleague; against Fox it might be impossible to carry even measures that Fox in his conscience might approve; he assented therefore to the well-meant entreaties of the mediators to give to the Crown a strong Government, so far as to state that he was ready to meet the Duke of Portland to consider the formation of a new Ministry on equal terms. Again the pride of the oligarchy destroyed the best hopes of the party they led. Mr. Pitt must descend from his office! the Duke of Portland must receive a direct message from the King. 'For what purpose,' then, said Pitt with justice,—

'should the present Ministry give way? The answer is obvious: to make room for the introduction of a set of persons who were lately dismissed for conduct which lost them the confidence of their sovereign as well as that of the people. In adverting to a wish very generally and very warmly expressed, of forming an union which might give stability to Government and reconcile all parties—to such a measure I am by no means an enemy, provided it could be established on such a broad and liberal basis as would meet the wishes of that respectable and independent body of men by whose support and countenance I have been invariably honoured. But in accomplishing this object all personal prejudices and private views must be laid aside, and a stable Government and a solid union be alone sought for.'

'But,' said he on another occasion,—

'the only fortress I desire to defend is the fortress of the Constitution; for that I will resist every attack, every attempt to seduce me out of it. With regard to personal honour or public principle, can it be expected that I should consent to march out with a halter round my neck, and meanly beg to be re-admitted and considered as a volunteer in the army of the enemy?'

The Opposition proceeded, *pari passu*, with hostile divisions and abortive negotiations. At each attack it grew fiercer in language, weaker in result; majorities dwindled rapidly down as the constituencies began to operate more and more upon their Members, until at length, on moving another address to the Crown to remove Ministers, that mighty phalanx, which three weeks ago seemed to Fox sufficient to crush every Government but his own, gained its point by a majority of one. From that moment the battle was virtually over; Fox did not dare to divide again, the Mutiny Bill was passed, the supplies voted to the extent demanded, and sixteen days afterwards the King prorogued Parliament, declaring it to be a duty he owed to the Constitution and the country to recur as speedily as possible to the sense of *his* people. The result was the triumphant acquittal of the King, the paramount power of his Minister. The counties and commercial towns rose everywhere against the Great Houses. For the first time since his reign

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the King was popular; and that popularity he never afterwards lost. In concert with Lord Temple he had endangered his crown; in concert with Pitt he confirmed it on his head. The strongholds of Democracy revolted from the Whigs. Mr. Coke was ejected from Norfolk, Erskine from Portsmouth, General Conway from Bury; even Lord John Cavendish, though universally pitied, was ignominiously defeated; and, to crown all, against the heir of Sir George Saville—that highest prototype of the Whig country gentleman, against the Great Houses of Fitzwilliam and Howard, Wilberforce carried the county of York. Not less than 160 Members who had supported the Coalition lost their seats, and were honoured by the witty appellation of 'Fox's Martyrs.' Thus by a rapid succession of errors in judgment Fox destroyed the ascendancy of that famous party which he found so powerful and made so feeble; and thus in three years after his entrance into Parliament, Pitt, seeking only in public opinion the elements of party, confirmed in the appointment of the Crown by the support of the people, commenced his long career as Minister of England.

On looking back to the causes of a rise so unparalleled, the eye rests first on the man whose genius resisted and whose errors conduced to it. Every blunder in Fox was a stepping-stone to Pitt. But great is the general who knows how to profit by the mistakes of his adversary. That in the rapidity with which his reputation spread, and in the contented acquiescence of the rank and file to his sudden promotion over the heads of veterans, Pitt was greatly indebted to the accident of his birth, must be frankly conceded. To be the son of a great man is to be born in the purple. But his birth only recommends him to election; it does not qualify him for inheritance. He is measured by his father's standard before he is full grown, and must be acknowledged as a giant in order to be received as a prince. His station has a kind of poetry, and his merits are submitted to the test imposed upon poets, which mediocrity cannot pass. Nay, more rare than even the fame of a great poet is the fame of a great man's son. In achieving his father's position, circumstance favoured Pitt more than it had aided Chatham. No Newcastle interfered between himself and the Treasury. He had no enemy in his king; he had as yet no infirmities of body to sour his temper and irritate his passions. But it must also be owned that when circumstance was in his favour, he seized it with more facility; or, when adverse, turned it aside with calmer judgment, or mastered it with more consistent firmness, than characterised the fitful energy of his father's less regulated genius. It had been the boast of Chatham to rule in defiance of all parties, though his school in reality was a bold

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a bold eclecticism of conflicting doctrines. And among the prominent causes of his son's ascendancy in public opinion was, as we have before indicated, the care with which he maintained his position detached from the errors of every faction, familiarising the people to the autocracy of a single intellect. The character of his intellect contributed even more than its degree to the rapid and facile acquisition of power. It had something of the serenity which gave to Pericles the title of Olympian.

> 'Tranquillum vultus et majestate serenâ
> Mulcentem radios.'

And though his spirit was high and his rebuke could be crushing, yet it is remarkable that he never spoke of any man so as to make a conjunction with that man personally discreditable to either, if sanctioned by political principle.

Another characteristic of Pitt, growing out of the self-reliance which at the commencement of his career kept him aloof from party, was the firmness with which he adhered to his own judgment against the advice, however friendly and plausible, of inferior men. He could not be persuaded to accept the office of Prime Minister before the Coalition was tried, nor to dissolve parliament prematurely when the Coalition was overthrown—in this respect strongly contrasting Fox, for whose mistakes we are constantly told by his eulogists that the advice of friends was chiefly to blame. Nor amidst the leading attributes of Pitt's mind should we omit the quality of patience. He could always master his passions and wait his time. Neither pique, nor spleen, nor interest, nor ambition, could disturb this enduring fortitude of temper. Slighted by Lord Rockingham, he did not vent any resentment on the Rockingham Whigs. Spite was a thing unknown to him. Courted by the Opposition against the Rockingham Government, he remained neutral; and, though denouncing the Coalition Ministry and withholding from it all confidence, he refrained from every appearance of factious opposition against the persons who governed, reserving to himself solely the right to scrutinise their measures, and even supporting them (as on the Receipt Tax) where to oppose would have purchased popularity at the price of his convictions. Thus, by a natural seizure of the rapid succession of events afforded to him, he established character as well as fame; and, his public integrity and high moral bearing in parliament once acknowledged, no doubt his private virtues and even his less social attributes assisted to consolidate his political repute. It did much to counteract the attempts to adduce in his youth a disqualification for his eminence, that the usual follies of youth could not be urged against him; while his purity from every excess and his disdain

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of fashionable pleasure brought into greater light the private foibles and errors of Mr. Fox. If the two men were to be compared in point of age, Fox seemed the wild boy, Pitt the matured man. Yet we think too much stress has been laid on the private errors of Mr. Fox in their influence on his political fortunes; for those errors were most conspicuous at the time when his authority was most acknowledged in parliament, and his public character most in favour out of doors. They were not successfully charged against him till his political indiscretions made even many of his former apologists refer the reckless ambition of the statesman to the habits of a gambler and the despair of a bankrupt. Even had his manners been as rigid as Pitt's, those public indiscretions would have equally affected his hold on the general confidence and esteem. Nor should it be forgotten that if, as leader of a party, his personal faults were political defects, so in the same capacity his personal virtues were not less conspicuous as political merits. Benignity and sweetness in social intercourse, cordial frankness, undaunted courage, the attractive warmth of a heart too genial for malice and too large for envy, were qualities that might well, in the eyes of his followers, redeem the riotous overflow of a rich vitality, and were inestimable advantages in the consolidation of party and the government of men. But Pitt's gain in his exemption from the follies of youth was not more to the benefit of his moral repute than to the concentration of his intellectual faculties. 'A great passion,' says Lavater, 'bears no partner.' Pitt's great passion, no doubt, was the love of power, but it was made pure by its very intensity—a love that chastened itself by exalting the character of its object. To govern England, but to govern nobly, was the one end to which he devoted all the vigour of surpassing faculties, with that singleness of purpose which gives even to mediocrity successes that fail to genius, when genius renounces its own superiority of force by relaxing its discipline and scattering its troops.

In estimating Pitt's eloquence, what most should be admired is its adaptation to his object; it was pre-eminent over that of all his contemporaries in the attribute of dignity; it was inferior to Fox's in playfulness, variety, in literary ornament and grace, in compact and nervous reasoning, and, above all, in vehemence and passion; it is immeasurably more suited to the man who speaks as the ruler of a nation and the councillor of a King; 'he speaks,' said Lord North, 'like a born Minister:' and perhaps Pitt gained as much towards the acquisition of the objects to which his eloquence was devoted by his abstinence from certain varieties of beauty as by his abounding magnificence in others.

We incline to believe that it was not from penury but from prudence

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prudence that he so sparingly embroidered the senatorial majesty that pervades his style. A scholar so accomplished, with a memory so prodigious and a readiness so quick, could certainly have given to his orations the classical ornaments in which Lord Holland proclaims them deficient; and so great a master of sarcasm, possessed of a vivacity in his familiar circles which made no mean judge of the attribute term him 'the wittiest man of his age,' could surely have seasoned his discourse with jest and whim, if he had not thought that the spangles would little accord with the purple hem of his toga. Perhaps for the same reason there is in his speeches so little of metaphysical subtlety or abstruse speculation. To be plain with dignity—to be practical, yet broad—is the eloquence most adapted to gain its ends with the audience addressed by Pitt. There are some beauties in literature which are the worst defects in oratory; and there is not a trace in Demosthenes of what in our closets we most admire in Burke. What has been said upon this score by a very liberal and very accomplished critic—no inconsiderable debater himself in the House of Commons—is equally wise and true.*

'The eloquence of Mr. Pitt had not the fault which is sometimes imputed to it of a deficiency in large and philosophical speculation. In this sort of excursion, though it dealt sparingly it could with no propriety be called deficient, for it dwelt enough.

'The objectors appear to forget that oratorical, like poetic composition, is in its nature not philosophical but popular. The object of both is to affect strongly; and no critical precept can be more universally familiar, nor more deeply founded in human nature, than this,—that the mind is strongly affected only by near and individual representations. The abstract theorems and generic conclusions of the metaphysician are destructive of that warm interest, that feeling of intimate concern, that sense, as it were, of home, which it should be the business of the orator to excite. In what precise degree philosophical discussion may enter into a popular oration, there can be no occasion to consider, so long as we recollect that being in its very nature extraneous, it can hardly appear too little; nor is it, therefore, intended to question the doctrine that an orator must build his reasonings on a solid basis of general principles. He must undoubtedly so build if he would not have his edifice overthrown by the first blast; but it is not the least important that this basis should be concealed from sight. The structure of his composition must be reared on the most massive foundations, while in semblance it is self-poised and pensile. His oratory throughout must be governed by an enlarged philosophy, but a philosophy which, though hidden from sense, is yet (we make the allusion with reverence) distinctly visible in its effects.'†

* 'Quarterly Review,' No. 7. August, 1810. Review of Gifford's 'Life of Pitt.'

† Ibid.

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But it is only on rare occasions that the true orator of the House of Commons has to nerve himself for the heights of the art. His reputation is more habitually fixed according to the strength and facility with which he moves upon level ground; and it is here more especially that Pitt excelled all his rivals. In the formal introduction of a question, in the perspicuity of explanation in detail, in short and apt rejoinder in business-like debate, no man was so delightful to listen to: the decorum of his bearing, the fluency of his diction, the exquisite lucidity of his utterance, must have been a relief to Fox's preliminary stutter, shrill key-note, lifted fist, and redundant action—to Burke's Irish brogue and episodical discursions.

But above all, whether in rare orations or in every-day debate, Pitt possessed that one incomparable quality of uniform earnestness, which brings the character of the man to bear upon the effects of the speaker:

'Sermo imago animi—qualis vir, talis et oratio.'

Thus, as one who enjoyed the privileges of a witness and a listener expresses it:—

'The distinguishing excellence of his speaking corresponded to the distinguishing excellence of his whole mental system; every part of his speaking, in sentiment, in language, and in delivery, evidently bore in our judgment the stamp of his character—all communicated to us a definite yet vivid appearance of the qualities of strenuousness without effort, unlaboured intrepidity, and serene greatness.'*

Hence not only in the degree, but in the style and character of his eloquence, not only in the culture and power of his intellect, but in its harmony to the uses on which it was concentred—not only in the accident of circumstances favourable to his fortunes—but in the judgment that scanned, the prudence that weighed, the readiness which seized, and the moral dignity which ennobled the occasions proffered to ambition, we may find the main causes which secured to Pitt his early supremacy of power. But a cause more operative than all was in his remarkable sympathy with the public opinion of his time. He and the people seemed thoroughly to understand each other. Nor must it be forgotten, that Pitt stood before the electors who returned the majority that secured his power, in the character of a practical Reformer. He might have been the choice of the King, but he could never have won the enthusiasm of the people if he had left to Mr. Fox the monopoly of popular opinions. To have rejected the India Bill would not have been enough, if he had not re-

* 'Quarterly Review,' No. 7. August, 1810. Review of Giffard's 'Life of Pitt.'

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placed it by an India Bill of his own. To have defended the prerogative of the Crown would have little bested him, if he had not made yet more conspicuous his zeal for the purity of the House of Commons, and his care for the liberties of the people. The position thus won was, however, beset with difficulties, the variety and magnitude of which startle the retrospection. The new election still left him alone on the Treasury bench, to encounter the same mighty leaders of debate against whose united eloquence it seemed but a few months before to many of his wisest friends—seemed almost to his own resolute mind—impossible to carry on the business of the Government. All hope of converting such foes into allies was gone. He was pledged to various reforms, with Lord Thurlow for his colleague and George III. for his sovereign. To retain the countenance of the King, to preserve union in the Cabinet, yet to convince the people of his good faith and integrity, was a task in which a vigilant Opposition might well hope to expose his failure, and strand him upon either shoal—royal desertion or popular reprobation. The majority in the House of Commons, however large, was composed of sections that seemed little likely long to amalgamate—here, the opponents to every change, who saw in Pitt but the destroyer of the Whigs; and there, the ardent enthusiasts, who hailed him as the representative of progress.

If the personal difficulties of the minister were thus great, little had occurred to improve the prospects of the country since the date at which, in an earlier part of this sketch, we reviewed its calamitous and menacing condition. True that peace was now concluded; but that peace, not less galling to her pride because essential to the very springs of her existence, found England utterly drained of blood and treasure. Her utmost resources were believed to be inadequate to meet the debt she had incurred. Her income, unable to support even a peace establishment, was three millions less than her expenditure, including the interest of an enormous unfunded debt. Credit was still shaken to its centre by the startling fall of the funds under the preceding government: the 3 per cents. were between 56 and 57. The chances of a national bankruptcy furnished a theme to solemn pamphlets and despondent talk. Our military power appeared literally annihilated. At the close of the war 3000 men were the utmost force that could have been safely sent forth on any offensive duty; and even Pitt had been compelled, in defending the treaties of peace, to show that our naval supremacy had melted into a 'visionary fabric.' In the eyes of foreign nations the name of England was more abased than when the Dutch admiral had swept the Thames with his besom. For her

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her weakness was now considered not the consequence of a malady, not the effect of a blow, but the fatal symptom of incurable decay. 'No man,' said Mirabeau, in one of his early writings, 'would believe me when I prophesied that England would yet recover—that there was enough sap in her boughs to repair the loss of their leaves.' At home the discontent which disasters abroad invariably produce was aggravated by the prospects of additional burthens, and fraught with danger to monarchy itself, by the contagion of those principles, which, identifying freedom with absolute democracy, in America had established, and in France were preparing, a republic. The state of Ireland alone, in spite of concessions, which, indeed, by separating her more from the sister kingdom, rather tended to restore her to anarchy than reconcile her factions to social order, was sufficiently critical to demand the most temperate forethought, and strain the most vigorous intellect. An army of volunteers numbering not less than 40,000, and according to some authorities exceeding 70,000 men, had for four years occupied the island, defied its parliament, startled the streets of its metropolis with files of soldiers (opening a path to the congregation of political reformers), and dictated to either kingdom 'as a national convention of military delegates,' acting under no legal control; holding no communication with the executive, and equally formidable as subjects justly aggrieved and insurgents treasonably armed.

A future occasion may be found to pursue the marvellous career which commenced under difficulties so complicated—dangers so alarming. That in the scope of the survey, errors in policy, fallacies in opinion will appear, no rational admirer of Mr. Pitt will dispute; but the more minute the criticism, the more salient will become the countervailing merits of rectitude and wisdom; the more partial inconsistencies will vanish in the symmetry of uniform principles regulating definite and majestic action—the more the graver charges which the carelessness of the public has permitted to the injustice of party will receive the contradiction of facts, and Despotism and Intolerance lose all pretext to the sanction of that logical intellect and liberal heart. Yet to others less restricted in space and more competent to the task than ourselves, we would fain commend the ample and searching inquiry how a Sovereign whom Temple pronounced to be ungrateful, and Shelburne insincere,—who possessed even more than a Tudor the always kingly, often perilous, faculty of *Will*,—who had induced North for three years to belie his deepest convictions—who had compelled Yorke in spite of honour the most sensitively fastidious to violate his promise to Lord Rockingham, accept the Great Seal, and hurry home to die whether

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ther of noble grief or by his own despairing hand*—with whom every minister hitherto brought in contact, had wrecked either public character or political ambition; how a Sovereign made so dangerous to his councillors, not less by his virtues than his faults, was conciliated without loss of personal integrity or popular favour—how the people expecting so much, and necessarily in some hopes disappointed, yet continued to rally heart and hand round the lofty, tranquil, solitary minister; how from the attitude of a despairing suppliant to which Fox had humbled her at the footstools of Frederic and Joseph, dismissed here with a shrug of the shoulders, there with a sneer of disdain, England exalted by those mighty hands, rose high above the Royalties that had looked down upon her sorrow; her exhausted resources multiplied a thousand-fold, her imposts but increasing her wealth by stimulating her recruited energies; her malcontents united to her laws; her empire consolidated in Ireland, as in India, from its centre to its verge; and realizing in the tribute to her marts and the reverence yielded to her flag the aspirations of Chatham and even the designs of Cromwell; how amidst the storm which swept from France the institutions of man and the monuments of God, her altars became more reverenced and the orb more assured to her sceptre; and how, when reluctantly COMPELLED into war which suspended the reforms but not the prosperity of peace, that Nation, when Pitt came to its succour, without the power to recruit the remnants of a beaten army, and contemplating bankruptcy as a relief from its burthens, coped, and not vainly, with him who united the hosts of Charlemagne to the genius of Alexander, saved for ends nobler far than conceived by their owners the thrones it retained as the landmarks of Europe, and animated by the soul breathed into its ranks (even when that soul was on earth no more) ensured the crowning victory by which the hand of Wellington accomplished the thought of Pitt.

* 'My brother,' says Lord Hardwicke, in his journal, 'went into the levee, was called into the closet, and in a manner *compelled* by the King. At his return from Court, about three o'clock, he broke in upon me, who was talking with Lord Rockingham, and gave us the account. We were both astounded, to *use an obsolete but strong word*, at so sudden an event; and I was particularly shocked at his being so overborne, in a manner I had never heard of, nor could imagine possible between subject and prince.' Lord Hardwicke adds, in a letter to Lord Rockingham—'My poor brother's entanglement was such as history can scarce parallel.' On the 17th Yorke had accepted the Great Seal; on the 20th he was a corpse. 'A mystery,' says Lord Albemarle ('Rockingham's Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 164), 'still hangs over the immediate cause of his decease; it was known that his death was attended by a copious effusion of blood. This was attributed to bursting a blood-vessel and to having been bled four times. Walpole says that every one believed he had fallen by his own hand,—whether on his sword or by a razor was uncertain.'

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